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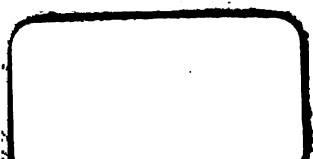
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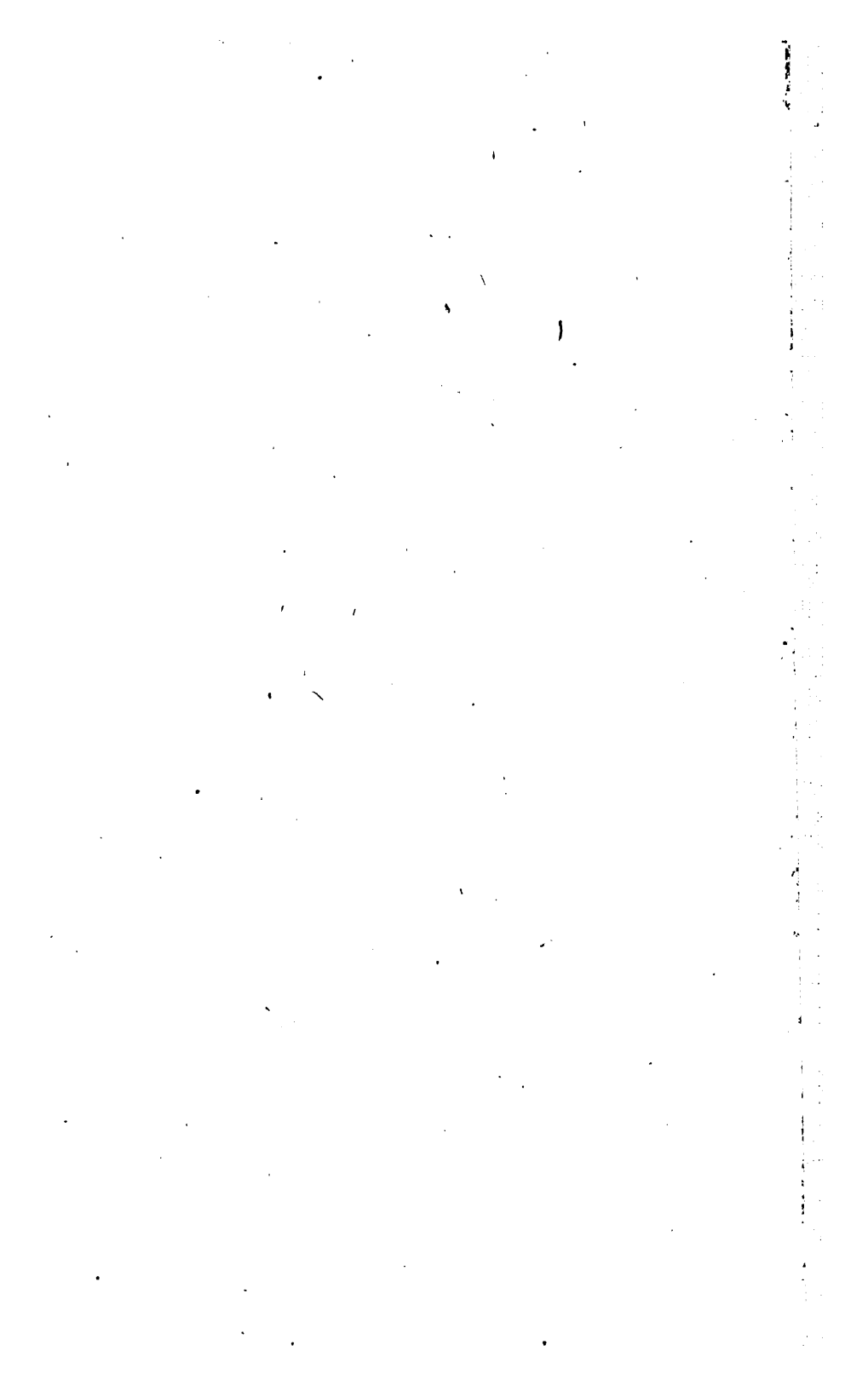
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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

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1829.

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Very truly
yours
H. H.

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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1829.

- ART. I.—1. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered in the University of London, Oct. 2, 1828.* By John Connolly, M. D., Professor of the Nature and Treatment of Diseases.
2. *An Essay on the Study of the Animal Kingdom; being an introductory Lecture, delivered Oct. 23.* By R. E. Grant, M.D., Professor of Comparative Anatomy, &c.
3. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered Oct. 24.* By the Rev. T Dale, Professor of the English Language and Literature.
4. *A Discourse on the Advantages of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, as a part of a general and Professional Education; being an Introductory Lecture, delivered Oct. 28.* By the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., &c., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.
5. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered Oct. 30.* By L. V. Mühlenfels, LL.D., Professor of the German and Northern Languages and Literature.
6. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered Nov. 4.* By George Long, M. A. Professor of the Greek Language, Literature, and Antiquities.
7. *An Introductory Lecture, delivered Nov. 11.* By Hyman Hurwitz, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature. London: Taylor. 1828.

We can find no subject wherewith to begin the present year the importance of which can be compared with that which belongs to the above publications.

In the history of literature, the establishment of Universities is regarded as one of the most important signs of national improvement. Their founders, whether kings or priests, are honoured as the greatest benefactors of the human race: their names have a nobility independent of rank and fortune, and their portraits are hung up in halls and courts, as claiming the holiest veneration of the citizen as well as the philosopher. There is hardly a more

interesting subject of reflection, than the origin of institutions from which modern times have reaped so many important advantages as they have done from Universities,—advantages which, great, when considered by themselves, are still greater when contemplated in connection with the character of the periods in which they were founded. The benefits they conferred on those ages of doubt rather perhaps than of darkness, when philosophy commenced its struggles and its successful career, is incalculable. Nor is the good derived from them in later times of inferior importance. The scholars who aided and rejoiced in the first revival of learning were high and noble-minded men, their immediate successors set the same golden price on science, and Europe was taught to regard the asylums from which they came forth, and in which they had gained their strength, as institutions which could be never too highly valued. Then followed the period when the great and noble deemed it one of their proudest honours to be ranked among the founders of colleges, and, soon after, came the days when it was felt that the freedom and enlightenment of countries might be aided by learning and philosophy, as well as their temporal prosperity by arts, commerce and manufactures.

It is only the studious and the reflective who will employ themselves in looking back upon times thus distinguished; but to those who find a deep and interesting employment in comparing past periods with the present, the establishment of the New University offers a fruitful subject of reflection. In the institution of the older seminaries of learning, we see a few great men anticipating the spirit of later times; knowledge building herself a citadel in spite of a thousand enemies, and philosophy speaking in an unknown tongue, because her teachings were rejected and despised. This was the case for centuries. The learning of former ages was seed sown in a barren soil; it was only here and there it sprung up and bore fruit, and the garner into which it was gathered, was to be long empty of the common and daily food of ordinary minds. The contrast of circumstances attending the foundation of the latest of the ancient Universities and that of the one now rising before our eyes, is singularly striking. They rose in defiance of the spirit of the times—this as its immediate offspring; they were established by the few—this by the many; they were to be useful in saving learning and philosophy from the throttling grasp of sluggish ignorance—this is to rescue her from the destructive errors of the public mind unpossessed of knowledge equal to its activity. The contrast both of accompanying circumstances, and of uses, in the two instances, is well worthy of notice, as it leads to the consideration of the true value to be set upon the new institution.

It is much easier to see the benefits likely to spring from the foundation of Universities in times of confessed darkness and barbarity, than to trace the important advantages which must result from similar establishments in times like the present. Men

can at once discover positive ignorance to be an evil; the good of knowledge, generally and universally diffused, is only to be weighed by the thinking and reasoning mind. In the same manner, it is easy for the most ordinary understanding to comprehend the necessity of teaching the arts which may be immediately useful, or of removing errors which may act as directly hurtful to social quiet or national power; but it is an effort of intellect properly to esteem an institution which has neither general ignorance to remove, arts to discover, nor manuscripts to preserve or transcribe. Not less important, however, are the uses of the New University, though it can number none of these among its objects. The sciences have acquired a perfection far higher than that which would satisfy the vulgar call for utility; ignorance is no where in bold action against knowledge, and for all the generality of men could discover, the world might go on perfectly well for centuries without the aid of any further instrument for the teaching and diffusion of philosophy. But the necessity of the institution lay in the circumstances of the period, and if it meet this necessity in its operation, the beneficial results will be as important as any secured by the older foundations.

There are certain ages during which learning has its uses in the practical importance of its application—in the possessions, we mean, which it gives mankind in the material world, or in the power which it confers over the great engines of temporal good; but there are ages also in which its chief value lies in its corrective influence, in its tempering and amalgamating qualities. A state of high civilization is one in which the principle of moral conservation is always in danger of being sacrificed to expediency, and the true greatness of people and nations to present and ephemeral advantages. In a period when society wears the face of prosperity, the main object with politicians and those whom they influence, is to secure the good in possession, not to dive into its origin, or philosophize respecting its purity or universality. The consequence is, that not only the real misery of thousands is left increasing while manners go on refining, but the *materiel* of national happiness and national virtue is squandered on objects of no value; truth is sought for with a time-serving spirit, and learning is pursued and bestowed on hundreds without producing any other results than awaking that restless desire of intelligence in the community, which is worse than fruitless till safely and judiciously directed.

When such is the situation of things, it is then that learned institutions become of the utmost importance for their corrective influence; and every friend, therefore, of humanity, let his party or his religion be what it may, must rejoice in the establishment of one and the projection of another which will belong peculiarly to our own times and circumstances, and offer a remedy for that which is evil in both. Every year that has passed over the heads of the present generation, has been offering some

fresh excitement to the desire of knowledge, but it can have escaped the eye of no reflecting man, that the desire has produced a very imperfect return of good ; that the popular mind has made very short strides towards that strength and consistency of principle which are requisite for both moral and political improvement, and which can alone give that oneness and compactness to a community of reasoning, intelligent and free-willed creatures, on which its happiness as well as its duration eventually depends.

Considered, therefore, in its relation to present necessity, there can be no doubt that the London University deserves considerable attention. The venerator of antiquity, of the institutions which sprung up in the ages of darkness, and which are venerable as the fountain-heads of our national literature—the venerator of these institutions has as interesting an object before him in the modern foundation, rising as it does in the busiest mart of trade, in times notorious for a speculating, money-getting spirit, and destined to make solid learning and philosophy popular among the most numerous and most influential classes of society. The practical man has an object before him of equal interest. It is not on theoretical principles the new seminary depends for its solidity. It has been called for by necessity and the obvious wants of the community, and its effects will be—if it be conducted with any degree of honesty and decision—the manifest advancement of the best and most important sciences in which the minds of all men can be usefully exercised.

Thus much may be safely, and should be conscientiously, said on this interesting subject, by sober-minded men of all parties. With the doubts and arguments which must almost necessarily arise when the leaders of opposing sects canvass the matter, we have here no concern ; this, however, does not prevent our bringing into consideration one or two of the general points which materially affect the character of the new institution. The first of these regards its present appearance as a school of science ; the second the character it assumes as a university, as an asylum for the complete formation of the mental character.

One of the greatest errors into which the ruling members of an academy can fall, is giving too great a preponderance to one branch of learning above another. This has been for a long period past the mother sin of Cambridge and Oxford. Their almost total uselessness to the largest portion of the students frequenting them, their utter want of practical influence, their gross contradiction to the eager and active spirit which they should guide, not oppose, and the ridiculous steadiness with which they persevere in their absurd systems of tuition, all are the consequence of the narrow views which have led them to adopt one grand branch of knowledge as all-sufficient for the institution of the mind.

Now with the example of the old universities before them,

we may observe, it should be one of the first considerations with the managers of the London, to avoid every possible tendency to commit the same error. Such a fault in their system, either now or at a later period, would be the destruction of the most important uses of their design—it would be converting their seminary into one uninfluential as the former, and possessing none of their claims to respect for antiquity or previous usefulness.

It is not, however, without some degree of doubt we should express our entire approbation of the system intended to be pursued, so far as it is at present developed. If the projectors of the institution had had in view nothing more than affording facilities for the study of this or that particular science, we should not thus express ourselves. But they commenced their project, and very properly too, with the expressed purpose of forming an establishment which should be of importance as a place of sound general education, calculated to establish the principles of just reasoning on their firmest and widest basis. We confess we do not at present see distinctly that they have followed out this plan of operation with the decision which it deserved. Their system, as at present in action, wants that fulness and harmony of parts without which it can lay no claim to the respect which we are disposed to give it. Looking at the list of lecturers and lectures, it is impossible not to be struck with the preponderance which is given to natural and scientific philosophy over moral, which it seems has almost escaped the attention of the presiding powers. We would not depreciate the value of the former of these branches of study, nor would we have less attention paid to their proper cultivation than is proposed, but we cannot help expressing our very serious regret at finding that neglect, or a strange concurrence of most unfortunate circumstances, has left the new University without a Professor of either Logic, Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy or History. We trust we have no ground for our apprehensions; but supposing them for a moment to be just, we should at once pronounce the establishment of this institution to be not only a waste of money and attention, but an error from its very foundation stone. Whatever be the utility of the demonstrative or experimental sciences in strengthening the intellect, whatever be their importance in the necessities of either peace or war, it would be an affront to right reason to suppose them all-sufficient in the formation of the mind. Let them, therefore, keep their proper place in a system of education; let them be the buttresses and cross-beams of the temple of knowledge, but not instead of the rich and living stones of which it should be mainly built.

We may be here answered that were moral philosophy to make but a very inconspicuous figure in a seminary, the character of which is to be of so practical a kind, little loss would be suffered. We acknowledge it would be so to the young man who frequents it only to hear a lecture on anatomy, and to him whose

whole object is to obtain the instructions of the German or the Italian Professor; but the reply is founded on a gross error if it be considered in relation to the University itself. Though it may be, and certainly is, a very useful and desirable object to furnish students of any science with the means of obtaining the particular knowledge required, this is not the principal object with the projectors; for if it were, their institution would be, to all intents and purposes, a mere speculation, and without any higher aim than the hundred experiments made by school-masters and mistresses, from one end of London to the other. The high claim they have made to public respect can only be supported by the idea with which they set out—that of forming a seminary which should answer to the community at large the same purpose as Cambridge and Oxford do to the privileged classes—a seminary similar to them in the professed universality of its instruction, and only different to them in the actual operation it gives to this comprehensive and enlightened system. It is not a school of this or that art, or a place where a variety of lecturers may be found who, for a certain sum, will instruct us in a language or a science; this is not what has been called for by the necessities of the time, by the yearnings of the popular mind after truth, by its doubtful and unstable tenure of the highest and noblest principles of social good. The thing needed, and that which the London University must become, if it answer its original design, is a University in the highest and best meaning of the term; a temple in which there may be many priests, but all serving at one altar, all ministering to make one great and entire offering to Truth.

The next point on which we would say a few words, is the hesitation and doubt which have prevailed in the counsels of the managers respecting religious instruction. We are strongly inclined to think that they have made themselves more difficulties in this respect than they had any occasion to do, and that religion, both natural and revealed, is by no means so necessary a stumbling-block to the most cosmopolitan charity as they seem to suppose; at any rate we are quite sure they would have met, on the whole, with much less opposition, and therefore would have had the power of doing far more good by the positive recognition of religion, than by its exclusion. We are willing to allow that no liturgy of any of the established sects could have been admitted, that no subscription to articles could have been required, and that in respect to some of the pupils, (those, for example, belonging to the Jewish persuasion,) there must always have been an exception; but this does not affect the main subject in question. There must be always exceptions in such cases, but we never heard of their being made the rule. If, indeed, the founders of the institution contemplated the probability that their lecture-rooms might be filled with young philosophical deists, who would be offended

at the idea of religion in any form, we allow their difficulties were great indeed. But there is no ground for such a supposition, except in one light; and it is that they might possibly have had in view the sons of disbelievers in Christianity, whose parents would dislike their children having any thing to do with the faith. Now if this idea did ever enter the heart of any of the managers, it was one which ought never to have influenced the decision of the council against the admission of religion; for, in the first place, we believe there never was a rational dissident from Christianity who considered a knowledge of its elements could do any harm to the moral character; and in the next, that to young men situated as those supposed, it positively becomes a necessary part of education to let them see on what grounds, and through what concurrence of circumstances, so large a portion of the civilized world has become Christianized. To make no mention, to give no view of the evidences of a religion which has so materially influenced the literature and destinies of nations, the mode of thinking and of social commerce throughout Europe, is to leave a gap in the chart of truth, and to give disbelievers, as well as believers, a just cause of complaint.

But whether it had been easy or not for the founders to have lessened the difficulties which the question of religion introduced is no matter; if they were fewer than is supposed, they should have been at once overcome by an immediate sacrifice of the lesser to the greater good; if they were really so important as is alleged, by taking the right view of the case, the question, we apprehend, would have been decided long before.

It appears to be allowed on all sides, that in the regular bringing up of youth, whatever be their rank or their destination, the inculcation of religious principles is a matter of importance. Now the great cause of error in the London University, is apparently the secondary consideration which is given it as a place of complete education. A man by attending the lectures given there, might indeed acquire a vast sum of knowledge, but the mere gift of knowledge is not education, and in so far as the projectors of any system thus regard it, they must fail in the highest purposes of instruction. Looking, therefore, at the institution in the character in which we would most willingly consider it, the rejection of religious instruction is a material and vital defect.

Viewed as a branch of knowledge, instruction in the evidences and history of christianity is, as we have already said, of high importance; but the recognition of its moral worth and usefulness, is of still higher value. The first, best purpose of education, that which gives a holiness and glory to every scheme for its improvement, is to enlarge the channels of thought, and connect thought and principle by the fullest possible demonstration of truth. The result of education thus pursued, is the development of all that is religious in man, of that which makes him a true worshipper of

Deity, and the self-denying friend of his fellow beings. But is the development to take place by the unassisted working of the mind? are thought, and the principle of right action sure to be in harmony when fully expanded? or if the internal principle be to be assisted in its development, what are the means to be employed, or the appliances that can be most safely trusted? We hardly imagine any one will answer us—the study of geology, of mathematics, or chemistry, is sufficient for this end. We have no doubt those who have thought most closely on the subject are assured that moral science must unlock her treasures to find a mould for the noblest form of mind, and if so, if it be true that the philosophy of the heart and spirit must be present with her teachings in the new academy, and in every place of real education, then how can religion, in her own proper and undisguised form, be excluded? The religious principle in man is too inseparable from the constitution of his mind, to let the mind be examined without bringing it into consideration; and if the subject must be thus occasionally introduced, as it necessarily must, and in its most important lights, there must be such a partial and imperfect view given of it, as will inevitably unsettle the youthful mind by its very imperfection and want of connection.

Now we do not apprehend that any of the considerations hitherto brought forward against the introduction of religion, are of equal weight with those in its favour. As to lectures on its general evidences being so appalling as to terrify persons of either one sect or the other from sending their sons to the University, we believe is altogether greatly a false idea; for we have not the least doubt, that were Cambridge and Oxford to require neither at matriculation, nor at conferring degrees, any declaration of Church-of-Englandism, there would be as many sons of Dissenters there as of Churchmen: no lectures, even if delivered by doctors of divinity, would ever deter them from going. We do not, of course, intend by any thing we have said, to argue for the introduction of a systematized plan of public worship for the students, because this would be liable to objections which do not apply to the exposition of religious evidence, or those simple expressions of religious homage, in which all may join without injury to their conscience. There is a wide, very wide distance between such a recognition of religion, and the defence of any party views; there is one equally wide between the worship which all allow revelation inculcates, and those particular forms of worship which have their origin confessedly in human opinion.

But there is no need of speculative argument to show the necessity of religion's holding her proper place in the new institution. The best proof of the necessity is no visionary one,—it is the disputes, and the evident anxiety on the part of the managers, to which the subject has given birth. Party feeling, and the accusations of party feeling, have taken from it their sharpest weapons,

and an institution which, we earnestly hope, without the objections thus brought forward, would have been raised amid the congratulations of all parties, has thus become open to suspicions which it will take some time and prudent management to remove. There is another circumstance also, which strongly evinces the inconvenience which the banishment of religious instruction has created. There is no one, we dare say, who has any abstract idea of the University of London, or who look for a moment beyond the professors and teachers who are the real pillars of the establishment. In thinking of the older institutions, we immediately recognize the grave and venerable aspect of a superior power before whom tutors as well as students must needs bow; but we can conjure up no Alma Mater as yet to give sanctity to Gower-street. We see only the men whose labours are to make the institution respectable, and who united in their exertions form, in fact, the stamen of the University. Now there is something strikingly inconsistent in the situation of several of these very excellent individuals. Most firmly convinced in their own minds that religious instruction should form a part of education, they have determined on doing that which the projectors of the University would not do, declaring, namely, the want of a most material feature in any system of general instruction that should be totally separated from religious. We have thus the curious spectacle of the Professors, or the real University, saying one thing, and the nominal University, the building in Gower-street, saying another; the consequence of which is, that the public are to all appearance called upon to patronize an institution which can only carry on its purpose at the expense of its consistency.

But it is not merely by the advertisement of divinity lectures in neighbouring chapels, that the new Professors have shown their opinions on this important subject; their inaugural discourses contain the same manifestation of their deep feeling of responsibility on this point, and more than one of them would afford passages which would look strangely in contrast with the ideas of the Governors on the subject. We trust the sentiments so manfully expressed will meet with all due attention, and we are sure the London University will materially promote the best designs of its projectors, by no longer letting the places of public worship about to be opened remain disjoined from the establishment, and by making them at once a known and constituent part of the institution. In order to do this it will not be necessary either to change their forms of worship, or to introduce any subscription of articles: let the Dissenter and the Churchman have the Chapels as they are already opened, but let the University Corporation, as one body, recognize them as belonging to the foundation—as places where religion is taught by the authority of the devoted friends of truth and learning. The increased patronage they will receive from the public in general will soon enable them, if there be want of it, to increase

the number of the University Chapels ; and thus, while perfect freedom of belief be preserved, no sect excluded from the advantages of science, and no insult offered to the varieties of human opinion, that honour will be paid to religion and public feeling on the subject, which will silence the clamours of the prejudiced, and the suspicions of the temperate and cautious.

The importance which belongs to the establishment of a new University, as an event in literary history, would warrant a much fuller consideration than that which we have been able to give it ; but we turn with satisfaction to a brief review of the first essays of the new Professors, on whose talents and discretion so much must necessarily depend. We commence with Mr. Dale's lecture, the object of which gives it, in our eyes, a primary importance, and which is increased by the respect due to the lecturer as an elegant scholar, an excellent poet, and an amiable man.

The office of a Professor of English Literature in the University, presents many difficulties for its proper discharge, which it requires considerable skill and ability to surmount. A Professorship of Poetry or of Oratory is a situation, the duties of which may be easily defined ; but a Professor of the English Language, and of English Literature in general, is met with doubts at his commencement ; he has a variety of subjects, several of which he can treat only in a very superficial manner, and others not at all. He must by turns be the antiquary, the philologist, the philosopher, and the divine ; and he must not only necessarily possess the most extensive resources of learning himself, but he must impart a vast deal of remotely relative information to his pupils, or his lectures will be totally useless. We have great confidence in Mr. Dale's perseverance as well as talent, but there are difficulties which he can only overcome by long experience in his office. From the idea which we are enabled to form of his intended plan from the lecture before us, we are inclined to a pretty confident opinion that he will find it necessary greatly to modify the view he has taken of his subjects. We need not tell him that the history and the philosophy of language and grammar are not branches of study, which taken even singly, admit of great haste in the completion ; we need not tell him either that they are not those which can be most easily made intelligible or profitable to uncultivated minds. The history of languages is far more abstruse than that of events, events the most distant, and the study of it must, in a very great degree, be carried on by investigation, and not by the simple process of reading or hearing facts. A strength and patience of mind are hence necessary, which have hitherto confined the pursuit to a very few hard reading men, whose scholarship, before they commenced it, was of the most superior kind. The philosophy of grammar, again, offers the most subtle and most exercised mind a subject for which no intellectual weapon can be too keen—a subject on which the mature and experienced metaphysician finds it necessary to exert

all his powers of attention and reasoning, and from which the speculator is very frequently obliged to turn with little other re-
payment for his labour, than the gratification of strong mental
exercise. But let us see what Mr. Dale says on this point:—

‘Permit me now, Gentlemen, to direct your attention to the projected
plan and arrangement of the Lectures on the Principles and Practice of
English Composition, to which the present is introductory.

‘My plan for the critical study of the English language, as adapted to
young men who have previously received the rudiments of a classical
education, embraces three great divisions.

‘I. THE HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE, comprehending a view of its
origin, formation, progress, and perfection.—I use the term perfection in
a relative sense (for absolute perfection can be predicted of no language
whatever); but assuming that a language to whose stock of words no
material addition has been made for upwards of two centuries, may now
be accounted *stationary*, or perfect in proportion to its capacity.

‘II. THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LANGUAGE; under which head I
include the classification and analysis of its constituent parts, or sorts of
words; their relation to, and dependence on, each other; the principles
of pronunciation and orthography; the etymologies of words; the con-
struction of sentences; the force and harmony of periods: in short, all
that relates to the genius and structure of the language.

‘III. THE USE AND APPLICATION OF THE LANGUAGE in the various
kinds of speaking and composition; commencing with the plain and
perspicuous, and proceeding upward to the elevated and majestic style.

‘On each of these divisions it will be expedient, and I hope not tedious,
to offer a few observations.

‘An inquiry into the origin, formation, and progress of the English lan-
guage, may be compared to a voyage up the channel of a magnificent and
hitherto unexplored river. In ascending the stream, as you pass the
confluence of one tributary after another with the parent flood, the width
may be observed continually to diminish, and the depth gradually to de-
crease;—at length all further progress is impeded by some natural bar-
rier; and though the river has now dwindled to a rill, the fountain
whence it issues cannot be precisely ascertained; for it divides itself into
innumerable branches, or escapes among impassable rocks. Thus in
tracing the stream of our language backward to its remoter sources, when
we have ascended beyond the derivatives which successively flowed into it
from the Latin, Greek, and French, and arrived at the scanty dialect of
our Saxon forefathers,—henceforth all is obscurity and conjecture. The
Anglo-Saxon may indeed be identified with Gothic or Teutonic, of which
either it is a dialect, or both have originated in one common source.
But where is that source to be found? Many plausible and ingenious
hypotheses have been framed on this interesting subject, of which the
most recent, and to my mind the most satisfactory, is that of Colonel
VANS KENNEDY, a gentleman whose learning and ability are not only
honourable to himself, but throw a lustre on his profession; who in his
able and elaborate RESEARCHES INTO THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGES,
refers the Gothic to the Thracian or Pelasgic, and that again to the
Sancrit, which he considers to have been the language of Babylonia or
Assyria, whence the Pelasgi originally migrated. The arguments urged

in support of this hypothesis will be reserved for the course of lectures on English Literature, which will commence immediately after the Christmas vacation, and in which the question of the probable origin of our language will be more fully discussed. The earliest date which we shall assume in our present inquiries, as verified by competent authority, is the year after Christ 360, about which time the Gothic language is said to have received an alphabet from Ulphilas, bishop of Moesia. His claim to *this* honour has indeed been contested; but not to an honour infinitely more exalted and enduring;—that he employed the recent invention for the noblest and most beneficial of all purposes—for enlightening his ignorant countrymen by the communication of the Scriptures. His translation of the New Testament is now the sole remaining relic of the Gothic language.’—*Professor Dale’s Introductory Lecture*, pp. 16—18.

We cannot but think the talented Professor has been here too ambitious in his design, and that he has forgotten, if not to estimate his time and the talents of his pupils, yet, which is of more consequence, to compare and measure them together. Did he pursue the plan he appears to have adopted, he must employ the best part of a session in a labour from which minds of the ordinary standard would receive no proportionate profit, and it would lead to a neglect of subjects which it is of vital importance he should fully unfold. With giving far less time than a full discussion of the points he has alluded to must necessarily occupy, he may still instruct his pupils in the rationale of language. By confining himself to such points of theory as may be necessary to give stability to the practical study of language, he will avoid several difficulties that, especially, which would be the worst he could encounter—of forcing minds to carry more weight than their strength allows.

But we turn from the expression of these doubts, which we would have it observed, are not in reference to the excellence of the plan considered by itself, but as it relates to the pupils of the London University, to present our readers with another part of the lecture, which every one must peruse with unmixed gratification. Before quoting the conclusion, however, we would remark, that as caution will be requisite to keep the Professor from entering on a false or too long a track in speculative matters, so will it be required in the plan he pursues in teaching what is termed the art of composition. We would especially warn him to employ as little as possible the artifices, or as we would call them, the fictions of the old rhetoricians. They have prevented as many scholars from writing well as education has made good reasoners, and any system of instruction which should be cramped within their technicalities, would be highly unworthy of the improved ideas which are daily gaining ground on the subject of education. But it is thus Mr. Dale expresses himself on some points of the deepest interest, and in a manner which does honour to him in the twofold character in which he spoke:—

‘But the MAN OF PRINCIPLE ONLY is the centre round which do-

mestic felicity revolves; he ONLY contributes to the real and enduring benefit of his near and dear connections. Contemplated in this aspect—and few I think will refuse thus to contemplate it—the morality which may be learned from ANY system of religious opinions that professes to take the Bible for its basis, deserves to be estimated far more highly than the most extensive acquirements, and even the most splendid abilities, if uncontrolled by those motives and principles of action, which alone can direct them to the production of solid and abiding advantage. Devoid of these principles, they have been almost invariably found—like sharp and polished weapons in the hands of a lunatic—to inflict a mortal wound on their possessor, and strike deep at the best interests of society. In the history of our literature, more particularly of the drama, it will be my painful duty to point out too many names which exemplify this assertion;—too many, whose wreath of imperishable laurel is interwoven with bitter and deadly herbs, which, like the envenomed diadem that encircled the brow of the Christian virgin in the days of fiery persecution, insinuate a subtle poison into the veins, and convey it even to the heart!—p. 29.

With equal interest we open the introductory discourse of Professor Hurwitz. The appointment of this gentleman to the Hebrew chair, is gratifying in many respects; first, because he is an honourable example of the learning and talent possessed by many of his people; next, because he is profoundly skilled in the knowledge of his subject; and lastly, because he has enlarged views and an unprejudiced mind. The subject-matter of this lecture is of the most interesting nature. The Professor has given a rapid sketch of the history of the Hebrew language, and has interspersed it with several observations as amusing as they are learned and recondite. Of this kind are his remarks on the controversy respecting the primitive language of the human race, those on the successive changes in the style of the Hebrew writers, and some others on the synonymes found in the Scriptures. The following will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the matter which the lecture contains: we extract it as the most free from learned quotations.

‘In the Pentateuch we find the language already in the highest state of improvement it ever attained. In this most ancient of all books, we have already the two great divisions of style—prose and verse—distinctly marked, and formally recognized; and what is not less remarkable, the *Prose* constitutes the far larger portion of the work. And permit me to observe, that the intellect and intellectual cultivation of a people must have already reached an advanced point, who possessed a language of facts, or simple Historic narrative, and at the same time, a language of the Imagination, often conveying the same facts as the former, but as contemplated in moments of high emotions and excited Fancy; and each of these languages subsisting apart from each other, and enjoying its own special character:—an advantage this, which the Greeks had but imperfectly attained, even so late as the age of Herodotus.

‘The golden age of the Hebrew language began with Moses, and continued, with little variation, to the end of the reign of *Hezekiah*. It was

during this long period, that Hebrew literature arrived at its most flourishing state. The song of *Deborah*, and the prayer of *Hannah*, show, that even in times of anarchy, the Israelites neither neglected their language, nor,—and I would particularly draw your attention to this, as a forcible and demonstrative proof of high cultivation—the education of their Daughters. It was even during these disturbed times, that the Schools of the Prophets were established. It was during this golden period of the language, that the Royal Bards of Israel struck their Harps, and the eloquent prophets of the Hebrews poured forth those energetic and manly Orations, which have been, and ever will be, the admiration of ages.

‘After the death of *Hezekiah*, when the Assyrians and the Chaldeans made frequent inroads into the land, the language began sensibly to decline.

‘Jeremiah is not, indeed, deficient in poetical beauties; but he wants that majesty, elegance, and purity of diction, which characterize *Isaiah*, *Joel*, *Habakkuk*, and other ancient Prophets. In proportion as the state declined, so did the genius of the language: till at last, when the nation was plucked up from its native soil, and transplanted into a foreign country, Judah’s sweet toned lyre was struck dumb; Sion’s sacred minstrels hung their harps on the willows; and when their spoilers asked them to sing the festive song, they emphatically exclaimed, *שִׁיר יְהוָה עַל אֲדָמַת נָכָר*,

אֵיךְ נִשְׁרֵי אֵת ‘*Ah! how can we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?*’*

The vanquished gradually exchanged their own venerable tongue for that of their vanquishers; and the Hebrew rapidly approached its dying days. The lamp of prophecy was not entirely exhausted; but it gave only a dim light: it was surrounded with a thick oppressive atmosphere. The five last prophets still poured forth their Oracles in Hebrew; but it was no longer the pure *classic* Hebrew of their predecessors. In short, the language became more and more intermixed with foreign words and idioms, so that, in the time of *Nehemiah*, the bulk of the people had entirely forgotten the language of their ancestors: and had not Providence raised an *Ezra*, and inspired him with a holy zeal for the Religion of his Forefathers, the Sacred Writings might have been irrecoverably lost.

‘The Israelites justly consider *Ezra* as the restorer of their religion, and the preserver of their Holy Law. Nor must we omit *Nehemiah*,—this truly pious patriot, who, amidst the dazzling splendour of an Eastern Court, could still drop a tear for the shattered walls of Jerusalem, and weep for the forlorn condition of his country;—who, although Cup-bearer to the Persian monarch, and enjoying great consideration, and dignified office, did not forget his distressed brethren; but sacrificing ease and comfort, and honours, hastened to their relief, and re-animated their drooping spirit. He it was, who, together with *Ezra* and other eminent men, first introduced the custom of reading the Law in public, and of interpreting it to the people, who soon learnt to appreciate its value, and to practice its invigorating lessons; and the consequence was, that *idolatry* was for ever banished from amongst Israel. Thus did these pious men labour for the benefit of their nation, and laid a sure and solid foundation for the revival of learning. This was all that circumstances permitted them to do. The people had already adopted the Chaldee as

* Psalm cxxxvii.

their vernacular tongue, and the Hebrew became, what it has ever since been, a dead or learned language.

'A new epoch now commences in the history of the language, which my limited time will not permit me further to pursue. I shall therefore only briefly remark, that ever since that period, the Hebrew continued to be cultivated amongst the Jews with more or less success, in proportion as they were more or less persecuted;—that it was transmitted traditionally from generation to generation, until the beginning of the tenth century of the present era, when Rabbi Saadiah, the celebrated author of the Arabic version, wrote the first grammar of the Hebrew language. He was soon followed by other learned Israelites, who, during that and the following four centuries, distinguished themselves, not only in grammatical learning, but in every other department of knowledge. The names and works of *Jehuda ben Karish*, *Menachem ben Serug*, *Jehudah ben Chiuig*, *Jonah ben Ganach*, *Solomon ben Gebirol*, *Jehudah Hallevi*, *Jarchi*, *Aben Ezra*, *Maimonides*, *Joseph*, *Moses*, and *David Kimchi*, *Nachmanides*, *Aben Sid*, *Abarbanel*, *Elias Levita*, and many others too numerous to be named, are all well known to the learned.

'Indeed, this was the golden age of Rabbinical Literature. The Jews of Spain, in particular, devoted their minds to Philosophy, Medicine, Mathematics, and Astronomy; and it is well known, that they greatly assisted in keeping up the lamp of science, during the ages of Gothic darkness. They made astonishing progress in every branch of learning, until in the year 1492, a bigoted king, incited by a brutal and ignorant priesthood, who dreaded the light of science, plunged half a million of human beings into misery and despair, and almost extinguished the mental light of Israel.

'Excepting Origen in the second, and Jerome in the fourth century, very few Christians could boast of a considerable knowledge of the Hebrew before the beginning of the sixteenth century. *Reuchlin* was the first that led the way. He was followed by a few others; but the prejudices of the times, joined with the prevailing ignorance, prevented the general diffusion of Hebraic learning.'—*Professor Hurwitz's Lecture*, pp. 16—20.

Professor Hurwitz has concluded his lecture with an appeal to the students at large, and to those of his own persuasion in particular, which we trust could be read by no one without exciting strong feelings of interest. His situation is to himself, as we doubt not he has sincerely stated, one highly gratifying to his mind; it is one also in which he may be of important service to his own people, in contributing to their advancement in intellectual improvements of all kinds; and to the world, in shewing how much good may be done for two widely separated parties, when there is even one talented and thinking man connected with, and interested for, both.

The lecture on Greek literature, by Professor Long, evinces strong good sense, and that practical acquaintance with the true method of teaching a classical language, which secures the most beneficial results. It is by the sentiments this gentleman has expressed, and the plan he intends pursuing, that the New University will materially increase the bulk of national knowledge,

and bestow the advantages of learning not merely on the few whom they adorn, but on the many whom they may comfort and strengthen. The former part of the lecture is occupied with an excellent sketch of the history of the language, which the student may read with profit: the passages which we consider of most importance to extract, is the detail given of the plan of instruction proposed to be pursued, which we would recommend to the attention of both teachers and scholars in every part of the kingdom.

‘The mode of instruction that will be at present adopted in the Greek classes, is necessarily in *some* degree determined by the proficiency of those who enter them: the experience of future years, and improvement in early education, will enable the teacher to correct whatever may be found erroneous, and to extend the course of instruction with the increasing capabilities of the pupils.

‘The class will commence their Greek studies with the history of the expedition of the younger Cyrus, aided by the Greek mercenaries, against his brother the king of Persia. This book is selected because it is one of the most simple and perspicuous narratives in the Greek language, and the best adapted for those who possess only a small knowledge of the subject.

‘Before the class commence the perusal of the Anabasis, I shall give to them a short account of its author, of the period when he lived, the principal events of his life, with a brief outline of what his history contains, and the means that he had of acquiring his information and preserving it in a written form. It is unnecessary to point out the value and the importance of such preliminary knowledge: it may be well to remark, that the class will never read any Greek author without receiving this essential and necessary introduction. Opportunities will constantly occur during their perusal, of calling the pupil’s attention to passages which will illustrate and confirm the remarks that have been made. To render the subject-matter of the Anabasis interesting and useful, the geography of Asia Minor and the regions watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, will be explained both in written lectures and by occasional observations during the lessons of the class.

‘After the careful perusal of three or four books of the Anabasis, the class may without any difficulty and with much profit, read one of the easiest Greek tragedies, the Prometheus of Æschylus.

‘The history of the origin and development of the Attic drama will be presented to the class, as far as it can be collected from the scanty materials that remain. It will be useful also to make a few remarks on the difference between the drama and our own, with respect to its connection with the political institutions and the religious ceremonies of the age.

‘These two subjects will probably occupy the class during about one half of the first session, and if their progress answers the expectations of the instructor, they will then proceed to study the most useful parts of Grecian history in the original authors, commencing with Herodotus.

‘It was at first intended that the class should *begin at this point*; but till the nature and objects of the University instruction are more exten-

sively known, it will be necessary for them to improve their knowledge of the language by the preliminary course which I have just described.

‘I will endeavour to explain the mode in which I shall direct their philological studies during the perusal of Xenophon and the Greek Play. The pupils who join the Greek class are expected to possess a competent knowledge of what is called the accidence, and the power to read with some degree of accuracy the simple and perspicuous language of Xenophon. They will necessarily have obtained some acquaintance with the relative positions of words, when they are arranged in sentences, a branch of grammatical knowledge which we designate by the Greek term *Syntax*.

‘The philosophical, I mean the true principles of language are to be investigated by the aid of etymology, which, if we may judge from most of our elementary books and lexicons of the Greek language, has been prosecuted with less success than other parts of grammar.

‘The nature of the Greek alphabet *will be explained to the class*, with the probable powers of some, and the certain sounds of other letters: this is a necessary introduction to the more accurate knowledge of the language, and to the observation of these numerous instances of compound and derivative words in which the representatives of similar sounds are interchanged.

‘The compound or derivative words that occur in each lesson will be resolved into their component parts, or reduced to the simplest form, called the root, where our inquiry terminates. To render the pupil familiar with this process, and likewise with the reverse operation, of forming from a given primitive the various derivative words, and assigning their respective significations, I shall exhibit to them in writing numerous examples of those regular terminations under which are comprised nearly all the words in the Greek language. From some primitives we find a number of derivative words flowing by the most regular and simple analogy; in other cases the series is incomplete; but the accurate scholar can determine what would be the form of the deficient words, if they really did exist.

‘In this way, words will not be learned separately, but in classes, some of which will contain several thousand examples: much of the unnecessary labour that is imposed on students may be saved, and the pleasure of the pursuit will constantly increase with the increasing powers of the pupil. This plan presents no difficulties even to the youngest student: it is nothing more than doing with words what he is daily doing with every object that he sees; he examines things, and from general resemblances he assigns them to their respective classes;—if he can be taught to make the comparison more accurately, and to be more careful in drawing a conclusion, his understanding will derive advantage from the exercise, whether the subjects of comparison be things, or their representatives.—*Professor Long’s Introductory Lecture*, pp. 19—22.

After some very judicious observations on the authors to be read, on the order in which they will be taken up, and the accompaniments to the study of them, the Professor proceeds:—

‘The instruction at first will be principally carried on by lessons, as they

are generally called: the students will come prepared with a certain portion of each author, and they will be examined on every part of it in the usual manner. They will hear remarks made, have questions proposed, or perform other exercises that may be thought necessary.

'Part of the time occupied in instruction will always be devoted to some examination of the preceding day's subject, for the double purpose of removing difficulties and detecting inattention.

'Two modes of instruction will be combined when the class can read Greek with ease: part of the time will be occupied by the Professor's prelections, which will be applied to the explanation and the criticism of a portion of the more difficult Greek writers.

'They will be adapted both to the uses of the class, and of others of a more advanced age who may wish to peruse a Greek writer. The regular students will afterwards be examined on the same portion of the author which was illustrated; and they will be required to translate, and explain fully, both the more difficult passages and the easier parts which were slightly passed over in the prelections.

'Such a plan appears to present advantages for the acquisition of the Greek language: it will increase the labour of the Professor; but it will tend to the general advantage of the classes, by bringing him occasionally before those who are more competent to judge.

'The instruction that will be given to the classes at the opening of the University may not be exactly that which some will expect or wish: but it is necessary to adapt it to the acquirements of the majority of the Greek students. Those to whom is intrusted the earlier education of youth intended for this University, have now an opportunity of co-operating effectually in improving our public instruction. The respective merits of the different systems of acquiring elementary knowledge, and of the books used for this purpose, they may decide by the unprejudiced exercise of their own judgment, and by actual experiment. The most important part of education, the early part, is perhaps the most difficult: the necessity of improving it is now no longer denied; and the efforts of the present age have already done something towards removing the obstacles of habit and ignorance.

'If the system of elementary education were framed with reference to its extension in well directed schools of public instruction, even we of the present day might indulge the pleasing hope of seeing a superior generation rise around us. The neglected or the suppressed energies of many of our countrymen would be roused from their state of inactivity or torpor, and directed to the benefit of themselves and the community.'—pp. 30, 31.

The present state of English literature, the growing interest which is felt in that of Germany, and the known admiration of it, which influences many of the greatest geniuses of which this country can at present boast; all tend to give an importance to the study of the German language, which raises it above every other. We are quite sure that its value is not over rated. Our native literature, as it is at present characterized, can receive no greater advantage than the impulse which would be given to it if the deep spiritual muse of Germany were familiarized among

us. The influence which the popularity of any kind of foreign literature has on national feeling, is never trifling, and a philosopher could find few subjects more interesting than the examination of the different changes which have been brought about by these external influences. In the present day, the effect produced by the general study of German, would be a modification of the fruitless passion for novels—light, versifying, political controversy, and the fashionable modes of expressing religious zeal; by thoughtfulness and sentiment, by the quickening of intellect, and the more ardent love of truth and beauty; by the grace which would be found in humanity, spiritual, essential humanity, and by the more certain tendencies to devotion which would thence result. We took up Dr. Mühlenfels' lecture with the full sense of what ought to be the feelings of a Professor of German literature in this country, and we have had the satisfaction to find that his sentiments coincide perfectly with our own. The noble and elevated ideas which run through every page of the lecture from first to last, deserve the most serious attention by every philosophic mind. There is a greatness of thought in all the opinions stated, which stamp them with the signs of true genius, and had the lecture come to us alone, instead of being one of a series, we should have considered ourselves justified in giving it, small as it is, a very conspicuous place among the literary productions of the day. We must, however, be content with presenting our readers with the conclusion only of this admirable address.

'That the study of the German language has of late so much increased, and still continues to increase in this country, must be hailed by every German, who loves his own and esteems the English nation, as a gratifying symptom, that the great literary exertions of Germany begin to be justly appreciated. For, Gentlemen, I think that among nations as among individuals, a just appreciation can only be formed where the congenial mind undertakes the office of inquiry. The productions of a genius will be most valued by him who has sympathizing views and feelings, and in whom the ray of truth and beauty kindles the enthusiasms of noble emulation. The literary world of Germany has long done ample justice to the literature and national character of England. The study of your great poets, especially that of your incomparable Shakspeare, has had no inconsiderable effect upon the literature of Germany, as I shall be able to show to you in my lectures on that literature. It was your Bacon, Locke, Newton, and Hume, who roused the slumbering spirit of philosophical study in Germany; they suggested ideas which our philosophers investigated and enlarged, or on which they founded new systems. It is, then, but justice, it is but requital, that England should notice and fairly estimate the progresses which have led to the present state of literary and scientific cultivation in Germany.

'In conclusion then, Gentlemen, allow me to say, that when you, by the deep and earnest study of the language of the Germans, shall be enabled to appreciate their literature; when you shall have been excited by it to the study of their history, following the development of events,

moral and political, which have influenced the German character,—then, and *only* then, will you be qualified to judge that character fairly. You will probably find the Germans in their life, as they appear in their literature: the inward world of thought and feeling has always predominated with them. They have been led to national exertions more by indistinct impulse and enthusiasm, than by calculating intellect; and while the love of liberty has ever warmed the German breast, it has burned most fiercely when their right of freedom or thought of conscience was impeded. It is this, their contemplative tendency, which has led them to cultivate the pleasures afforded in the seclusion of domestic life, rather than to strive for those inalienable rights which alone can *secure* private happiness. The German steps from the narrow circle of his family, into the boundless field of speculative research; but, unhappily, he too often forgets that it is only by his exertions for national welfare that he can give a practical value to those researches. No people has ever more actively and successfully cultivated the empire of ideas—none neglected more deplorably the affairs of the commonweal and of actual life. The Germans will be found admirable fathers, virtuous members of society, loyal subjects, eminent scholars—but careless citizens. There have, however, been struggles—glorious ones—for national union and independence; but the rousing spirit has been checked and stifled, and the people soon lulled into a contemplative slumber by the cradle-song of their many thousand cosmopolitical writers, who, with few exceptions, have neglected to afford scope for public life and national activity. In theories and speculations, the German scholars stand foremost. Their extensive learning is universally acknowledged, and Germany is considered as the great mart of ideas, which are practically applied every where but in Germany. In history, they have made the most profound researches; in their poetry, the visions of philosophy and the incidents of common life, are admirably portrayed. Yes, Gentlemen, the present state of German literature is a true mirror of the national life of Germany; yet their *language* now stands forth—a warning spirit; the narrator of the past, and the prophet of the future. As long as it shall exist in its progressive state, so long may the expectation be indulged, that Germans, strong by national union, will one day occupy that rank among the nations, to which their history and their lofty character entitle them.’—*Professor Mühlensfels’ Introductory Lecture*, pp. 25—27.

We have been thus far so confined to the lectures, which are of a more directly literary character, that we now find ourselves obliged to pass over, with a few general observations, those which, from involving questions of science, would require for their proper and full consideration, a much larger space than we can at present spare for them. Dr. Lardner’s address, which was received, when delivered, with the greatest testimonies of approbation, is well adapted to excite the attention of the most careless student; it is ingenious and learned, but the nature of the subject is such, that we are less able to form a positive judgment of the Professor’s future plans, than we are on those where the parts less depend on detail and demonstration. In the same manner we are obliged to content ourselves with a general expression of gratification at the very

interesting and instructive lecture of Dr. Grant, which is filled with details that it will be almost as delightful to hear dilated upon in the future course, as to wander ourselves among the primeval hills and valleys of the earth. The conspicuous talent evinced by all the Professors in the medical school of the University, is matter of great congratulation, and we cannot do better than finish our extracts by one from the lecture, deserving of the same high praise as its predecessors, of Dr. Conolly, whom we rejoice to see filling a station he so well merits, both as a man and a physician.

‘Let me exhort you never to take *less* worthy views of the profession in which you have engaged, or at any time to become unduly sceptical of its powers. Those powers are indeed limited, but by no means visionary. Although there may be great difficulty in finding out the principles of the science, we may be assured they are no less exact than any by which other sciences are regulated. The leading characters of all the most serious diseases have been the same from the earliest era of which we have any medical records: the susceptibilities and the functions of the body, the properties of medicinal substances, the state of the earth and of the air, have undergone no change; the faculties of the human mind, the springs of human affection and passion (with all which enlightened medicine has to do), have ever been the same. The *treatment*, therefore, of disease ought not to be wavering or uncertain; ought not to present a broad and unnatural contrast to this great uniformity and constancy of nature. Nor will you find that it does so, if you confine your views to such treatment as can alone be accounted rational, and meet the varieties of disease by means which, though equally varied, are not adopted capriciously or incautiously, but suggested by such knowledge of the nature of diseases as you can acquire. Be assured, gentlemen, that exercised with judgment, medicine will enable you to exert more controul over disease than you sometimes dare to hope. Many acute affections may be overcome and destroyed with what may almost be called certainty; the progress of morbid formations of the most serious kind may be suspended, if not wholly prevented; and in some cases effectually and wholly checked; whilst in almost every case sufferings may be lessened, life rendered comfortable, and death delayed. Such, even at present, is the power of medicine; and if we look at the apparent *intention* of the most fatal morbid processes, and consider the exhaustless stores of nature, and the daily productions of scientific pharmacy, we shall see much reason to believe that the powers of medicine may yet be greatly amplified; that some diseases now considered the most intractable may hereafter become curable by art. The justifiable hope of being able to add to the resources of the physician or surgeon; of being able to cure diseases now invariably fatal; to relieve sufferings which now proceed uncontrouled; and thus to become signal benefactors to your nation and to the world, is surely sufficient to prevent your becoming desponding during your studies, or inert in your daily practice. If there be any truth in these observations, you cannot be desponding without folly, or negligent without criminality.

‘It is, I hope, almost superfluous for me to explain that in making the observations I have done on the diligent employment of a medical student’s time, and on the devotion of all his faculties to his profession, I have not

meant to encourage or excuse the total neglect of more serious thoughts and occupations. God forbid, gentlemen, that I should be supposed for a moment capable of joining in any hypocritical and odious cry, in which the sacred name of religion is employed to promote political ends and worldly interests, to justify persecution, and to excite the worst passions of men! But there is a religion which makes men better; and so much of your employment will be among the works of the Almighty hand, and you will have so many opportunities of rightly estimating at the bed of the sick and the dying the true value of all mere worldly considerations, that I trust I may without impropriety beseech you in the midst of your busy engagements, not to let your feelings be interested by these occupations in vain. Habitually engaged, as you will be, in doing good, I should wish you to be supported and directed in your exertions by an exalted sense of duty. This is the state of mind by which all the brightest characters in our profession were distinguished, and I pray that it may be yours.

‘As the rules of the University leave you one day in the week (Saturday) for the revision and arrangement of your notes, and for proper relaxation, you will not be under the necessity of employing any part of *Sunday* in that manner. On that day, therefore, let all your medical occupations be put aside—your Hospital attendance, or visits to any poor patients under your care, excepted. Attend the services of religion. Examine how you are passing your time. Review and regulate your thoughts; and clear your minds of any animosities or discomposures which may have arisen during the week. Let the remainder of the day be passed in the perusal of esteemed authors, or in the society of wise and good associates. You will then not only not lose a day, but will actually gain time, by the refreshment of your minds; and by the acquisition of that serenity, the want of which is most unfavourable to mental exertion and which is never enjoyed except when we are quite at peace with ourselves.’—*Dr. Conolly's Introductory Lecture.*—pp. 31—34.

Dr. Conolly deserves the greatest approbation, both public and private, for the expression of these noble sentiments.

We take leave of this highly important subject with regret. The foundation of a new university fills the mind with thoughts alike interesting, whether it look into the past or the future. We can hardly conceive an imagination so dull as not to be excited in a hundred different ways by the contemplation, nor any reason so confined as not to discover an equal number of causes for rejoicing. May no party feeling, in either politics or religion, ever affect a design so calculated to produce general good. The cause of truth is the same to all who love truth, whatever be their modes of thinking, or the mediums through which they seek her. If the London University be made instrumental to the promotion of her holy cause, the consequences cannot long be hidden; they will be felt in the purer atmosphere of public thought, in the firmer texture of public principle, and then every honest and just man, every patriot and every Christian, will rejoice in making common cause with the founders of the institution.

It will not be long before the friends of learning will have fresh

cause for congratulation. The foundation of another edifice devoted to the same valuable purposes will soon be laid, and we shall have again reason to rejoice at the prosperous efforts made in aid of education, and to express our earnest desire that, though truth may have sometimes been lost, and at others can only be discovered when brought within bounds and limits, she may lose none of her strength when in future submitted to the necessities of human imperfection.

ART. II.—*The Code of Terpsichore: a practical and historical treatise on the Ballet, Dancing, and Pantomime; with a complete theory of the Art of Dancing; intended as well for the instruction of amateurs as the use of professional persons. By C. Blasis, principal dancer at the King's Theatre, and composer of ballets. Translated under the Author's immediate inspection. By R. Barton. pp. 548. 8vo. With 18 plates. London. 1828.*

HITHERTO we have been taught to believe that there is a time for every thing under the sun—"a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." 'No, says Monsieur Blasis, the principal dancer at the King's Theatre, and composer of ballets. 'This is downright heresy—a renunciation of the allegiance we owe to the goddess Terpsichore, and blasphemy against her name. There is, or ought to be, time for nothing but dancing; not even a time to fight if you be attacked; nor to run, if pursued by a mad bull or a bear escaped from the Zoological gardens; nor to ride if you cannot walk; nor to pursue "any pleasure but that which the goddess affords;" for all these are "powerful enemies" to dancing, which requires "such intense application," that our "chief delight" ought to be concentrated in its study and practice.'—pp. 50—51.

Within the gay atmosphere of Almacks, or the King's Theatre, all this, we doubt not, will sound orthodox and well; but we may remind M. Blasis, that there are a few other places in the world besides the ball-room and the boards of the opera, where it would appear as strange as would the Archbishop of Canterbury in a galliard costume, performing one of Cimarosa's bravuras. Did the acknowledged pleasures of dancing, however, require any defence, we could help M. Blasis to some high authorities thereupon. Not to mention King David and the daughters of Skiloh, there was the grave Socrates—the great moralist of Greece—who would be merry by fits, sing, dance, and take his liquor too (another great heresy in the eyes of M. Blasis) or else Theodoret belies him. Nay, this same Socrates, when well advanced in years, actually took lessons in dancing from Aspasia, the beautiful nurse of Grecian eloquence; but the philosopher was not like M. Blasis, afraid of spoiling his *rend-de-jambes*, his *grands fouettés*, and his *battemens*, by riding; for he would sometimes ride a cock horse with his children—*interposita arundine cruribus suis, cum filiis ludens*, as we find it in

and bestow the advantages of learning not merely on the few whom they adorn, but on the many whom they may comfort and strengthen. The former part of the lecture is occupied with an excellent sketch of the history of the language, which the student may read with profit: the passages which we consider of most importance to extract, is the detail given of the plan of instruction proposed to be pursued, which we would recommend to the attention of both teachers and scholars in every part of the kingdom.

‘The mode of instruction that will be at present adopted in the Greek classes, is necessarily in *some* degree determined by the proficiency of those who enter them: the experience of future years, and improvement in early education, will enable the teacher to correct whatever may be found erroneous, and to extend the course of instruction with the increasing capabilities of the pupils.

‘The class will commence their Greek studies with the history of the expedition of the younger Cyrus, aided by the Greek mercenaries, against his brother the king of Persia. This book is selected because it is one of the most simple and perspicuous narratives in the Greek language, and the best adapted for those who possess only a small knowledge of the subject.

‘Before the class commence the perusal of the *Anabasis*, I shall give to them a short account of its author, of the period when he lived, the principal events of his life, with a brief outline of what his history contains, and the means that he had of acquiring his information and preserving it in a written form. It is unnecessary to point out the value and the importance of such preliminary knowledge: it may be well to remark, that the class will never read any Greek author without receiving this essential and necessary introduction. Opportunities will constantly occur during their perusal, of calling the pupil’s attention to passages which will illustrate and confirm the remarks that have been made. To render the subject-matter of the *Anabasis* interesting and useful, the geography of Asia Minor and the regions watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, will be explained both in written lectures and by occasional observations during the lessons of the class.

‘After the careful perusal of three or four books of the *Anabasis*, the class may without any difficulty and with much profit, read one of the easiest Greek tragedies, the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*.

‘The history of the origin and development of the Attic drama will be presented to the class, as far as it can be collected from the scanty materials that remain. It will be useful also to make a few remarks on the difference between the drama and our own, with respect to its connection with the political institutions and the religious ceremonies of the age.

‘These two subjects will probably occupy the class during about one half of the first session, and if their progress answers the expectations of the instructor, they will then proceed to study the most useful parts of Grecian history in the original authors, commencing with *Herodotus*.

‘It was at first intended that the class should *begin at this point*; but till the nature and objects of the University instruction are more exten-

sively known, it will be necessary for them to improve their knowledge of the language by the preliminary course which I have just described.

'I will endeavour to explain the mode in which I shall direct their philological studies during the perusal of Xenophon and the Greek Play. The pupils who join the Greek class are expected to possess a competent knowledge of what is called the *accidence*, and the power to read with some degree of accuracy the simple and perspicuous language of Xenophon. They will necessarily have obtained some acquaintance with the relative positions of words, when they are arranged in sentences, a branch of grammatical knowledge which we designate by the Greek term *Syntax*.

'The philosophical, I mean the true principles of language are to be investigated by the aid of etymology, which, if we may judge from most of our elementary books and lexicons of the Greek language, has been prosecuted with less success than other parts of grammar.

'The nature of the Greek alphabet *will be explained to the class*, with the probable powers of some, and the certain sounds of other letters: this is a necessary introduction to the more accurate knowledge of the language, and to the observation of these numerous instances of compound and derivative words in which the representatives of similar sounds are interchanged.

'The compound or derivative words that occur in each lesson will be resolved into their component parts, or reduced to the simplest form, called the root, where our inquiry terminates. To render the pupil familiar with this process, and likewise with the reverse operation, of forming from a given primitive the various derivative words, and assigning their respective significations, I shall exhibit to them in writing numerous examples of those regular terminations under which are comprised nearly all the words in the Greek language. From some primitives we find a number of derivative words flowing by the most regular and simple analogy; in other cases the series is incomplete; but the accurate scholar can determine what would be the form of the deficient words, if they really did exist.

'In this way, words will not be learned separately, but in classes, some of which will contain several thousand examples: much of the unnecessary labour that is imposed on students may be saved, and the pleasure of the pursuit will constantly increase with the increasing powers of the pupil. This plan presents no difficulties even to the youngest student: it is nothing more than doing with words what he is daily doing with every object that he sees; he examines things, and from general resemblances he assigns them to their respective classes;—if he can be taught to make the comparison more accurately, and to be more careful in drawing a conclusion, his understanding will derive advantage from the exercise, whether the subjects of comparison be things, or their representatives.—*Professor Long's Introductory Lecture*, pp. 19—22.

After some very judicious observations on the authors to be read, on the order in which they will be taken up, and the accompaniments to the study of them, the Professor proceeds:—

'The instruction at first will be principally carried on by lessons, as they

diverted with the variety of sentiments which they experience; nor can any thing be more pleasing than these picturesque groups and evolutions. Sometimes they hold each others hands, the man kneels down whilst the woman dances round him; then again he rises; again she starts from him, and he eagerly pursues. Thus the whole dance is but assault and defence, and defeat or victory appears equally their object.—p. 19.

It may be, for ought we know, correct enough to ascribe the origin of this dance to the Tarantula spider, the *Lycosa Tarantula* of naturalists, and we will not gainsay that, as Lord Bacon explained it, “the malignity of the infecting vapour danceth the principal spirits.” But so far as this insect is concerned, we know there has been much exaggeration, for Dr. Clavutio submitted to be bitten by one without experiencing any bad effect, and Count de Borch, as we are told by Amoureux, bribed a man to undergo the same experiment, in whom the only result was a swelling and itching in the part bitten, which the fellow charmed away with a bottle of wine, without dancing a single step.* The description which we shall next quote refers to a Greek dance, supposed to be derived from antiquity, and still practised in Greece. To us it is altogether new.

‘The Angriemene, or *la Pâchée*, (the angry maiden), is performed by two persons of different sexes. A young girl first appears dancing, (the music plays a languid andantino); after she has gone round in a glissade kind of step, a young man presents himself, also dancing; he plays about her with a handkerchief which he holds in his hand, and attempts to approach her, but she, by her countenance and motions, expresses her scorn and contempt, and runs away. The lover exhibits much grief on seeing himself thus rejected, and accuses Fate for his ill fortune. He, however, again advances towards the object of his love, and seeks to move her compassion, but the young girl, proud of her advantage, again drives him from her, and forbids him to mention his love. In the meantime the motions of both dancers are in perfect concert with the music, and express with precision the sentiments of anger and love. At length the young man seeing himself so inhumanly treated, trembles with fury, and knows not on what to resolve; after a short time, however, he decides on adopting violence. She then darts a severe and threatening look at him. He becomes motionless, sighs, and gradually seems to give himself up to despair. He turns his fervid eyes upwards, and conjures heaven to put an end to his existence, then tying his handkerchief round his throat, pulls it very tight, and appears on the point of falling. The maiden immediately runs to support him, and deplors her unnecessary rigour. She unties the handkerchief, calls her lover, and endeavours, by every means, to reanimate him; he gradually revives; the languishing voice of his mistress strikes his ear; he looks around him, and finding himself in her arms, his happiness is complete. Joy then unites the hearts of the two lovers, and they swear to each other eternal fidelity. Their dance

* Amoureux, Notice des Insectes venimeux,—pp. 217—226, and 67—70.

then regains its former liveliness, and becomes the interpreter of their reciprocal sentiments.'—p. 31.

For his account of the castanets in the Spanish Fandango, we can furnish him with the probable African original. 'Near Tetuan,' says Temple, in his Second Journey through Spain, 'we saw at the tomb of one of their saints, seven or eight blacks from the interior of Africa, dancing in a ring, whilst one stood in the centre making hideous grimaces and turning round incessantly by leaps. Each held in his hands a pair of large hollow copper cymbals, ornamented with fringes and tassels of horse-hair, while two who did not mingle in the dance beat upon drums. This was the whole of the music, and the monotonous and discordant sounds were well suited to the measure. They may be said to jump, rather than dance.'

M. Blasis has not favoured us with any account of Dutch national dancing, probably supposing that the divine art could not exist among corpulent burgo-masters, and their still more corpulent fraws. If he has unwittingly adopted this notion, we must undeceive him. Some of the Dutch dances indeed are singularly curious, as the people are by no means devoid of animation. In one of their dances, described by Pratt, the man turns his female partner round on tip-toe several hundred times together, without the smallest intermission, circling her waist with one hand and elevating the other above the head, to meet her hand. The incredible rapidity with which this whirling is performed, and the length of time it continues, turns the spectators giddy, but seems to have no effect on the parties engaged in the dance. While one couple dance in this manner, it is not uncommon for ten or a dozen others to leap from their seats, pipes in hand, (for a Dutchman is inseparable from his pipe) and each seizing a female partner, spin them round like so many te-totums. The following is given us by M. Blasis as a finished description of Italian dancing, translated from Marina's Adonis, the performer being no less a personage than the goddess of his idolatry, Terpsichore herself.

'Terpsichore, the goddess of dancing, finding herself alone, betakes herself to the pleasures of graceful movements; first, she retires, then advances, displaying as she lightly trips along, a beauteous knee. Her attention is fixed on the harmonious sounds, while she arranges her steps in prelude. She flies around her new theatre, her motions quicken, and her steps increase; so buoyant she appears, that waves might well sustain her tread. On her small foot she pauses skilfully, and gives to every limb some graceful attitude. Now she seems to haste away, and now again returns; now she vanishes, and now she re-appears. Darting from side to side, she glances over the ground as shoots the lightning suddenly through the serenity of a night in summer.

'By such well studied motion, and so light, the goddess scarcely deigns to touch the earth. She wantons gaily, and springs aloft with such velo-

city, that her winged feet deceive the sight, and seldom can we detect which foot it is that prints the soil. Shooting along in airy bounds, she traces circles with her limbs and feet; then, with step exact, retraces them, enlarging and diminishing, as the dipping waves that dance along the Meander, so are the motions of her twinkling feet, whether on earth or quivering in the air, whether she lightly trips, or firmly treads the ground.

‘When she springs aloft she seems the spiry flame, and like the undulating wave she skims along; but her more stately turns assume the whirlwind’s power, or seem like eddying billows by the tempest stirred. Harmonious symmetry prevails throughout her person. The attitude of one limb induces corresponding motions in the rest; each foot moves, but by mutual consent it answers to the other in fraternal motion. The strictest ties unite her to the measure, never is a line mistaken or a step misplaced. The linked and entwined figures of her dance are varied to the change of melody; marking each note, and minding every pause promptly, she obeys each phrase of music, which she repeats as mistress of every motion. Now she advances, stops, rises, leaps on high, or reverently bends, and then regains the upright attitude.

‘Suddenly she pauses in mid-dance, assumes another attitude, and on the instant her whole style is changed, her feet separating, form a figure unmatched in mathematics for precision; she turns, and seems a moving sphere, resembling most perhaps the peacock’s airy plumes. One foot in the centre stays, while the other swiftly marks the outer round. On her left foot her figure rests, and adopting a new posture, she swiftly whirls around; with less rapidity the darted *Paleum* flies. With grace inimitable she now regains the spot from whence she parted, there stops, then leaps aloft, and hangs her feet on nothing, quivering in the air. Again she springs, and in that spring she strikes her feet twice together, and strongly agitates every lower limb. From her greatest elevation she descends but slowly, and so lightly she regains the ground, that no one can distinguish when her noiseless foot alights. Around she flies! how admirable! and with what truth she finds again her first position! The darting lightning, or the winged arrow, goes not a swifter course than she, while flying over the soil with agile springs and airy bounds.’—p. 48.

It is time, however, that we see in what manner M. Blasis treats of dancing as one of the fine arts, and we cannot better introduce this than by the characteristics which he has given of dancing in Spain, in which the arms are always expanded, and their movements always undulating. In the steps there is a lightness, grace, elasticity, and balance, which are remarkable; and the majestic movements express those feelings which mark the national character: namely, hauteur, pride, love, and arrogance. The agitations of the body, the footing, the postures, the attitudes, the waverings, whether they be lively or dull, are the representations of desire, of gallantry, of impatience, of uncertainty, of tenderness, of chagrin, of confusion, of despair, of revival, of satisfaction, and, finally, of happiness. Now, were dancing always to be executed in this expressive style, it might be, perhaps, entitled to rank nearly as high as M. Blasis wishes, but such descriptions would

apply we fear to very few performances of the votaries of Terpsichore. Were the precepts of our author however to be strictly followed, there cannot be a question but they would effect astonishing improvements. 'All our gestures,' he tells us, 'are purely automatal, and signify nothing if the face is dumb in expression, instead of animating and vivifying. An actor, who only moves his body, is like a painter who, while he carefully finishes the other parts of his picture, totally neglects the countenance, and thus produces the resemblance of a being deprived of all emotions. Violent and excessive gestulation again is most frequently accompanied by want of sensibility. It is unnatural, and consequently obnoxious to good taste. A multitude of gestures is not necessary to express even the deepest passion of which the human heart is susceptible; the eye, aided by the slightest movement, will often make it strikingly manifest.'—pp. 531—6.

But if what is unnatural and violent be thus peremptorily forbidden, why does M. Blasis offend all good taste by giving such distorted figures; for example, those two which he calls derivatives, from the inimitable Mercury of John of Bologna, and in which the leg seems to have been forced up behind by means of a cord and pulley. In what he calls the fourth position in the air, and the second position in the air, and three of the arabesques in plate 11, the raised leg looks more like a wooden one screwed on at right angles to the body, than an animated limb, as it ought to be. In the performance this looks even more forced and unnatural than in the figures, and we never could see this attitude of poking out the leg at right angles, without the painful apprehension that the limb was put out of joint. How M. Blasis reconciles these attitudes with his sound principles of taste we do not know; but we shall now give some of his practical instructions, which ought, we think, to banish what appears to us so offensive. His advice to the ballet-master is excellent:—

'When the Ballet-master makes choice of a passage which he may judge suitable to convey his pantomime, let him not be always governed by the method in which it is made use of, for very frequently an air which is plainly intended to express serious emotions, has been joined to words of a comic character, and merry music attached to tragedy. I knew an artist who involuntarily produced a most biting satire on those confounders of style. He took some of the finest parts of a comic opera, and prefixed them to a serious ballet; while, to a comic ballet, he attached an infinity of airs from a tragic opera, by the same author. The choreographer was deservedly applauded for this display of judgment in adaption.

'The ancients were particularly careful in preserving the concord between music and dancing; they required that the most perfect analogy should continually prevail between the two arts. Rhythmical music ruled their attitudes while dancing, and hyper-criticisms directed every gesture of the pantomime. The style and expression of the music was exactly adapted to the character of the piece represented. Consequently their good taste was clearly displayed in the most perfect imitations of nature.

The music of dancing should always be spirited, full of cadence, and susceptible of inspiring motion; that of pantomime, proceeding more directly from intense feeling, ought to possess an infinite variety of colouring; its changes of style and expression should answer exactly to the changes of internal feeling. Such was the nature of the musical system established amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans. When melody and harmony, preserving each its proper sphere, become true organs of the feelings of the heart, music must exercise a dominion over us at once powerful and delightful.

‘The object of the Ballet-master, like that of the painter, should be to give perfect representations of nature; he should consider himself as her mirror, and thus reflect the images which she represents with the greatest truth. The illusion of the scene ought to be so perfect as to cause what is merely artificial to appear real, during the time of representation. Neither a picture nor a ballet can be deemed excellent, unless the art used in producing it is so far kept down, that nature only is admired in it: art should do its work unseen; its greatest triumph is to conceal itself.’—p. 526.

Now these principles are certainly at total variance with the unnatural attitudes, called derivatives, from the flying Mercury and the Arabesques, reprehended above.

There is another point on which we differ considerably from M. Blais,—the effect of dancing, as a gymnastic exercise, on the figure. He tells us that all other exercises invigorate and improve only one part of the body. Horsemanship, for example, increases the thickness of the loins, but debilitates the thighs; fencing invigorates the arms and legs, but renders the rest of the frame somewhat unshapely; but by dancing ‘the head, arms, the hands, legs, feet, in short, all parts of the body are rendered symmetrical, pliant, and graceful.’—p. 28.

In opposition to this (which, it must be confessed, is a very proper doctrine for a dancer to maintain), we can quote better authorities than M. Blais—that of the late Mr. Shaw, of Great Windmill-street, and of Dr. Macartney, the Professor of Anatomy, in Dublin,* who described an opera dancer as having, by the exercise of his profession, rendered his legs of Herculean size and strength, while his arms were small and feeble. The tendons also are so strained, by frequent stretching, that the feet of many dancers become quite deformed, by spoiling the natural arch of the foot. The gait of an opera dancer, Mr. Shaw compares to that of bear dancing, for this animal walks on the tips of his toes, and must, when obliged to dance, bring his heels to the ground†.

Upon the whole, however, we think the work of M. Blais a very amusing one, and to those interested in the subject it cannot fail to prove highly instructive, as besides the materials to which we have adverted, he has enriched it with a number of programmes and tableaux of ballets, together with the appropriate music.

* Trans. Roy. Irish Acad. for 1817. † Shaw’s Observations on the Spine.

ART. III.—*Narrative of the Imprisonment and Trial of William Young, Esq. H. P. British Service, late State Prisoner in Portugal; written by himself; and comprising a View of the present State of that Country under Don Miguel; accompanied by Official Documents.*
8vo. pp. 352. London: Colburn. 1828.

WE have already had occasion to shew that we are not among the apologists or friends of Don Miguel's usurpation in Portugal. It is even painful to us to observe that one of the most perfidious tyrants whom the world has ever seen, has found advocates in any country, but above all in England, where every man is, or ought to be, by nature, a steadfast and an incorruptible defender of the principles of liberty. It has been said, that if the minister of darkness himself had applied for a loan on the Stock Exchange two or three years ago, he would have succeeded in obtaining it. We do not go the length of saying that John Bull is altogether so credulous as this libel upon his love of gain supposes; but with the present state of the newspaper press before our eyes, remembering the unmanly and infamous attacks which have been made on the innocent young Queen of Portugal, and the industry which has been exerted in order to veil the atrocities of the monster who has robbed her of her throne, we should easily believe that if the mysterious ruler already alluded to were permitted to establish an empire in our world, he would find more than one daily and weekly journal in London ready to support him, provided they would thereby be likely to augment their circulation.

But although we detest the government, if such it ought to be called, of Don Miguel, as much as the author of this narrative could wish us to do, we cannot but condemn the disposition which betrays itself in every one of his pages, of attributing to the whole, or at least to the greater part of the nation, the crimes for which only a few really appear to be responsible. We are willing to make every allowance for the feelings of an Englishman who has been for a season deprived of his liberty, and has undergone the perils and sufferings to which Mr. Young was subjected. We may even concede that it is perhaps not altogether unnatural in a stranger to extend to a whole people the feelings of hatred which the tyranny of their rulers may have engendered in his breast, by acts of unprovoked aggression. But after making every abatement on this point, which ought in fairness to be demanded, we cannot prevail on ourselves to believe with Mr. Young, that all the clergy, nobles, and people of Portugal, a small exception, deserve to be ranked among the most depraved and worthless of mankind—such general censures are never just. Let the men, whether lay or ecclesiastical, who openly assist the tyranny of Miguel, and thus participate in his career of guilt, be branded with all the infamy which they deserve; but it is too much to say that, because the remainder of the popu-

lation of Portugal do not rise up and hurl the usurper into the Tagus, they are therefore to be identified with him in his wickedness. In the constitutional armies many traitors were found, but would it be rational on that account to reprobate them in the mass as adverse to the charter? Neither should we conclude in all cases so positively as Mr. Young infers, that the heads of lay or of religious corporations, truly speak the sentiments of all the individuals whom they represent. When a government is unsettled, the more daring and the more profligate are always seen taking the lead in public affairs; the mass of the people remain for a long time indifferent to the destiny that awaits them; unarmed and without concert, they are as feeble as children, and unless they take an active part therefore in sanctioning the crimes of their rulers, it is the height of injustice to pronounce against them a sweeping sentence of condemnation; so also it is with the clergy. That there may be amongst them men who have disgraced their profession by gross misconduct, it would be ridiculous to deny. No church whatever can be exempt from the imperfections which belong to human nature, as long as its ordinances are to be administered by human agents. But for a foreigner, who has been living eighteen or twenty years in a retired country town of Portugal, following, as it would appear, no religion at all, and having very little intercourse with those who did; to say that more than three-fourths of the regular and irregular clergy of that country are capable of conniving at, or practising every vice that disgraces human nature, is of itself sufficient to awaken our suspicions as to the discretion, the impartiality and candour, with which his inquiries on this head have been conducted.

Nothing is more easy than to rail against whole classes of society; but if the defamer were required to prove his charges by the evidence, the probability is that he would himself be astonished at the variance which might be found between his accusations and his facts. Men who are fanatically wedded to their own system of belief, are too prone to vilify the tenets of others, as well as the ministers by whom those tenets are inculcated. The same thing happens where men have no religion at all: these deprecate every form of faith, and should they happen to be forced by circumstances into contact with the clergy, they treat them with a degree of acertity which shews that there may be quite as much intolerance among non-religionists, as ever was charged upon the inquisition itself. Hence it is that we are not inclined to pay any great respect to those passages in Mr. Young's narrative, which touch upon this subject. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the story of his imprisonment, in order to sketch from it a view of the monstrous species of government which exists, or at least lately did exist, in Portugal.

Mr. Young appears to have served in the army during some portion of the late Peninsular war, and to have retired on half-pay

to the city of Leiria in 1814, having been married in 1811 to a Portuguese lady. He speaks of some lands which he held, and of his having been one of the agents to the committee at Lloyd's; but he seems during his residence in that town to have occupied himself chiefly in forwarding its amusements. Among other things he introduced the drama, built a theatre; nay, he did not disdain occasionally to assume the sock or the buskin, for the gratification of the good people of Leiria.

The history of Don Pedro's constitution, and of the subversion of it by Don Miguel, is too well known to require any repetition of it here. During the existence of that charter, Mr. Young states that he was no more than three weeks at Leiria, and he appears anxious to have it inferred that he took no active part in supporting it. Had he taken a contrary course, there is no Englishman who would not applaud him; but the prudence which he observed with respect to the constitution, certainly augments the character of the wrongs which he was subsequently compelled to endure. Having witnessed at Lisbon the farcical circumstances which attended the usurpation of Don Miguel, he left that capital on the 24th May (1827), on his return to Leiria. He went by water six leagues up the Tagus, to Carregado, where he slept the same night, and the next morning he mounted on a mule with a pack saddle, and without stirrups, not being able to find any better accommodation. On the road he overtook a muleteer, well mounted, going to Coimbra; they were soon after joined by a militia man of Leiria; who having both a horse and mule under his charge, was able to lend Mr. Young a pair of stirrups. The three travellers journeyed on together; when they arrived at Alcoentre, ten leagues from Lisbon, the muleteer politely proposed to exchange mules with Mr. Young; the offer was accepted. Three leagues further on they met the 22nd regiment marching towards Leiria.

'Many of the officers and soldiers, from long acquaintance, embraced me (according to the usual form), and during the few minutes they remained, asked me the news of Lisbon, and whether the Royalist troops had marched. I told them the news then current in Lisbon, and that the troops had not marched.

'The regiment proceeded on its way, and I on mine. About a hundred yards further on there is an *estalagem*, where I and my companions stopped to dine, whilst we were at our meal the baggage of the 22d regiment passed by; two soldiers who were in the rear guard (and whom I knew perfectly well, in consequence of their having worked for me), caught my attention, and I asked them if they would have some wine? they drank a pint each, and then went on with the rear guard.

'After we had dined we proceeded towards Leiria; the weather being sultry we travelled after dark, and slept at Carvalhos, three leagues from that place. Next morning, about sun-rise, we left for Leiria, and I arrived about nine o'clock at my own house.'—pp. 60, 61.

It was necessary to state the circumstances of this journey with
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some minuteness, as they afforded a pretext for all the proceedings which were afterwards taken against Mr. Young. He does not tell us the particulars of the conversations which he held with the officers of the 22nd regiment, or with the two soldiers to whom he gave wine. Possibly he may have been too explicit as to his opinions and wishes; as he had not been many hours at home when his house was surrounded by a strong party of militia and a mob, and he was made a prisoner. He was hurried away without being even permitted to take leave of his wife; he was pushed down stairs, repeatedly struck with the butt-end of a musket, and when he reached the street, he was assailed by the brutal multitude with such a shower of missiles, that he hastened to the prison as the best security for his life. He was there stripped of every thing valuable in his possession, and, shocking to relate, was confined in the common privy of the prison. This is a circumstance of so disgusting a nature, that we should have avoided mentioning it, if it had not formed a peculiar aggravation in Mr. Young's case. The next day the mob discovered the part of the prison in which he was shut up; they threw stones at his window, and some shouted "*Morra malhado Ingley do diabo,*" (*Die you spotted English devil*): others cried, "*bring him out, and cut off his ears!*" In this horrid dungeon he was detained for several days. Sometimes he was told that he was to be shot, sometimes that he was to be hanged. Mrs. Young was refused permission to see him, or even to communicate with him. But the solicitude of a faithful wife devised a mode of deceiving his lynx-eyed sentinels, which is worthy of being recorded in the brightest pages of the annals of woman. His provisions were sent to him from home in a small basket, which was strictly searched before it was delivered to him. One day as he was taking his soup, he found a pencil in the liquid. This excited his surprise, but after a minute examination he could find nothing more. He detained the basket under the pretence that he was not able to eat his dinner at the usual hour. The jailer had no suspicion, and left him. '*I immediately set to work,*' says Mr Young, '*and was about to pull the basket in pieces, when I found my wife's tenderness and ingenuity exemplified. She had rolled up small pieces of paper, like a quill or stick, and then had taken some of the sticks out of the basket, and put the rolls of paper in their places. This process was managed with such dexterity and neatness, that it was very difficult to detect.*' By means of this happy artifice they communicated afterwards with ease.

Remonstrance against his imprisonment was vain. The magistrates laughed at his charter privilege, which "*forbids any person entering the house of an Englishman, without an order from the Judge Conservator.*" The exertions of his friends were equally fruitless, and not content with the miseries already inflicted upon him, the magistrates quartered as many soldiers in his house

as it would contain, and they pilfered at discretion every thing they could lay hands on.

On the ninth day of his confinement, Mr. Young was allowed to see his lady, and on the tenth he was removed from his loathsome cell to a room which was also occupied by Sir John Milley Doyle, and two Portuguese gentlemen, who had been brought to the prison some days before. On the eighteenth day he was subjected to an examination before a magistrate and two notaries. The character of this proceeding may be gathered from a few of the most grave interrogatories which were put to the prisoners.

'Mag. Pray tell me—what is your reason for hating Don Miguel the First, and his government?

'Pris. I never said I hated either him, or his government.

'Mag. Why did you come up the country armed, mounted on a mule with bells, terrifying people with bad news?

'Pris. I was not armed, neither did I tell any bad news?

'Mag. Did not you meet the twenty-second regiment, and tell them that you would shew them the way to glory: and likewise tell them that the tenth regiment had run away?

'Pris. I met the twenty-second regiment at Rio Maior, and I did tell them that the tenth regiment had run away, which was the fact, but the rest is false.

'Mag. Did you not tell them that the officers of the eighth cacadores were made prisoners?

'Pris. I did: and it is true.

'Mag. But you have no business to tell the truth, and you will repent it.

'Pris. Never!

'Mag. If you do not behave yourself, I will send you to the dungeon; I am doing every thing in your favour.

'Pris. I thank you, Sir.

'Mag. Did you not in 1820, play the violin in a triumphal car through the streets of Leiria?

'Pris. Yes, I did, in company with Doctor Saraiva and others.

'Mag. We are interrogating you, and we must not implicate others. We wish to know what you have done, and not what others have done.

'Pris. Except you put down the names of those who played with me, I will not sign.

'Mag. That makes no difference; here are two notaries present. Come, come, it is much more to your advantage to confess all, than to deny: every body knows you are a Freemason and a Republican; but I shall favour you by saying, you are an Englishman, and are noted for libertinism.

'Pris. You may put down what you please.

'Mag. Did you not give a dinner in 1820, when you drank certain healths? did you not let off rockets at your house?

'Pris. I have often given dinners to my friends, and I have often let off rockets.'—pp. 87—89.

The day after this examination, the prisoner was ordered to be removed to Lisbon, where he arrived on the 16th of June, and was lodged in the state prison, St. George's castle. It is unnecessary to

cessary to our purpose to follow the author in his topographical description of that place, or in his remarks upon the general system on which prisons are managed throughout Portugal. There is, however, one feature in the latter branch of his remarks, which we are unwilling to pass over, as it places the people of that country in a most amiable and exemplary point of view. No gaol allowance, as in England, is made in Portugal; but this defect is amply made up in another way. In all towns in which a prison is found, there is an institution called Caridade (charity), consisting of a confraternity, whose objects are carried into effect by a committee and treasurer. Each member contributes about seven pence annually, which is paid on a certain day of the year, when a charity sermon is preached, and a grand procession takes place. If their funds fall short at any time, they go round the town with baskets, and collect money, meat, vegetables, and whatever they can get, which are placed at the disposal of the treasurer and committee. They obtain from the jailer every evening, a list of those prisoners who have no means of their own to subsist upon, and they send every day to the gaol a supply of provisions to be distributed among those who are willing to accept it. This institution we consider as the best answer that can be given to the numberless libels which have recently issued from our presses against the character of the Portuguese people. When describing it, even Mr. Young, who has in other parts of his work been so loud and so unqualified in his denunciations against the Portuguese, admits that they are naturally a very humane and hospitable people; and that no nation can be more charitably disposed. Between the people and their government, with its numerous train of satellites, we of course draw a broad line of distinction; and it is much to be regretted that those Englishmen who have written about Portugal, have, almost without exception, failed to draw a similar line, since it is the height of injustice to visit the crimes of a few upon the mass of the community.

It will, we think, be pretty generally found, that instead of searching beyond the surface, and judging of the merits of a foreign people according to the rules of justice, travellers impart to their narratives too much of the hue of the feelings under which they happen to write. A solitary act of inhospitality or unkindness is enough to convince them that the whole nation deserves to be condemned. The reverse too produces a reciprocal effect. The tourist who is well received, and experiences civility even in a few instances—a circumstance that in nine cases out of ten, depends chiefly upon his own conduct—will leave the country under impressions so favourable to it, that he paints every thing in the most fascinating colours. Thus it is in some measure even with Mr. Young. When his attention is fixed upon his imprisonment, and the hardships attending it, he inveighs against the whole of the Portuguese, as if they could be fairly charged with the injus-

tice of which he was the victim. When, on the contrary, he speaks of the caridade, as we have already seen, he lauds the same people as the most charitable and humane people under the sun.

Another instance of this facility of temper, and of the effect which it produces in the estimate of character, occurs in a subsequent page. A man of the name of Silva, who had deserted from several regiments, and who was very little affected by any political changes, had opportunities of rendering Mr. Young some trifling services, while he was in prison. Silva was in the habit of procuring him his breakfast in the morning, and sometimes contrived to fry him a bit of fish for dinner. He was ordered away for the expedition to Madeira, but such was his attachment to the Englishman, that he appears to have taken some steps to procure his liberation. All that remained to be done, was a written acknowledgment to be signed by Mr. Young, that he wished to live under the protection of "Miguel the First." Such a document the prisoner firmly declined to give; but, he observes, 'although I scorned the suggestion, I was not insensible to the kindness which dictated it, and felt equally obliged to my friend Silva; and I will add my own conviction, that were the Portuguese blessed with a good government, there would be no where found a *better disposed people*.' But such little admissions as these, take away the sting from a whole volume of abuse, and indeed unfold more of the true character of a nation, than the slanderous generalities in which Mr. Young, as well as other writers, is but too prone to indulge.

Mr. Young describes with considerable effect, the horrors of the situation to which he and his numerous companions were subjected, in the prison of Lisbon. It swarmed with the most loathsome vermin. The animal spirits were naturally depressed by incarceration in such a place. The only relief which they experienced, arose occasionally from the arrival of political intelligence unfavourable to Don Miguel, and in the same proportion cheering to the captives. They sometimes succeeded in smuggling in a Gazette from Oporto, which was at that time in opposition to the usurper, and it is interesting to observe the anxiety with which they looked for news from England. The slightest indication of any intention in that quarter to recognize Don Miguel, or any of his acts, was next in their estimation to a sentence of death. 'They could not believe that the prince would have acted as he had done, if he had not felt assured of being supported, and had not been encouraged by some one in England, who sends him instructions, and informs him of the sentiments of that government.' The recognition of Miguel's blockades, tended not a little to strengthen this supposition, at least in the minds of men who were much more conversant with their own wrongs, than with the niceties of maritime law. The departure of the English squadron

from the Tagus, very naturally filled them with despair: left to the mercy of Don Miguel, they had little to expect, save from the justice, or rather the mockery of justice administered in Portugal.

A shocking, and yet a somewhat whimsical circumstance, arising out of a mode in which the law deals with criminals in that country, is related by the author. As it is a short commentary on the whole system, we shall make no apology for adverting to it. A common soldier, named Goáo de Reis, was one of Mr. Young's fellow prisoners. He was accused of several murders, and confessed fourteen. He broke prison frequently, and in short was a monster of wickedness. He had been in confinement upwards of six years. Four years before he was ordered for execution. Upon hearing this information he went up to a man who was sitting in the prison with a child in his arms, stabbed him to death on the spot, and then sat down on the body and made himself a segar. For this new crime he was ordered to be tried, and his execution was stayed. The *delay* was all that the criminal wanted to achieve by the murder he had just perpetrated. He was removed to a strong dungeon in the castle, next to that, we are pained to say, in which Mr. Young was immured. He was permitted to make shoes and slippers, from the sale of which he was enabled to live well. The author gives us the substance of a conversation which he held with this fiend on one occasion, through the back window of each cell, which, however, did not permit the parties to see each other.

‘He told me one day, “he thought when he got his liberty, he should never commit any more murders; at least, if they would let him alone, for his temper would not suffer the least contradiction.” I asked him, if he expected to be liberated? He said, “he was saving money for that purpose, and he was sure his process would lie quiet for the present, if he kept the *escrivao* in good humour; but, if they did order him for execution, he would kill another, and that would cause a new trial, and then he should live two or three years longer; but he hoped there would be a row in Lisbon,” meaning a political disturbance, “when it was not that iron gate that would hold him there.”’—p. 144.

This fellow, covered with the blood of his fellow creatures, was permitted to live in luxury, and even to accumulate the means of ultimate safety, while Sir John Milley Doyle, and other English and Portuguese gentlemen of high character and unsullied innocence, were treated with the utmost ignominy, though accused only of political offences, and even these founded on vague suspicion. No language can depict the brutal severity to which the purser of the Brazilian 74-gun ship, Don John VI., was exposed after he was arrested by order of the Usurper. Such was the cruelty with which he was treated, that his mind was violently affected, and it became necessary to remove him to a madhouse. His irons weighed from thirty-five to forty pounds.

In the rage of his insanity he made holes in the wall large enough to put his head into, and on the morning that he was removed, he was seen, on opening the door, 'covered with blood, filth, and lime, and had not the appearance of a human being.' 'He stood looking most wildly around him whilst they were knocking off his irons. The miserable man then looked at his fingers; the nails were all torn off in excavating the wall; and then he cast his eyes to his feet, and said, with the bitterest emotion, "see what you have done!"' Here was a man in the prime of life, whose only crime was that he had been the purser of a ship commissioned by Don Pedro! The picture does not close here.

'This Brazilian officer was not the only person taken to the madhouse while I was in the castle, but the other cases were those of settled melancholy, and required no chastisement.

'It was truly dreadful to witness the despair of some of these unfortunate victims of despotism. They would often be found sitting and lying in the dark passages of the prison, moaning and groaning; and when asked the reason, some would say, "My father is dead of grief;" another, "My poor wife is dead;" a third, "My property is all confiscated, and I have nothing left; my family are begging in the streets; for myself, my only hope of subsistence is the caridade."

'When I left the castle there were numbers in this melancholy condition—persons of property to-day, and to-morrow not worth a farthing in the world. What is worse, if possible, the very friends of these unfortunate people do not dare to assist them; they are deterred by a well-grounded fear of sharing their fate.

'The despotism is so atrocious under this monster, that it does not require that there should be any thing like regular information against a person, in order to convey him to a prison; any blackguard in the street is at liberty to seize hold on whom he pleases, and conduct him to prison. I was an eye-witness of many instances of this kind. I have seen several brought to the castle by the common vagabonds of the streets in Lisbon, who had no authority or warrant whatever for their proceeding, but whose zeal in the usurper's cause must have been taken for granted by the municipal authorities and jailers.

'I have seen these fellows take hold of a man, saying, "I seize you as a prisoner, in the name of the king," the intendant of the police, or the general of the province, or whoever else they may think proper to name. The prisoners, in such a case, well know that if they offer any resistance they incur the risk of being murdered.

'When they arrive at the prison the secretary asks their name, profession, &c., and ultimately applies to those who bring in the prisoner, to say by whose order he is brought, to which those agents of iniquity reply as before, in the name of the king, the intendant, &c.

'Amongst a vast number of captives of this kind, I shall mention a man, and only mention him, because he got out again, a thing which seldom happens: although many thousands who now crowd the prisons of Portugal, owe their captivity to no higher offence than the hatred of some vagabond.

'A cadet of cacadores was brought to prison on a Sunday afternoon,

by a very ragged fellow, and whilst the secretary was taking down his name, he declared that he could substantiate plenty of proofs against the cadet to hang him. The secretary, as usual, inquired under whose authority he was sent to the prison? The vagabond replied, after a pause of consideration, "The king," which was accordingly entered in the book.

"The young man then came into the Salla Livre, and told his own story—"I was walking," said he, "on the public promenade in Lisbon, when this ragged fellow came up to me, and accosted me thus, 'Oh! Senor Malhado, you are still out in the street: come along with me,' and so saying, immediately collared me. I well knew if I resisted that I should be ill treated, and therefore told him I would go with him. He met another fellow of his acquaintance at the moment, and said to him, 'Come and help me to take this Freemason to the castle.' On our arrival near the castle door, the second fellow said, 'I will not go in, but I will wait for you here.' I cannot tell," continued the cadet, "what they can say against me, for I have committed no action whatever which can be construed as inimical to Don Miguel."

"The following day the young prisoner sent to his friends, and they went to the colonel of his regiment, and to the general of the province. No crime could be charged against him, nor even a suspicion of his being an enemy to Don Miguel; a court of investigation was immediately formed, and the court found him perfectly innocent, and ordered him to be acquitted. The proceedings were, however, to be sent to the general of the province, and all this was done as quick as possible: still it was not until the fourteenth day that an order came from the general to set him at liberty.

"On this occasion one of the guards came in, and said to the cadet, "Get ready to go out, you are at liberty." He was of course soon ready, embraced his fellow prisoners, and bade them farewell; but when he came to the secretary to have the order for his liberation inserted in the book, a difficulty occurred: his liberation was obtained from the general, while he had been confined by order of the king, and he was sent back again into the prison.

"The next day he presented a petition to the king, explaining the whole circumstances of his case, with the investigation that had taken place into his conduct, and the consequent order of the general of the province; the king referred him to the intendant, and he said he must investigate the case. This second investigation lasted five weeks, at the end of which time, through the great interest the young man possessed, he was at length liberated.

"The same thing, as nearly as possible, happened to the master of the band belonging to the 13th regiment: he was confined by mistake for the master of another band. When in the act of having his name set down in the book as being set at liberty, he was told to go back to the Salla Livre, where he remained nearly three weeks longer, because the order of liberation came from the intendant of police, and the man who brought him said it was in the name of the king.

"There were in Portugal, when I left it, thousands of persons in prison, of whom no one but the secretary, in large towns, and the jailer in small ones, know any thing, although every one is presumed to be imprisoned

by order of the king, the intendant of police, or the general of the province.—pp. 154—159.

What an appalling picture of tyranny is this! We might imagine while viewing it, that we had opened by mistake the history of one of the ruthless chieftains of the dark ages, whose career was traced through every species of crime, from a private station to a throne.

With a view to relieve the horrid tenor of his narrative, Mr. Young occasionally introduces anecdotes of persons with whom he became acquainted, not only during his imprisonment, but during his residence in Portugal. Among these we were much amused with the account which he gives of an old man named Quintino, who was a kind of general messenger and servant at the Castle. It reminded us of some of those little episodes in *Gil Blas*, which lay bare the operations of human ingenuity and wickedness in every class of society; is very well told, and contains a complete portrait of a Portuguese vagabond. Quintino's father was a cow-doctor; his mother sold second-hand clothes at *Villa Franca*. When he was only five years old, he was compelled to earn his living by picking up manure on the road. Unless he brought home a full basket every morning, his mother allowed him no breakfast. The young rogue soon set up for himself; he first turned beggar, and next became a thief. At twelve years of age he entered the army as a drummer, but was discharged at the end of five years for his bad performance. He next was employed as a sort of esquire to a noble old lady who was very poor.

'Quintino, at this juncture, according to his own account, had only, in the way of wardrobe, a soldier's jacket; but the old lady, who was an economist, soon arranged him a coat, and he became very speedily "one of the family." There were two other servants in this establishment—a common servant, and a ladies'-maid; the latter and himself frequently used to sit and play cards with the old lady, when no better company could be obtained; but on these occasions the old lady (probably considering the honour sufficient) always forgot to pay her losings, as well as servant's wages.

'The ladies'-maid was old and ugly, but nevertheless very fond of Quintino; but as he had a love affair in another quarter, he was anxious to get away from his place. For more than three years he received no more than fifteen shillings in the form of wages or money: but he was in the habit of selling a little corn now and then, *on his own account*, which was brought to the old lady by way of rent. He usually shared the profits with the ladies'-maid, which he could not well avoid, because she had the keys of the granary in which it was kept, though he candidly acknowledged that he always cheated her in the price, "because she was ugly."'
—pp. 198, 199.

The girl to whom Quintino's heart was engaged, was the daughter of a shoemaker in the neighbourhood. He wished to marry her but the father refused, and the lover in consequence killed him, as he thought, on the spot. He fled to a convent,

where he was employed as a mendicant for two years, begging with great effect, and not forgetting to put into his own pocket a proportion of the proceeds. We must conclude the story in Mr. Young's words.

' He went one day to a fair at some distance, to beg, and among others in his rounds, he stumbled on his old sweetheart, the shoemaker's daughter, selling lemonade. He looked at her, and passed by her two or three times; his heart beat with emotion, and he thought it probable she might not recognise him in his disguise as a friar, so he resolved on speaking to her.

' He went up to her stall, and asked charity of her; she knew him immediately, and cried, "God be praised! is that you, Quintino?" He said, "Yes, but for God's sake, don't call me Quintino: call me Friar Peter, that's my name now." "I'll lay a wager," cried she, "you have been at some of your tricks, or why did you alter your name?" "Why!" said he, "because I killed your father." She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, "My father is in the fair somewhere, you did not hurt him."

' Quintino was astonished and pleased beyond measure; he expressed a great desire to see the shoemaker, and attended the tent or stall while she went in search of him. They soon came together, embraced each other, all animosity ceased, and they retired into the tent to take refreshment.

' Our hero thought he liked Theresa better than ever, and communicated to her and her father how much he was possessed of in ready money. They persuaded him, as may be imagined, not to return to the convent; but to set up in the lemonade business. The lady explained the profit upon this article, as follows:—six-penny worth of lemons, and the same sum for a quart of treacle, with a barrel of water, one penny, would, at a farthing a glass, (the ordinary price in Portugal), bring a return of six or seven shillings.

' Quintino was seduced by these arguments, and resolved on leaving the convent; but he was obliged to return once more, because his hoard of money was hid in the garden: which fact he communicated to the shoemaker and his daughter. These worthy people laid their heads together; their first resolve was to go at night and get over the garden walls; but, on reflection, Quintino thought that dangerous. Theresa, however, showed her female sagacity, by recommending "that he should go home that night, and give up all he had in the sack, say he was very much fatigued, and that next day he would not come home, but beg the fair out, which only lasted two days longer; that he could beg a great deal in those two days, and might beg a day or two afterwards in those parts, before he threw off his friar's habit."

' This plan was adopted; and when the time came, he went home, and of course no suspicion was entertained; he told the friars, "it was too far to come home after walking all day, and that he would return when the fair was over."

' During the night, he went and got his money from the garden; and next morning went to the fair, and met his dear Theresa and her father. He lodged his money in the lady's hands, and made the most of his time during the fair; and as soon as that was over, they all set off together

towards Lisbon. He was afraid of begging again on the road ; and when it was night, he took off his *capuchin* habit, and hung it on a hedge, with the white bag upon it. They pursued their journey, and arrived at Lisbon about twelve o'clock the same night.

'Next morning, the shoemaker went out and bought a coat and hat for Quintino, but he could not stir out of the house, on account of his hair being cut short, and his neck shaved all round. This was an unlucky circumstance, and a wig was proposed, which the shoemaker went in search of, and soon came home with a second-hand wig ; they cut off all the remaining hair he had, and when he put his wig on, and was dressed, no one would have known he had been a friar.

'The shoemaker now proposed he should marry his daughter, which he agreed to, and they set about arranging matters for the ceremony. This took them more than a month, and they were finally married.

'They then resolved on travelling to the different fairs, in the lemonade trade. They went into Alentejo, and the summer being rather cool, people did not drink so much lemonade as Quintino and his wife could have wished. In consequence of this, the whole family took to drinking wine and brandy.

'In about twelve months, all he had obtained by begging was gone, and Mrs. Quintino and her husband did not agree so well together ; he also fell out with her father, and, in short, they parted, and our hero went off to Lisbon. He was there some time, but could procure no employment.

'He then went to Coimbra, where he obtained a situation as assistant to the kitchen gardener of a convent ; and after living a considerable period in that capacity, he went to a farm belonging to the friars, for the purpose of taking care of the cattle ; here again he continued some time, but often lamented having put off his *capuchin* habit.

'He obtained nothing from the friars but his food, and now and then some old clothes ; he resolved therefore to leave them, and one morning, instead of taking out the cattle, he set off to Oporto.

'On arriving at this city, he made his way into the barracks amongst the soldiers ; with them he lived a short time, fetching them water, and assisting them to clean their accoutrements, &c.

'He next procured an old suit of drummer's uniform, with which he equipped himself, and then joined a blind beggar who played the guitar. Quintino, having a tolerable voice, was the vocalist, and they went round all the country fairs on a begging expedition.'—pp. 203—207.

He was at length taken up by the police, and lodged in prison for some trifling offence. On his liberation, such was his attachment to prison-life, that he has now for four and twenty years continued to serve in the capacity already mentioned.

It is unnecessary for us to enter at any length into the form of trial which Mr. Young had to go through before he was liberated. The English reader, however, ought to peruse with attention the official report of that process, which occupies a considerable portion of the volume before us. The charges which were brought against Mr. Young, have been stated in a preceding page. If they were trivial and vague, still more so was the evidence by which they

were supported. No difficulty seems to be felt by a Portuguese judge, in receiving the testimony of a man who speaks to facts not from his own knowledge, but from what he had heard others say! The slightest suspicion, the most ridiculous indiscretion, a word spoken ten or twelve years ago, a joke, or an evening's amusement at home or abroad, enjoyed at any period of a man's life, are all brought forward against him in the absence of more urgent proof, in order to bolster up an accusation of disaffection to the new usurper! Under tribunals constituted like those of Portugal, governed by rules of evidence which throw a net over the subject from childhood to old age, it is clear that no individual who does not crawl upon the earth, and hermetically seal his eyes and his ears, can hope to live in safety.

Nor is this all. After being acquitted by one court, another court may, it seems, step in and alter the situation of the prisoner to his disadvantage!

In Mr. Young's case, which was heard in the first instance by the British Conservatory—an institution peculiar, we believe, to Portugal and Brazil, for the protection of British subjects—he was ordered to be liberated, on condition that he should sign an obligation not to interfere with the political affairs of the nation. He was willing to conform to this condition, but such is the singular perversity of justice in Portugal, that he was obliged to appeal against this condition, or submit to a still more protracted detention! But when the process was thus brought before the Board of Commission, they actually revoked the judgment of the Conservator, and ordered the prisoner to be discharged, only on condition that he should quit Portugal, and never return to that kingdom, or any of its dependencies! Commentary on iniquity like this would be superfluous. No language supplies expressions stronger than the sentence itself, to rouse the indignation of the civilized world against a tyranny so savage as that which has for some months raged like a pestilence over the territory of Portugal. The reader can now be hardly surprized to hear, that when Mr. Young left that country, there were in its different prisons 10,000 political prisoners!—‘10,000 victims of political vengeance and resentment, out of a population amounting to about 2,000,000!’ As the arrests have since his departure been continued, it is not unreasonable to presume, that the number of victims has by this time swelled to fifteen, or twenty thousand!

ART. IV.—*Elements of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the Original Susceptibilities of the Mind, and the Rule by which the Rectitude of any of its States or Feelings should be Judged.* By George Payne, A. M. pp. 529. 8vo. Holdsworth. London: 1828.

MR. PAYNE is a professed disciple of the system promulgated by the late Dr. Browne of Edinburgh; and systems of metaphysics,

like all other branches of human speculation, appear to have their career—their day—their year—or their age—in which they are admired, and talked about, and studied; and when their little career is run, they usually give place to other systems and other speculations, which are destined to the same fate. Such has been the history of all the philosophy and all the speculations of human invention, so far as their history is completed. The Newtonian system, indeed, is thought to be incapable of refutation, and invulnerable to assault; but so also was the Aristotelian, and for a much longer period; and however stable we may now think the demonstrations of Newton, some very trifling difference in the mode of observing the phenomena, may at no distant period give a totally different aspect to his grand doctrine of gravitation.

The speculations termed metaphysical, have suffered greater and more various revolutions and changes than any other branch of human inquiry. The Greeks, according to their own accounts, had their first systems from Egypt and the East.* These were soon branched out into innumerable varieties, till the Platonists and Peripatetics bore down all others of inferior authority. The Romans made no change. Lucretius and Cicero were too fond of sentence-making and style, to have much taste for original observation, or for thinking beyond what they had been taught by the Greeks. The Arabians, again, were mere translators of Aristotle and Plato.

After the first burst of admiration had passed away, which broke from the half-savage conquerors of Rome, when the accumulated knowledge of antiquity was brought to light; and after they condescended to learn of their masters with all the submission of an obedient school-boy, and all the unthinkingness of a parrot, they gradually awakened from their inactivity of mind, to observe for themselves, and to think for themselves, and finally dared to make systems for themselves. The names of Lord Bacon, and Des Cartes, stand chief among those daring pupils of the ancient

* The celebrated philosophers of Greece never pretended that they invented their systems. Thales, as we learn from Diogenes Laërtes, travelled to Egypt, and after a few years' residence, returned to promulgate the traditions which gained him the credit of being the first to explain nature: Πρῶτος δὲ καὶ περὶ φύσεως διελεσθῆναι, Pythagoras, his scholar, spent forty years in search of traditions, in Egypt, Phœnicia, and Babylon, and his 'αὐτὸς' ἐφ' ἣν proves that he did not invent but borrow. (*vide Porphy. de Vit. Pythag. & Jamblich. idem.*) Plato again confesses that his philosophy was the collected gleanings of traditions. In his Cratylus he says, that the Greeks received their most valuable learning from the barbarians, and he often mentions the Phœnician (i. e. Hebrew) traditions. (*vide Bochart's Phaleg. iv. 24.*) He says in his Laws, that the knowledge of the Deity was derived from tradition, and in his Phædo, that the surest and best way to prove the immortality of the soul, was by taking the divine account or tradition of the doctrine for granted.'

masters; and though their peculiar views are now of less influence, their example of independent thinking is at this moment increasing rather than diminishing in authority. It was this example which produced Hobbes and Locke, and the minor names of Berkley, Hume, Hartley, Reid, Darwin, Priestley, and others; all of whom, however, although aiming at originality and independence of thinking, were in some degree shackled by the ancient systems, and prevented from following freely the current of their thoughts.

The imperfection of language was the principal cause of this, or rather the difficulty of abandoning established terms and phrases, and the infacility of following out a train of thought when new terms and phrases were invented, in order to get rid of the fetters of former systems. For even after such terms were proposed by Des Cartes, Liebnitz, and others, there was but little change effected either in the mode of observation or of reasoning in metaphysical subjects.

Aware of these and other similar difficulties, and of the fallacies in observation arising from them, Dr. Brown proposed to himself a new line of inquiry, unfettered, as much as possible, by what was erroneous or deceptive in the works of former metaphysical philosophers. In this he has not been unsuccessful, though he has in some instances verified his own just remark, "that it is very possible to become still more obscure, in striving to get rid of the darkness of mystery which may thicken on us in our very struggle to escape from it." But as this is a danger which all inquirers must encounter, and which none altogether escape, we must not be too fastidious in minutiae of little moment, nor carpingly strive to overcloud Dr. Brown's excellencies by magnifying his errors and his faults.

As we cannot enter into all the details of the system adopted by our author, we shall only advert to such of his doctrines as call for remark on account of their novelty and accuracy, or their imperfections and errors. Among the latter, the first which strikes us is the doctrine of INTUITION, which Mr. Payne implicitly adopts upon the united authorities of Stewart, Brown, and a Mr. Welsh, the biographer of Brown, to whom our author dedicates his book, and humbly looks up to as equal to his master himself. This Mr. Welsh then dogmatically asserts, that of intuition "no farther account can be given than that it forms a part of our constitution, and operates universally, immediately, and irresistibly."—p. 63. In all the books of metaphysics, indeed, from the most flourishing age of Grecian philosophy, up to the system of Dr. Brown, as advocated in the book now under our review, *intuition* and the *intuitive* principle have been looked upon as something inexplicable and mysterious in the human mind—as something wholly different from its usual determinations and decisions; and, still more objectionably, Intuition is said to be one of the most copious sources of our knowledge, being that power of the mind by which we deter-

mine a truth to be self-evident, without reasoning or judging. Now we cannot tell how those men of system determine a truth to be self-evident; but for ourselves, we know that we as clearly exercise our judgment in such determination, as we do in determining a truth that is *not* self-evident. For example, "a whole is greater than a part," is said to be assented to intuitively, and at once without judging. This we flatly deny, and call for the proof, that we do not exercise our judgment before we assent to it. "Two and two are equal to four," is another of the truths said to be perceived by intuition. "Nothing can produce nothing," is another. "Two straight lines cannot contain a space," is another. In short, every proposition or assertion to which we give a ready assent, is said to be determined by this power or principle of intuition. (See *Payne*, pp. 181—2.)

Let us examine a little more closely the process of the mind in coming to this assent. When we decide that one colour is red and another green, we do so immediately and readily, and we cannot help doing so; but this our philosophers would not allow to be intuitive, because colour is not a necessary but a contingent property of things. We, however, confess to so much obtuseness of discrimination, as not to be able to perceive the difference between this decision concerning red and green, and the decision that the whole is greater than a part. Is not our judgment equally and similarly exercised in both cases? and if it is, why call in the aid of another power or principle, or state of the mind as Dr. Brown and Mr. Payne would call it, to assist judgment in a case where it seems to have the least need of assistance? This is surely quite unphilosophical. What is called *intuition* by those philosophers, seems to us to be nothing more than a rapid, or rather instantaneous, act of judgment; and if rapidity constitutes a specific difference in power or in action, then you may say that intuition is different from judgment; but not otherwise, for the act of the mind is precisely the same.

The doctrine of intuition has led several eminent authors to use very unwarrantable language. Lord Kames talks of an intuitive conviction of the dignity of human nature, which he says is confirmed by experience. This language is to us quite unintelligible. He says also, that we have an intuitive conviction that each sort of animal is the same as those of its species. If authors are allowed such latitude of expression as this, they may assert anything and prove anything. All these examples of intuition given by our author, and the philosophers from whom he copies, so far from being perceived instantaneously, are most clearly the result of experience. Yet, if we mistake not, Dr. Brown and our author would use this language without much alteration or amendment.

Dr. Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, has used language no less objectionable. He says there are three kinds of intuition,

the first metaphysical, arising from the power of intellection, which term intellection he coins evidently as an apology for his ignorance. The second is physical intuition, arising from the power of consciousness; the third moral, arising from the power of common sense. His *intellection* we do not understand, and question whether he understood it himself. Consciousness, so erroneously made prominent by Reid and Stewart, we agree with Dr. Brown and Mr. Payne, in describing to be only another term for feeling or knowing. Common sense, Dr. Campbell's third sort of intuition, we shall now examine. The term was first broached by Buffier, and afterwards was made much use of by Reid and Beattie, in so vague and indefinite a meaning, that it has drawn down upon the Scottish school of metaphysics as it is called, much contempt and derision.

We are so constituted, and have so many powers exactly alike in kind, though different in strength, that many of our judgments concerning the things around us must be the same. If some of us heard with our eyes, and saw with our ears, and others of us had no memory, then we might make very different conclusions; but as it is, we must always judge the same; where the evidence on which we judge is the same. Many circumstances occur which make us judge differently of the same thing; but in every case, where such cannot occur we must, in spite of ourselves, judge the same. We all say that we believe the sun will rise to-morrow, because we have all seen it do so as far back as we can remember. But is it necessary, in order to come to such a belief, that we should suppose we have a power, faculty, or state of the mind, called *common sense*. We think we should be equally correct in referring the decisions in question to a common memory, or a common judgment, or a common perception, though these expressions would sound strangely because we are not accustomed to them: while the terms common sense, in the meaning of judiciousness, prudence, or sagacity, we hear every day. All our powers, both of body and mind, are common; and to talk of common sense as a moral intuition, as Dr. Campbell and others have done, seems to us to be confounding facts by words without knowledge.

Intuition then, we repeat, appears to be nothing more than a rapid and instantaneous judgment, pronounced in cases where the circumstances are always the same and cannot be altered: such as "two and two are four," where the circumstances of the proposition cannot be changed. "The sun will rise to-morrow;" "I am the same person to day as I was yesterday," which are said by our philosophers to be determined by intuition, (See *Payne*, p. 63 and 181), seem clearly to be determined by simple acts of memory and judgment, or by experience, if you will. They would, however, we doubt not, think experience a most unphilosophical principle to refer to. Dr. Brown and our author are

very positive also that no such principle as this operates in determining *mental identity*, as they term it.—p. 62, and Brown, vol. i. p. 294.

‘They say it cannot be to the evidence of reason that we trace the belief of all our feelings belonging to the same mind, which we designate by the term I. For the smell we felt last moment, the sound we hear this; the joy we felt yesterday, have nothing to indicate that one is comprehended in the other, or is in any way analogous. The belief is the only thing common to them all. “It is not memory which gives the belief: the truth of the belief is assumed in that very memory. To affirm that I am the same person who smelt, heard, and rejoiced, is begging the question. In using the pronoun I, I assumed the identity. This belief then cannot be proved. It flows from a principle of intuition on which, in fact, all demonstration and reasoning, when traced back, rest; and of this primary evidence we can give no other account, than that it is impossible for us not to believe it to be true. “We assent to the conclusion of a series of propositions, because we believe that we have been previously impressed with the truth of the antecedent portions of the series.”’

According to our notions of reasoning, there is much of confusion, and much of sophistry in these notable explanations of *intuitive evidence*. Is it not indeed a profound quibble to say, that the memory and identity are assumed in the assertion, “I am the same person as I was yesterday?” Now this boasted principle upon which “all demonstration ultimately rests,” seems to be fallacious in this very instance, and to depend for correction on observation and experience. For I am *not* the same person to day as I was yesterday, in one sense. The food which I then took has gone to form new blood; and that blood to repair what was worn in my bones, muscles, and skin; which worn materials have been carried off by the absorbent vessels, and removed from my body. The same principle would teach us to deny in the face of sound philosophy, that the sun is stationary, and the earth revolving round it. It is obvious, therefore, that it is a very dangerous principle to set up as an infallible standard of truth; as such, merits to be most rigidly scrutinized.

Now if intuition be nothing more than a rapid or instantaneous judgment, as we have endeavoured to show, it must follow, that intuition like judgment may go wrong, and of course that it can never be made an infallible standard of evidence, as our author most strenuously contends—p. 182, 3. If this were a mere difference about words, we should not spend a moment in the discussion; but it is the facts, and not the terms, we are anxious to have cleared from error.

Reasoning as we have done, the phrase *intuitive evidence* appears to be a contradiction in terms. It is a contradiction in terms, if intuition mean, as it must mean, perceiving or seeing into a truth at once—at one glance; and if evidence mean, as it must mean, perceiving or seeing a truth from, out of, or by means of, some-

thing else. Taking evidence then in this sense, intuitive evidence must mean at the same time perceiving without means and by means, which is impossible. This is not a mere mistake in words. It is said, for example, by those philosophers, that one of the truths ascertained upon this intuitive evidence is, 'that the representations of memory, in regard to past events, are indubitably true.' This, and other things of a similar kind, Dr. Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, is so positive about, that he says, if any one dislike the term intuitive, he may call them instinctive, (adopted also by our author, p. 64), which he thinks cannot derogate from the dignity, certainty, or importance of these truths. Yet Dr. Campbell expressly contradicts himself in this in the course of a few pages, when he says that 'we know that memory is not infallible, nor can we pretend to say that she may not make a false report;' and again, 'the defects and misrepresentations of memory are corrected by experience,' which is, in other words, memory is corrected by memory. Dr. Campbell, like Dr. Brown, and our author, in the instance just referred to, of personal identity, seems to have found the assertion in Buffier or Beattie, and to have put it down without examination. When another part of his subject led him to think over the grounds of the assertion, he finds that his authorities were wrong; but instead of expunging or correcting the assertion he had unthinkingly copied, he allows it to stand in his book unaltered. In the same way Mr. Payne, when he proceeds to discuss judging and reasoning (pp. 294—309), seems to forget altogether his statements about intuition.—pp. 163—181.

As memory, therefore, though in most cases right, may in some cases be wrong, according to their own showing, though they roundly assert it in the first instance, that its evidence cannot admit of doubt; we conclude on similar premises, that judgment may and does go wrong, even in those cases in which we are told intuition acts, and acts infallibly on the side of truth. But, if judgment in any case do make a wrong conclusion, it is not likely that the error lies in the judgment, but in the perception. The judgment we believe, in every case, acts exactly according to the clearness of the case before it, and its decisions are always most impartially, according to circumstances; so that they can neither be altered nor amended by any fancied power of intuition. Upon this subject our author has made very contradictory remarks.—pp. 63, 181, and 306. The sensations which we feel are said to be judged of intuitively, and all the common sense philosophers say, that our senses cannot deceive us; an assertion which is disproved by almost every sensation which we experience, as every sense requires the correction of the others to set it right.

Upon the whole, then, we disapprove of the doctrine of intuition, as distinct from the decisions of judgment, and as being an infallible source of evidence, since as we have shown, it is not so; and every judgment which we pronounce may, on the same principle,

be said to be infallible. The judgment which we pronounced on the truth or falsehood of a newspaper anecdote, is as true, according to the evidence, and of course as intuitive as any axiom in mathematics. We must, however, go over the circumstances and the probabilities of the case before we decide. When we have done so, our decision must conform to these probabilities; we are forced to do so, and cannot judge or doubt on any other principle; and when we make the decision, when we judge of the evidence, a belief that we are right irresistibly accompanies such decision. A minute after, we are told we have decided wrong, a new circumstance is told us, which we did not before know. We find we were wrong; because we did not know this circumstance. We decide again, and a belief as irresistibly accompanies this decision as the first; though it is opposed to the first.

But though we disagree with Dr. Brown, and many of his eminent predecessors, as well as his disciple, Mr. Payne, about the doctrine of intuition, we are ready to acknowledge that he has done much to introduce new and accurate views of the human mind. His exposing of the errors of others we consider as the most important work he has performed. We refer particularly to his views of cause and effect, which have changed entirely the state of the controversy for and against miracles, as discussed by Hume and Campbell; to his new views of the sense of touch, so far as it relates to the origin of our ideas concerning extension and resistance; and to his placing the pretensions of Dr. Reid and his followers in their true light, that of arguments founded on a misrepresentation of the notions held by Locke, Berkeley, and Hume.

We have neither room nor leisure, at present, to go into the controversy concerning miracles; but we may state, that Dr. Brown justly blames Campbell for granting to Hume, that a miracle is a *violation* of the laws of nature, inasmuch as God, the author of those laws, could not, in any sense of the word, ever violate them. Now, as it is upon this *designing* definition that Hume builds his argument, Campbell loses all the vantage ground over his adversary, by allowing it to stand; and Brown overcomes him most triumphantly, as we think, by seizing upon this point of weakness.

Dr. Brown, by an analysis which we do not recollect to have seen even hinted at by any former inquirer, has concluded, that we cannot derive our ideas of extension and resistance from touch, as it is usually considered: For we must recollect that the body of an infant is as much without him, and unknown to him, as the external world; and his hand as what he grasps with it, though he is as susceptible of all the feelings and states of mind as an adult. (*See Payne*, p. 178.) There is in every retrospection of former feelings, *length*, according to their numbers: length both of *time* and *space*, being measured by portions of a series, and these are often so intimately connected, as to be confounded. For ex-

ample, when the hand is passed (with the eyes shut) along the desk, first, rapidly; second, moderately; and third, slowly, the length of it will each *time* appear different. Time, therefore, enters into all measures of space—namely, the time, of a series of feelings.

An infant who is ignorant of his own frame, has a constant propensity to muscular motion, particularly of the hand. Now these motions are felt in a regular series, and such feeling gives the notion of length and of sequence expected, as soon as the first feeling is begun. In the contraction of the fingers, when a hard body is introduced, it interrupts the expected series, and the length or magnitude of the body is measured by the members of the series interrupted, and a new tactual feeling occurs and combines with the other, while the complex feeling hence arising, becomes the sign of the length, or the part of the series interrupted.

The contractions of the fingers may be uniform and entire, or only one or two of them, and the hard body may only interrupt one or more of them, according to its bulk, which will distinguish more strongly the impeded from the unimpeded fingers.

Some may think that this is carrying speculation into an improbable nicety of refinement, particularly those who have learned from Locke, that a child is altogether incapable of judging or reasoning; a doctrine which has been, and at this moment is productive of most of the errors committed in early education. On the contrary, Dr. Brown teaches us, and we cordially agree with him, (though in this instance our author deserts his master, p. 181), that even in infancy—"even in this rude state of intellectual being we must not suppose that the mind is incapable of reasoning." The truth is, that the youngest infant who can distinguish sweet from bitter, who is pleased with milk, and cries when it tastes wormwood, has judged of a difference as plainly as the profoundest philosopher. This is a practical axiom of such importance that we cannot press it too strongly on the attention of our readers, though we have not space here to enforce it by farther illustration.

From this novel doctrine of touch, Dr. Brown concludes that matter only means what is without us, and is extended and resisting, and that our belief of an external world arises not from a primary principle, but from a secondary inference. Berkeley, he thinks, deserves little praise for his reasoning against the existence of matter, as he only developed one or two errors respecting the nature of mind, making it as much material as spiritual, and ideas, something contained in the mind and capable of passing into other minds; the mind being thus according to him, a real, and not a metaphorical recipient.

Dr. Reid supposed that he had established the positive doctrine of a system of material things, and on this both himself and his followers rest all his merits. The same exposition of the doctrine of material ideas, was distinctly given by Des Cartes, Hobbes, and Locke, and Dr. Reid errs in ascribing the doctrine to

them, as it was held by no philosopher of name, except Malebranche and Berkeley. Dr. Reid therefore fought with a shadow of his own creation—the language, namely, of the schools, which though it was commonly used, was used metaphorically, in the same way as we now speak of sun-rise, though we know and believe in the Copernican system of astronomy. What Dr. Reid esteems his strong hold, the impossibility of disbelieving the existence of things around us, was as clearly admitted by Hume as by himself. Dr. Reid's claiming the merit of overthrowing the sceptical system, is therefore not just; on the contrary, by taking away the link of ideas, he has only strengthened the hands of his opponents.

For our own part, we think that most of the unintelligible things which have been written on this subject, has originated from what is called the definition of matter—that is, according to our explanation, the description of a nonentity, as it cannot be shown that there is any such thing as matter independent and away from what is material; no more than there can be shown to exist the colour green, independent and away from something of this colour. Nobody could ever see the supposed metaphysical substratum of qualities, nor matter which was not wood, stone, earth, metal, or the like. We might as well reason about benevolence existing away from a living agent.

What we say of matter we would also say of spirit, and get rid at once of all the scepticism and the impiety which has been published by those who are known by the name of materialists. For there is no such thing existing as a general spirit, independent and away from God, from angels, from men, and other similar beings; and to reason on the general properties of what exists not, is in our opinion the height of absurdity and folly.

So far from all things being either matter or spirit, as is commonly asserted, we should say that there may be, and we have no doubt there are, ten thousand and ten thousand more existences, which are all as different in their attributes as what those nonentities, general matter and general spirit, are supposed to be. We instance light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and what is known from the scriptures of the bodies of angels. We do not know indeed, nor is it important for us to know, whether the spirit or rather the intellectual attributes of angels and other superior beings are at all of the same species with our own. The probability is that they are not; and it gives us more magnificent notions of God to think they are not. But, however this may be, we are quite sure there is nothing existing in our lower world, having the qualities of the metaphysician's matter, namely, length, breadth, and thickness, without colour, without form, without any particular state of hardness or softness, without, in fine, it be iron, or oak, or pipe-clay, or something similar. In such cases, we can understand something of what is meant when we say iron is material, and when we say God is spiritual; but we know nothing of a general spirit having no

length, no breadth, no thickness, which is indivisible, and exists not in place, but *ubi*, as the schoolmen have it. Why will men not adhere to the example set them by our Saviour, who says, a spirit has not flesh and bone, and goes no farther into a speculation which he knew was unsuited to the understanding of man. It would, indeed, be well if we followed in all our inquiries, philosophical and religious, the example of our great teacher. Were we to do so, we should have less of vain speculation, and more of what is useful and important in the works of our philosophers. But, as Solomon says, vain man will be wise though he be borne like a wild ass's colt.

There is one subject discussed by our author which we are not willing to pass over, as it is more popular than the abstract and abstruse doctrines which have just engaged our attention,—we mean the subject of *Beauty*, upon which our author deserts the standard of his master, Dr. Brown, and ranks himself under the banners of Allison and Jeffrey.

‘The Rev. Mr. Allison, and Mr. Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, resolve the beauty of all external objects into association or suggestion. With certain objects, certain agreeable feelings—feelings received by means of some of the ordinary susceptibilities of the mind—have co-existed; the perception or conception of these objects will, by the ordinary laws of suggestion, recall these feelings. In the opinion, therefore, of both these writers, beauty is not an inherent property or quality of external objects; it does not depend upon any particular configuration of their parts, or proportions, or colours; but it is the power they possess of recalling those agreeable feelings.’—p. 352.

‘The scheme which resolves all external beauty into association or suggestion, is recommended by several important considerations, at which we shall briefly glance.

‘It will explain, I conceive, all the phenomena of beauty. Dr. Brown does not specify a single instance of the emotion which, he will venture to say, cannot be ascribed to the suggesting principle. The amount of his statement is, that there are some which may arise from an original tendency of mind; or, at the utmost, which do thus arise.

‘It effectually prevents the necessity of inquiring concerning the quality, in external objects, which excites the emotion—an inquiry which, in consequence of the infinite diversity of objects by which the emotion is produced, would throw us into interminable difficulties. Dr. Brown’s system does not prevent this necessity. If there be original emotions of beauty, there must be *something* in the objects, by which the emotion is awakened, to produce it; or why do not all objects excite it? The question then naturally and necessarily arises, “What is that something?” or, in other words, “What is beauty?” But if association be the source of beauty, all external objects are beautiful, with which interesting associations have been formed; and their power to awaken that pleasurable feeling which constitutes the emotion, is their beauty.

‘It gets rid of all the mystery which has been thrown over the subject, by the supposition of a peculiar sense or faculty given us for the express purpose of perceiving beauty.’—p. 366.

Whatever we call beautiful, then, according to our author and his masters, is not so till we dream that it is so ;—till we combine it, in short, with something else :—which something is not itself beautiful, any more than the first. Not contented with the general assertion, they go into the most minute illustrations, to shew that there is no intrinsic beauty in form, in colour, in sound, or in motion. We think they might, by a similar logic, have disproved the existence of beauty altogether ; for if a rose is not beautiful on account of its colour, nor on account of its form, then, we think, it must follow, that the rose is not beautiful at all. No, say they, it is beautiful ; but why ? Because it is like an infant's cheek, in colour, form, and smoothness !!! Now, speaking from our own feelings and consciousness, we certainly cannot trace in our mind any reference to the cheek of an infant, when we admire the beauty of a rose.

The most wonderful part of the announcement, however, is, that though a rose is beautiful for no other reason than that it is like an infant's cheek, yet the infant's cheek itself does not possess a particle of beauty. Our philosophers tell us that the forms and colours peculiar to childhood, are not necessarily nor absolutely beautiful in themselves. It is their indestructible connection with the engaging ideas of innocence, or careless gaiety, made still more attractive by the recollection of helplessness, and blameless and happy ignorance. All this, we are told, is necessary in order to perceive that a rose is beautiful. If so, our philosophers must go to work in a very different way from other people in the discovery of beauty. Were it so, it would at once be felt whenever a rose appeared beautiful, that it was not any thing in it, but the comparison between it and an infant's cheek, which gave rise to the feeling. We appeal to experience.—Is it so ?

Again, in the instance of the beauty of spring, they tell us that it arises from the soft and gentle green with which the earth is spread,—the feeble texture of the plants and flowers, and the remains of winter yet lingering among the woods and hills, which conspire to infuse into our minds somewhat of that fearful tenderness with which infancy is beheld, and to extend to analogies with the life of man, blending before us all those images of hope or fear which, according to our peculiar situations, have the dominion of our hearts. And all this, we are told by our author, is the philosophy of taste ; and before we can think spring beautiful, we must compare it with a fresh but feeble infant, which we survey with *fearful tenderness*. The fallacy is, that there is nothing beautiful at all, unless we first array it in the pretty drapery of comparison :—no, not even the thing compared.

Let us take an example from the lower animals, among whom the male, contrary to what takes place in human nature, is more beautiful than the female. Now this remarkable fact, the theory of association does not account for : it cannot explain why the peacock looks more beautiful than the pea-hen ; for there is no

thing beautiful, according to this theory, until it be engrafted with portions of love, pity, joy, or similar sentiments and passions. They tell us that we cannot admire the bright blue of the peacock's neck, till we compare it with the blue of the sky—that we cannot admire the blue of the sky till we think of spring—and cannot admire the spring till we think of infancy, nor infancy till we think of health, nor health till we think of fearful tenderness, nor tenderness till we think of pity, and so on without end; and all this process is necessary before we can feel—before we are permitted to say that the peacock's neck is beautiful! With the varying colours of the pigeon's neck, the 'skyeey influences' will not do, and our philosophers will probably, therefore, have recourse to the character of gentleness, which the pigeon has, some how or other, erroneously gotten: it may be from a misconception arising from the text—"be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," where the word *harmless* does not so much mean gentleness as simplicity and guilelessness, as must be evident from the contrast; and every body knows that so far from being gentle, the dove is the most irritable and quarrelsome of all other birds. The associations, it would appear, are altogether the reverse—namely, that from its beautiful colour and form, an opinion which is not true, has arisen concerning its gentleness.

We wonder—we are astonished—how the proposer of this system ever found, as we are told he has found, so many disciples among the fair sex, when he has the boldness to tell them they neither have nor can have a particle of beauty. All the beauties perceived by their admirers, are quite a dream of comparisons and associations, with roses and infants, and healthy looking milkmaids. Nay, the roses and the infants have no beauty, except what depends upon another series of associations and fancies. If we push him farther, we find that the series is interminable; that there is no end of his chain of association,—nothing of itself beautiful,—nothing to be the basis of beauty:—it is exactly the Indian account of the earth resting on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on something unknown or unknowable! With Akenside, the poet of beauty, we may well ask

Did nature mean
This awful stamp, the herald of a lie,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
To catch, with fair hypocrisy, the heart
Of idle faith?

With respect to the style of Mr. Payne's work, we think it by no means adapted, as he tells us, it was intended for 'a text-book in his future prelections,' and he further says, that he considered it of 'no importance whatever,' whether he gave 'the statements of others' or 'his own.'—*Preface*. Now, the truth is, that about a third, if not a half of the volume, consists of quotations from Brown, Stewart, &c., making his system, if it merit

the name, appear like a piece of clumsy patch-work, instead of giving it the uniformity of manner and style expected from an author professing to explain and teach his subject. His own style, however, is very stiff, dry, abstruse, and repulsive.

ART. V.—1. *Lettere sà Venezia*. 1 vol. 16mo. Milano. 1827.

2. *Prospetto statistico delle provincie Venete, con Atlante di LXXXII. tavole sinottiche; Opera dell' Imp. e Reale Segretario Antonio Quadri*. 3 vols. 8vo. Venezia. 1827.

3. *Annali d' Italia dal 1750 at 1819, compilati da A. Coppi*. 4 vols. 8vo. Roma. 1827.

FROM the unconnected and unsatisfactory accounts of foreign tourists, we turn with pleasure to the more matter-of-fact statements of natives themselves, on the condition of their own country. For what knowledge have we hitherto derived of the present state of the people of Italy, from the generality of travellers who have visited that fine country since the peace? What information concerning the statistics, the administration, the laws and judiciary systems of the various states of the Peninsula? We can hardly gather so much as can furnish a clear idea of the present political division of the country. Valuable information upon particular points is found scattered, it is true, through the numerous volumes that have been published on that country, but most of it lies buried in a mass of crude, fantastic notions, irrelevant narrative, and common-place erudition.

To the Italians themselves we must therefore apply for more accurate intelligence. The Italians, however, seldom wrote till lately, concerning the internal structure of society in their own country. Baretti, in the last century, is almost the only instance that occurs to us now, of an Italian publishing professedly an account of the moral character and social condition of his countrymen. But Baretti published it in England, and for English readers; we have now an Italian who writes his remarks upon Italy for the benefit of his countrymen. The writer of the first work mentioned at the head of this article, is already known to our readers, as the author of some letters upon Rome and Naples, which were noticed in Vol. ii. of this Review. He has in the present volume returned from the classical south, and given us a description of Venice, which may be called his own country, for we are informed the author is Mr. Dandolo, the son of the late Count Dandolo, the writer on agriculture, who was by birth a Venetian, although he afterwards retired to Varese, near Milan.

We extract the following sketch of the modern Venetians:—

‘Naturally lively and humorous, devoted to mirth and pleasure, the inhabitants of Venice are the most volatile among the Italians. Their graceful and epigrammatic dialect is admirably suited to the expression of wit or good-tempered jocularity. They live for the present day, and are

little given to indulge in sad recollections or gloomy anticipations; one would suppose from their actual manner and language, that ages have elapsed since the extinction of their independence; the present generation seem hardly to remember the name of the once powerful Republic. Thirty years of foreign rule under Austrians and French, have altered the character of the people, and assimilated it to that of the other Italian cities. Some elderly gentlemen, however, are to be met, who talk from personal recollection of times gone by,—of the former sway of the winged Lion,—of the pomp and power of the Senate,—of the dreaded Ten, and their mysterious polity.”

One of these *elders* gave our author a candid account of former manners:—

‘The aristocracy, said he, ‘in the latter times of our Republic, had relaxed from the former austerity of its state maxims, and from the stern exercise of its authority; indolence and licentiousness sank the Patricians to the level of their subjects, whose respect they lost, whilst an inveterate passion of gambling made fearful inroads into their wealth and honour. The nobles alone had the disgraceful privilege of holding the bank at gambling tables, and it was no uncommon sight to behold some of our most conspicuous Senators who filled the first offices of state, appear clad in his toga at the public Ridotto, and deal at his own faro-table! Enormous sums were lost and won with the greatest apparent composure,—whole fortunes were transferred in one night,—and the abuse was defended under the plea that it furnished the best school for learning how to bear with firmness the vicissitudes of fortune. There was also a class of poor nobles called *Barnabotti*, from the name of the parish in which they originally resided, and who, not having the means of holding the bank on their own account, used to deal for merchants and other wealthy commoners, who stood by the side of the dealer, with masks on their faces, and quietly pocketed the profits.’—pp. 22—25.

The licentiousness of Venice was proverbial; celibacy was in fashion among men who had every facility to gratify their passions. The long season of the Carnival, during which masks were habitually worn out of doors, held out encouragement and impunity for guilty intrigues. Marriages among the nobles were a matter of speculation between the parents, and in many cases, the betrothed did not see each other till the day of the nuptials. The anecdote of Leonardo, which our author relates, is an instance of the fatal consequences of such an immoral system. A young patrician being urged by his friends to marry the only daughter of an old and powerful senator, at last gave his assent, without having seen the countenance of the lady, who, whenever she happened to look out of her balcony, appeared invariably wrapped in a long veil. On the day of the wedding, the friends of both families being assembled, the bride, after some time, made her appearance; her veil being thrown off, disclosed features of the most perfect beauty, but which, unfortunately happened to be well known to Leonardo, for he had many months before seen them one night unknown to her, at his own *Casino*, to which she had

came secretly and in disguise, to meet one of his intimate friends. Leonardo did not expose her, but firmly refused her hand, exclaiming, "I cannot be her husband." The offended father raved and threatened, but to no purpose; the match was broke off, and shortly after, the body of Leonardo was found one morning lifeless, and covered with wounds.—p. 35.

We shall not follow Dandolo in his temperate and well written description of the state policy of the Venetian Senate, and of the material changes that had taken place in the course of time in the constitution, and which led to the establishment of the Council of Ten. The French historian, Daru, has amply treated of this in his elaborate history of Venice. This authority, however, is now questioned by Count Tiepolo, one of the surviving members of the old aristocracy of the Republic, and who has come forward to rectify the errors into which he asserts the French writer has fallen. *Audi alteram partem*, is a just and wholesome principle, and we are, therefore waiting with some anxiety for Count Tiepolo's refutation.*

The social and political system of Venice was not, however, one of unmixed evil. Trade and industry were flourishing, the taxes were extremely moderate, property was protected, the people were ruled with gentleness and treated with affability by the patricians, justice, except in political cases, was impartially administered, the police of the capital was effective: 'it is well remembered by some, that forty years ago, *four domestics* of the State Inquisitors, armed solely with their black wands of office, were sufficient to keep in order the immense crowd which filled the approaches to the great square where the Senate gave a bull fight in honour of Paul of Russia and his consort, then travelling in Italy.' (p. 64). The citizen, the merchant of Venice, in the enjoyment of affluence at home, and protection abroad, easily forgave the exclusive aristocracy of his rulers; and the sight of his flourishing country, the activity of its commerce, its peace and security, its wealth and pleasures, were to him compensations for his political thralldom.

With regard to the dependencies of the *subjects*, as they were called, of the Republic, under which name were included the whole of the continental states, the policy of the Senate was various. Dandolo's statement upon this point is clear and concise:—

'The people of Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and the Frioul, having been the first to submit to the Republic, and being nearer the capital, were attached to the government, who treated them with mildness. The Podestas, or civil governors, sent by the Senate, administered justice so as to restrain the local feudal lords and protect the people. But the more remote provinces, situated on the right bank of the Mincio, namely, Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema, were governed in a very different manner. Being on the frontiers of the States of Milan and Mantua, which were successively under the

* *Discorsi sulla storia Veneta, cive rettificazione di alcuni equivoci riscontrati nella Storia del Sig. Darce, del Co. Domenico Tiepolo, patrizio, Veneto. Udine, 1828. In 3 vols.'*

rule of Spain, France, and Germany, those three provinces occasioned much anxiety to the Venetian government. The fierce and turbulent character of the inhabitants rendered them formidable. The policy of the Senate, therefore, was to keep them divided, by means of a state of permanent anarchy unparalleled in a civil community. The local nobles, surrounded by their dependants or satellites, were generally at war among themselves; whole villages and districts sided with either party; hired ruffians bargained for and obtained the price of blood; the stilettos, for the manufacture of which the city of Brescia was long renowned, were in every body's hand, and tragical deaths were so frequent, as not to excite attention: a thousand mangled bodies were exposed to view at Brescia, in the course of one year. The Magistrates shut their eyes to horrors which they were powerless to prevent; and if any of them attempted to make a display of justice, the relations of the guilty ran to Venice, where they were sure to obtain impunity. Thus the minds of the people, agitated by fierce domestic strife, were left open to foreign suggestion and to temptations of revolt. Lawless and criminal license was to them the most acceptable indulgence, and they felt favourably disposed towards a government that allowed them to satisfy their savage and unruly passions.—pp. 75, 76.

The only comment we shall add to this description is, that although in the last century things had assumed a milder and more orderly aspect, yet it was in those very provinces, Brescia and Bergamo, that the revolt against the Senate began in 1797, which afforded the French the first pretext for effecting the ruin of the Republic. Such were at last the fruits of the political education given by Venice to its continental subjects.

We are inclined to dissent from our author's assertion, that the Greek, or Ionian Islands, and the other Venetian colonies on the coast of Albania, were 'governed with equity and humanity by the Venetian Nobles.' We have heard very different stories from people of Zante and Corfu; we have heard of mercenary magistrates, of crimes unpunished, of arbitrary exactions; yet we can easily understand that, comparing their situation with that of their brethren, placed under the sway of the Ottomans, the Venetian Greeks must have felt happy in being under the protection of the flag of St. Mark, safe from the visitation of the neighbouring infidel.

The wild regions of Dalmatia, inhabited by warlike races, were administered by the Venetians in a manner more congenial to the natives. They retained their local customs and authorities; a high officer was the representative of the Senate at Zara, with the title of *Proveditor General*, and was exchanged every three years.* The Sclavonians showed themselves attached to Venice, even to the day of her fall, and furnished the Republic with its trustiest soldiers.

* Carlo Gozzi, the dramatist, gives a curious account of the haughty importance assumed by the officers. Gozzi was on board the galley which conveyed the noble Querini to his Dalmatian government. "When the latter came on board in full costume, in his crimson hat and shoes, he did not seem to notice our profound obeisances, nor to recognise any of the

But we must return from republican Venice, to Venice such as she now is. Alas for the Adriatic Queen ! her fate is truly melancholy, for there can be no doubt of her gradual and unavoidable decay. Of all the Italian cities, Venice has suffered most by the political changes ; her's has been a case of unmitigated severity. Her Patricians and her merchants are mostly ruined, her maritime commerce is removed to Trieste, the wealth of foreign trades, and the tribute of her own conquests, no longer flows to circulate among her citizens. The population of Venice is reduced to less than one half ; it amounts now to hardly one hundred thousand, and it must decrease still, as there is not sufficient employment for it. But when we speak of the calamities of Venice, we must be understood to mean the city ; for the continental provinces once subject to it, have not suffered in the same proportion. Considerable light is thrown on the present condition of this part of Italy, by the second work on our list, namely, the " Statistical prospect of the Venetian provinces, by Quadri." The author, a Venetian, and secretary to the present Government, as had access to authentic documents for the formation of his tables. It appears from his statement, that the Venetian provinces, now forming part of the Austrian dominions in Italy, contain upon an extent of 6,902 square miles, a population of 1,894,000 individuals, making thus 274 inhabitants for a mile ; a ratio higher than that of the rest of Italy, with the exception of the Milanese and of Lucca.* The population has been for years past on the increase, owing in part to the almost universal introduction of vaccination. Before the introduction of this preservative, between five and six thousand victims of the small pox died yearly in the Venetian States. The city of Padua alone, with a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, lost as many as five hundred in one single year.

The various classes bear the following proportion to the whole population.

Landed and other proprietors	1	5.
Merchants and tradesmen	- 1	36.
Artizans	- - - 1	19.
Employés	- - - 1	120.
Pensioners	- - - 1	291.
Sailors and boatmen	- - 1	241.
Medical practitioners	- - 1	926.

officers, although he had often received and entertained many of us, with the most republican affability, in his family mansion at Venice. He looked no one in the face, and the captain of the guard, a young man, having failed in some point of etiquette at his reception on board, Querini had him immediately put in chains and confined below."—*Gozzi's Memoirs.*

* ' Italy, with the islands, comprise a surface of about ninety-three thousand square miles, inhabited by nineteen millions of people.'

Clergymen	- - - - -	1	216.
Lawyers	- - - - -	1	2476.
Destitute, or paupers	- - - - -	1	26.

The total number of paupers is 70,961 individuals. About one third of the population live in towns, and the rest inhabit the country and villages.

About one fifth of the Venetian territory is unproductive, being marshy or mountainous; the growth of corn is in general equal to the consumption; in cattle there has been from 1818 to 1825, an increase of 166 thousand heads, of which four thousand are horses, and two thousand mules.

Table L.V. shows the amount of the revenue, which ascends to *fifty millions and half* of livres. Under the republic it was only *twelve millions*. The land tax is more than one fourth of the estimated produce; two millions are raised by personal taxes. The indirect taxes or duties upon consumption, have been maintained according to Napoleon's system. The mines bring in something more than one million, and employ one thousand three hundred persons. The property of three hundred and fifty-six suppressed convents, which has become national, gives an income of three millions eight hundred thousand livres, of which one million and half is however paid in pensions.* The expences of collecting and administering the revenue, amount to about ten millions: Of the remainder, about four millions must be deducted, which belong to the *communes* or municipalities. The nett revenue of the state is therefore about thirty-six millions, which serve to defray the charges of the civil judiciary, ecclesiastical, military and other departments. Of these charges, however, Quadri gives no detailed statement; the accounts are withheld from the public. A very heavy expence is incurred yearly for the object of restraining the waters of the numerous rivers and torrents, repairing the dykes and canals, and maintaining the celebrated *murazzi*, or walls which protect the city of Venice from the storms of the Adriatic. The charge on the treasury for this item, is nearly one million and a half, independent of the charges defrayed by the communes and proprietors.

The means of instruction for the people, consist in 1,402 elementary schools, which, are attended by 62,000 children; there are

* The church and convent property sold in the Ex-Kingdom of Italy, amounted to more than two hundred millions of livres, and the remainder, which was annexed to the *Demanio* or treasury, amounted to at least an equal sum. If we add the property of the same description seized in Piedmont, Genoa, Parma, Tuscany, and the other parts of Italy annexed to the French empire, and that of the kingdom of Naples, the total amount of church property which has been alienated in Italy under the French, would appear enormous. Thirty millions of francs belong to the *Confraternite*, or lay brotherhoods, were also seized at Venice and its dependencies.

still, however, four hundred villages or cantons without any schools. It is calculated, that only one child in four receives public instruction. For the purposes of literary and professional education, we find 1° twenty-five *gymnasii*, having 164 professors, and frequented by about five thousand pupils. From the *gymnasii* the students pass into the royal Lyceums to pursue their philosophical course, which lasts two years, and includes religious instruction, the various branches of philosophy, Greek and Latin literature, history, drawing, and the German language. The Lyceums are four—at Venice, Verona, Vicenza, and Udine; they are supported by government, and frequented by about nine hundred students. From the Lyceums, those who wish to follow the learned professions proceed to the University of Padua, which is divided into four faculties—theology, law, medicine, and philosophy and mathematics. It has sixty-one professors, and reckons in general about one thousand students. There are also eleven seminaries attached to the various episcopal sees, for those who devote themselves to the church; and sixteen religious establishments for the education of girls. Quadri gives a minute account of the accessory means of education, such as public libraries, which are met with even in second-rate towns, the museums, and the literary and scientific academies.

In the table of crimes and offences, we find a considerable amelioration since 1818. In that year the number of prisoners was as one to 515; it is now as one to 813. It is remarkable that the improvement in the condition of the country began to be felt only in 1818, the scarcity of the two preceding years having retarded the good effects of the restoration of peace. Since the same epoch, thefts and larcenies are reduced to one fourth, robberies attended with violence, to one third, murders to one half, and crimes of false coinage from the number of 34 are reduced to three. Another improvement, which is especially creditable to the government, is observed in the list of charges for *abuse of authority* in civil officers, of which there were in 1817, twenty-nine cases, and in 1823, only seventeen. Under the suspicious name of *grave transgressions in police matters*, we find an increase in the years 1822-23, owing probably to the political effervescence of that period. We notice 3,413 transgressions *not mentioned in the Code*, and the nature of which is not stated by our author. This is one of the least satisfactory features in the whole prospect.

With regard to industry and commerce, the change, as we have before observed, has been severely felt by the City of Venice, after the loss of its independence in 1797. However, since the peace, the wool and silk trade seems reviving, as well as the glass and bead manufactures. In the provinces, the capital employed in agriculture has evidently increased. It is in the great towns that distress, and its attendant immorality, are most observable: the

number of foundlings has increased in Venice—it is now to the births as one to forty-seven. Some good is expected from the establishment of saving banks, which has been introduced at Milan, since 1823.

We cannot follow our author in his details of the various other statistical divisions of his prospect, such as the administration political, judiciary, and economical, the military and naval forces, the department of public beneficence, the church and clergy, &c. We shall only observe, that the incomes of the episcopal and the parochial clergy are very moderate in the Venetian states: that they arise partly from tithes which are, however, only one-fortieth of the produce; partly from fees and partly from funds; the deficit in many cases being supplied by the *Demanio* or treasury, out of the income of alineated church property.

We consider it a favourable sign of the times when we see the government of Italy, Austrian and native, encouraging the publication of statistical works by their own official servant. In another important division of the Peninsula, the kingdom of Naples, a publication of the same nature is in progress, styled *Censimento, o statistica dei reali dominj di qua dal Faro*, by Petroni, an officer in the Neapolitan administration, in which are valuable statements concerning the extent, population, resources and industry of the various provinces of that fine kingdom. The old system of secrecy and jealousy is thereby wisely discarded. Quadri himself observes, that the old Venetian government was by no means ignorant of the necessity of statistics in the science of state, and this he proves by reporting a speech delivered by the Doge Thomas Morenigo, as early as 1420, on the occasion of the impending war with the Duke of Milan; but those grave senators were of opinion, that the information ought to be confined to the rulers, and would prove useless or mischievous if imparted to the people. These ideas begin now to be exploded.

The same deference to the wants of our age has been exhibited by the compilation and publication of a code for each Italian state, in order that every citizen may be acquainted with the law under which he lives. The Austrian code is in vigour in the Venetian and Milanese territories, and an ample commentary and repertory of it was published in Italian soon after the restoration at Milan, by Councillor de Zeiller, in 8 vols. 8vo. In the Sardinian monarchy there is also a printed code, founded on the collection of the laws and edicts which was begun in 1770, by Charles Emmanuel. In the Duchy of Modena the *Codice Estense* is in practice. Tuscany has the code given it by Leopold; and in the Roman states the late Pope promulgated, in 1817, a new civil code; and his successor, Leo XII., has published, in 1824, a “*Riforma*,” or regulations for the better administration of justice, in which he also announced the speedy promulgation of a new

criminal code. In the kingdom of Naples, the Code Napoleon, with some modifications, has been republished with the sanction of the restored government.

In order to appreciate the advantage of these enactments, we ought to compare the present state with the confusion which existed in the judiciary administration and practice of the Italian courts previous to the end of the last century. Laws, edicts, and sentences, promulgated at various epochs during eight or ten centuries, by conquerors and kings of almost every nation in Europe, and often construed in a sort of barbarous Latin, were jumbled together; canonical law clashed with the civil; feudal regulations and privileges were still in vigour in many places; most towns had their old municipal statutes. Of these latter, Tuscany alone reckoned more than *five hundred*. Leopold in Tuscany, and Joseph in Lombardy, began the reform, and at last the French swept away the whole heterogeneous mass in every part of Italy, and substituted the Code Napoleon. That celebrated compilation secured many valuable advantages to the people. The civil code, especially, was digested with great skill. Its system of *hypotheques*, or public register for mortgages, has been found so beneficial, that its provisions have been retained in almost every part of Italy to this day. With regard to the criminal code, notwithstanding its faults, it ensured one great and essential guarantee for individual security, namely, the practice of public trials. And here the Italians have materially lost by the late changes, for they have reverted to the old inquisitorial system of secret proceedings, interrogatories of the accused in prison, and written depositions; there is no cross-examination of witnesses by the defendant; in short, the whole responsibility of the trial rests in a great measure with the reporting judge and the fiscal advocate.

In many cases the punishment of death is accompanied by confiscation of property, the wife and children of the culprit having only claim to alimony, *ad arbitrium* of the Court.

There is, however, no longer any distinction of rank before the law; the use of torture and of torments in general is universally abolished.

The return to the old system of secret pleadings has met with many opponents. The superior advantages of public trials have been warmly sustained in several Italian journals. Romagnosi of Parma* has boldly advocated the cause, refuting the objections of those who pretended that public trials were incompatible with the system of monarchy. Romagnosi, after mentioning the public pleadings of Rome, even under the Cæsars, quotes the authority of Pierre Ayrault, lieutenant criminal at Angers, in his work styled

* One of the most distinguished jurists of Italy. His principal works are—*Genesi del diritto Penale*, and his *Introduzione al diritto Pubblico Universale*. The Italians rank him with Beccaria and Filangeri.

"Ordre, formalités and instructions judiciaires," published so early as 1587, and which shows that, even under Justinian and Valens, trials were public; that they were so in the early councils of the church; "and likewise in the earlier times of the French monarchy; and of this," says Mr. Ayrault, "we have traces still at the gates of our churches, castles, markets, and in the public squares, where are to be seen the seats of the judges who tried the accused *coram populo*."* Romagnosi proceeds to prove that the publicity of trials is no wise incompatible with the system and spirit of a well regulated monarchy; that Catherine of Russia herself, in her "Instructions for a new Code," acknowledged that "secret proceedings savour too much of tyranny and oppression;" and that in the ancient Venetian statutes, "the *placiti*, or trials, were ordered to be carried on with open doors, for the terror of the guilty and the example of others, and for the satisfaction of the good, in order that every one may see strict justice awarded to each indiscriminately." This wise principle of the Venetian republic was, as is well known, put aside afterwards by the Council of Ten, in matters of state.

Romagnosi, in short, Rossi and other Italian jurists, maintain that the secret examination by the informing judge, who reports the case to his colleagues, and then gives his own opinion upon it, tends to bias the judgment of the court; that written depositions afford not sufficient light to the judges, who are apt to trust too much to the diligence and wisdom of their active coadjutor; that, on the other side, although the accused is now secure from personal violence, yet his mind is often kept in a state of torture by the mysterious formalities of his trial; that, in short, public pleadings alone can combine the attainment of the ends of justice with the preservation of individual security. It seems strange that such palpable truth should want defenders in our days!

We have been led into these observations on the judicious system of Italy, by the third work on our list, the "Annals of Coppi," which is a register, not only of political events, but also of all the acts emanated from the various authorities that have succeeded each other in Italy, concerning matters of legislation, political economy, public instruction, &c. Coppi's work is meant as a continuation of Maratori's "Annals of Italy," and the diligence and impartiality of the writer are deserving of great praise. He has given a most useful directory for those who wish to become acquainted with the alterations that have taken place in Italian society since the middle of last century. And we must say that, upon the whole, the progress of improvement has been very great. Italy is now very different from what it was in the memory of living men; even the appearance of the towns, the streets lighted at night, the new roads, the more effectual police, and a hundred

* Ayrault, lib. iii. chap. 56. 69.

other things, attest the hand of improvement. Education is more generally spread, morality and decency have also gained, the noxious custom of *serventism* is on the decline, domestic affection is better valued; there is more union in families, the heads of which no longer strive to force the inclinations of their sons and daughters in the choice of a state. There is more religion and less superstition among the lower classes, and the affectation of infidelity which prevailed in the junior part of the upper orders, is no longer in fashion. All the remains of feudality have been abolished; property is more distributed; agriculture improves, especially in the north; common lands have been enclosed. Some of the Italian states, such as Tuscany and Parma, may be said to be under a liberal administration; in others, such as Austrian Lombardy, the authorities have shown much severity in political matters, but public security is at the same time firmly protected, and the laws are administered with impartiality. Piedmont and Modena are perhaps the two states in which the old system of absolute government has been most scrupulously reinstated. From the very division of Italy, it follows, however, that measures of rigour are seldom general.

Among the disadvantages resulting from the subdivision of Italy into many little states,* must be reckoned the impediments thrown in the way of the communication between the various people. Each state has its line of custom-house, its passports and police, its taxes, its laws, its peculiar currency. The inconvenience resulting from this to individuals, is obvious. Industry, speculation, manufactures, literature, all suffer from the same cause. It has as yet, been impossible to establish *diligences* or stage coaches throughout Italy, the interests of the *vetturini* having proved too strong in the southern States. The mails or letter bags also suffer considerable delay, having to pass at the frontier of each State into the hands of a new courier, and being detained in each Capital a certain time. Goods and travellers are examined a dozen times at least, in proceeding from Milan to Naples. Duties or fees must be paid at every custom-house. Even vessels proceeding from one harbour to the other on the same coast, perform quarantine. And all this, within the natural precincts of the Peninsula, "the Alps and the sea." With regard to books, journals, and other literary intelligence, the consequences are equally injurious. The censors are more severe or scrupulous in some States than in others, and thus, a book which is allowed free circulation at Florence, may be seized on the frontiers of Lombardy, or of the Roman States. Another evil proceeding from the same cause, is the precarious tenure of copyright. A work published in Milan, if it be

*Three Kingdoms, viz.—Sardinia, Lombardy, and the two Sicilies; five Duchies,—Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Lucca and Massa; the Papal States, and last and least, the Republic of San Marino.

good for anything, is re-printed immediately in a cheaper form at Florence, Turin, Bologna, and Naples. If published originally at Florence, it is still worse for the proprietor, for he can only depend on its circulation within the narrow limits of Tuscany. The consequence is, that booksellers seldom can afford to purchase MSS., and authors are obliged to publish their works by subscription, or at their own risk. Such a state of things is fatal to literary spirit and independence. The abuse has been loudly complained of. Monti's poetical works were generally pirated soon after they appeared. Botta's history, and Manzoni's novel, have been re-printed in four or six different towns. But a case which has lately attracted much attention, is that of Dr. Ferrario, who some years ago began publishing at Milan, an expensive work in numbers, with plates, under the title of "*Costume antico e Moderno*," being a description of the customs, dress, religion, government, arts and sciences of antient and modern nations. The price of publication when complete, was fixed at four thousand livres. After many numbers had appeared, a bookseller of Florence announced a re-print at the price of four hundred livres! He prefaced his advertisement with the opinion of a legal friend, who had observed, "that as *all the nations of Europe* plundered each other's literary property, he did not see why the Tuscans should not do the same with a work published at Milan?" The strangeness of this reasoning called the attention of another Florentine advocate, Dr. Collini, who replied to the bookseller and his counsel, in a note which was inserted in the journals. Collini observes, that the practice of re-printing the works of living authors without their sanction, censurable as it is in general, is perfectly inexcusable between the inhabitants of one common country, speaking the same language, having the same literature, and living within a few miles of each other. "This is not so much a question between printer and printer," adds Collini, "as between two weavers of silk or cloth; there is another person principally interested, and that is the author, the creator of the work, about whom neither the bookseller nor his *accommodating* advocate have given themselves any concern."

We observe with pleasure, that the celebrated Angelo Mai obtained from the various Italian governments, the security of his copyright in their respective territories, for the books of Cicero, which he has discovered. This principle of justice ought to extend to all cases of authorship. For this and many other interests which are common to all Italians, there ought to be some sort of federal pact between the various States. We heard not long ago, certain vague reports about a projected Italian confederation; this would perhaps be the only practicable approximation to something like union in the Peninsula.

ART. VI.—1. *Zillah: a Tale of the Holy City*. By the Author of Brambletye House, &c. &c. London: Colburn. 4 vols. 1828.

2. *Tales of the Great St. Bernard*. London: Colburn. 3 vols. 1828.

3. *Tales of Woman*. London: Colburn. 2 vols. 1828.

It was a beautiful fiction of antiquity that made the Muses the daughters of Memory. Of the poetical influence of recollection we have not, in these days, those great and convincing evidences which once gave an easy and striking interpretation to the above allegory. In the poetry of sentiment, the description of the human passions is the same as yesterday and for ever, and the summer fields bloom with the same flowers this year as they did a hundred seasons back. Imagination in compositions of this kind is not obliged to leave her home in the heart, and the present moment is as good as an eternity. Poetry, however, when thus confined to the world of individual self, must have dipped her wings in the divinest dews of human thought, to bear evidence of her high origin. When she fails of this, she becomes the retailer of common-place sentiment, and her beauty and influence over the passions of men are lost. The English muse is at present very nearly in this predicament. Most of our poetry is sentimental, and very little of it powerful and original; without, therefore, having those graces which belong to the modern literature of some other countries, it has lost that splendid dignity, that strength and richness, which belonged to the Muses in classical ages, and gave them the appellation of daughters of Memory.

A mere reader of modern poetry would find it difficult to discover the appropriateness of this title, but to the lover of the Muse in former times, it must have been singularly full of meaning. There was no poem in which there was not a continual looking back to past periods; to the birth-times, and places of cities, heroes, and gods. The vallies and woods, with every rock and fountain, and bowery wilderness, which had been rendered reverent by tradition, were the venerable temples of Memory. She was enshrined in the deepest bosom of Nature, and her solemn teachings, uttered amid the doubts and surmisings of a yet unfledged philosophy, were a stream of inspiration to the meditative muse. When poetry lost somewhat of its romantic and fabling character, when it ceased to catch its wild and mystic strain from the echos of bowery woods and ancient grottos, and took more of the spirit of society, still it retained the marks which associated it with the workings of deep-varied memory; it was still enriched from the relics she had preserved of by-gone days, and the cultivator of it was called the *doctus poeta*, because he was familiar with these treasures, and could employ them in his grave and erudite verse. Since the days of Milton, this epithet of the poet has been inapplicable, and the elegant fable of the Muses' parentage has been long forgotten.

We have been led into this reflection by the character of the romance which stands at the head of the present article. Poetry in the present day has, in many respects, given up her ornaments and graces to romance, and it has of late become by no means uncommon to find the latter possessing the characteristics which once belonged exclusively to the sacred daughters of Memory. The historical romance has many of the most material properties of the epic, and in an age when it is found to flourish, there must be much poetical talent existing. But we have at present a peculiar class of this species of composition, on which very great ability has been employed, and which owes much less to popular caprice for success, than any mere fiction can ever do, *Anastatius*, *Valerius*, the *Kuzzilbash*, and now *Zillah*, whatever may be their relative merit, are to be considered as claiming a rank distinct from that of the historical romance, and for this reason; that they attempt to delight, not so directly by plot and action, as by the representation of scenes on which the mind loves to brood, and which it is the highest gratification of fancy to recal.

The portion of time which the author of *Zillah*, Mr. Horace Smith, has chosen for his present undertaking, presents, like every other which the writer of fiction embraces, the same general difficulties, but to these others are added, which belong peculiarly to that epoch and the scenes with which it was concerned. The Jewish character was from earliest times composed of elements not to be found united in any other, or rather of elements which had been wrought upon and conjoined by circumstances which had never before operated. Raised above all other nations by distinctions, which it would have been blasphemy in them to consider vain, the Israelites' sense of a national distinction and glory degenerated into the sternest and the gloomiest pride that ever filled the human heart. But it was a pride which bore the marks of its particular origin, and from the time of their first kings, to the departing of the sceptre from Judah, it never allowed the austerity of the Jewish kingdom to be confounded with that which operated to the rise or downfall of others. In the same manner we would observe, that every other passion which belonged to this remarkable people, was tinged with mystery, was imbued with an awful energy of good or ill, as the overpowering sense of a present divinity, or the dark errors of humanity, obtained the predominance.

When the prophets ceased to pour forth their inspired counsels, a new era commenced in Jewish history, and one which it is alike interesting and difficult to investigate philosophically. The species of absolute dictatorship which they exercised occasionally, had the effect of keeping the whole line of their wonderful records in full power upon the feelings of the people; when it no longer existed, the consequence was not a mere loss of light and supernatural direction, but the speedy overthrow of the bulwarks which had still kept the nation on its basis, the immediate communica-

tion which they had with the Deity through the instruments he had chosen. But the nature of the human mind would not suffer this once favoured, but now forsaken, people immediately to adapt themselves to this change. They were no more to receive the declarations of the divine will, by messengers coming directly from holding communion with God; the Urim and Thummim, the Shechinah, the dreams and visions, and all the miraculous signs of his presence, were no longer seen to manifest his acknowledgment of their worship or petitions. But though the true and accredited inspiration of prophecy was ceased, and the splendour of a Deity's domination lost, the feelings of strange and trembling expectation were not, and hence superstition, when she left heathen temples to traverse in a different guise the shores of the Jordan, is seen walking in darkness, as she must always do, but mixing her words and parables in the grandest and most imposing tones with those of truth. Still, therefore, there were prophets among the people; still the dreamer of dreams, and seer of visions, had the power of securing attention, and hence another most singular set of circumstances, characterizing the Jewish nation at the period in which our author has laid his tale. Notions then prevailed, which bowed down the simple-minded to the yoke of every impostor who thought their subjection worth his time, and the bold and the adventurous had the strongest temptation to make the most ambitious attempts on the liberties of their country. While, therefore, the densest cloud of error and doubt hung over this desolate people, anarchy, treason, and not seldom slaughter, lifted up their voices among them, and no one was to be found who was not filled with dismay, either by the prodigies which superstition, or the terrors which war or rebellion, created.

The state of society, when such causes for its destruction were in action, must have been appalling. But there was a bond which still kept it from at once falling into ruin. Amid all the misery and slaughter which domestic and foreign enemies inflicted from year to year, the idea of a great national deliverance never forsook them. The noblest and the highest meaning of the revelations they possessed was perverted, totally perverted, by the sense which the Rabbis had given to the promises of this deliverance. But in its feeblest and most imperfect interpretation, it acted with miraculous force for a long time in the preservation of the Jews as a people. It gave them a supernatural strength in their contests with their most powerful enemies, and while it led to the attempts of many impostors, it at the same time evinced the mighty power which the original belief had upon their minds. From the lowest member of the community to the highest, the expectation of a great and magnificent ruler, was cherished as the dearest of hopes. The priest failed him in all his rites, the princes of Israel looked for him as he who should portion out to them the kingdoms of the earth; the Jewish lass, in her warm and glowing dreams, imagined the splendour which would attend his coming, and the glorious freedom

of her country, and the newly married bride rapt herself in visions of joy, thinking her first-born might be the promised king who should rise from among the people. If to these considerations, which point out one or two of the circumstances which modified the character of the Jews in so remarkable a manner at the period alluded to, we add those which belong to the political relations which subsisted between them and other nations, we shall have some idea of the difficulties which an author has to encounter in delineating the state of society, and the character of the people as they then appeared.

Another point to be regarded, is the very peculiar aspect which belongs to all scenes of Jewish life, whether public or private. Without a full knowledge of the typical meaning of the ceremonies which attended the religious services of the nation, they must be described without making any impression, grand and impressive as they were. According to the best idea we can now form of them, we question whether any reader, ignorant of their interpretation would not turn away with a feeling of impatience from the most detailed and accurate account of every thing that passed in the temple from one passover to another. Now it is by no means an easy matter for a novelist to do more with his descriptions than give general ideas. In battle-scenes, chivalrous customs, or the manners of a well-known people, this may do exceedingly well, but in accounts of antient religious rites, and especially in the case of the Jews, whose character was entirely founded on their religion, there must be a closer resemblance, or the description leaves either a very inadequate, or a very wrong impression. There is no doubt the religious customs of the Jews, many and various as they were, can only be described in a picturesque way by the author, who has not merely studied the positive facts which concern the attempt, but who has thought so long and so curiously on all the parts of it, that the scenes he is about to describe have risen before his eyes, entire and fresh as thought can make them. Unless this be the case, there will be nothing more than little detached pieces of a picture, evidences of antiquarian search and labour, but none of the poetry of romance, none of the grave and solemn dignity which becomes the daughters of Memory.

In turning to the work to which these observations refer, it will be seen that we regard the design of its author as deserving considerable attention, and it does so for more than one reason; for in the first place, considered as a work of fiction, it belongs to the very highest class, and in its relation to the country and people to which it refers, it has an importance which few other works of the same nature can claim. To give a clear and striking representation of Jerusalem and its inhabitants, is to give the modern reader a whole new set of impressions, and to introduce him to scenes and characters of which he has hitherto had only the most vague conception. We could have wished that our author had been content with attempting to do this alone, and that he had

preserved the unity of his design by not taking so wild a flight as he has done from one country and city to another. But we must endeavour to give the reader some idea of the plan of the story.

The point of time in which the events recorded took place, was about the the 40th year before the appearance of our Saviour, when Antigonus had just been seated on the throne by the power of the Parthians, and Herod, by his intrigues and interest at Rome, had obtained a counter-grant of the kingdom from Antony and Octavius. The principal characters in the tale are Antigonus the King and High Priest, the Sagan, who by his office was next to him in rank, the daughter of this dignitary, one or two supposed Prophets, a half wild Arab girl, and an officer of the Roman army. Besides these, however, there are several others which occupy an inferior station in the plot, such as Cleopatra, the Egyptian Queen, Marc Antony, the Sagan's wife, and sundry courtiers and courtizans. The story opens with a description of the preparations which were being made for the celebration of one of the three grand festivals, that of the Pentecost, at which the people from every town and hamlet in the Holy Land were present with offerings of gratitude for the fruitfulness of their hills and valleys. Having introduced a mention of the Sagan and his daughter in a conversation between two of the inferior persons, and given some intimation of an intended journey to Rome, we have the following account:—

‘Malachi Ben Lachish, the Sagan, or second High Priest of the Jews, whose mission to Rome had excited so much surprise and indignation in the widow Dinah, although of the ancient Aaronitish line, was the son of a poor man, and in all probability would never have attained his elevated situation, but from his knowledge of the Latin tongue. So great was the contempt of the Hebrews for all other nations, whom they indiscriminately considered as infidels and barbarians, that most of them disdained to acquire their languages; while there were some who even held it an abomination to speak in any other tongue than that which had been consecrated by God himself, both in his revelation of the Law to Moses, and in the subsequent oracles that he had given forth from the cloud that hovered between the Cherubim of the Sanctuary. Theirs was the only language that had been uttered by angels and spirits in their communications with the chosen people:—it was that in which the only Heaven-inspired prophets had ever spoken;—it was that in which the Divine will was recorded and embalmed: and being thus hallowed to their recollections, it is little wonderful that they should deem it a degradation to use the strange speech of the idolatrous Gentiles. Some of the upper classes, however, had been induced to acquire the Greek and Latin languages, from a love of the literary treasures which they contained; others, from the necessity occasioned by political relationship, for the Jews had long since formed treaties with both those nations; but their number was still so small, when Jerusalem was taken by Pompey, that it was not easy to find a person competent to maintain that regular correspondence with the Roman government, which was rendered necessary by the new situation of the kingdom. Malachi Ben Lachish was upon this occasion, and solely from his superior fami-

liarity with the Latin tongue, promoted to an office corresponding in some degree with that of the modern Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Of this he had continued to discharge the functions for a series of years, and in times of great trouble and difficulty, with not less credit to himself than benefit to his country ; when in an evil hour, and after he had passed the meridian of life, he was led to form a second marriage.

‘ Injudicious as was the step, or at least the choice he made, his motive was most amiable, and did honour to his heart, however it might derogate from his judgment. Zillah, the only child bequeathed to him by his first wife, was now in her sixteenth year ; and being the sole claimant of his love, he bestowed it upon her with all the intensity of an ardent and affectionate temperament. Educating her himself, he had not only instructed her in Greek, but had rendered her a perfect mistress of the Latin tongue. Selections from the best writers in both languages had been placed at her disposal ; so that at this early age she was a scholar, such as it would not have been very easy to parallel among her male contemporaries, and perhaps impossible in her own sex. The occasional falsehood and folly of this Pagan lore in a religious and moral point of view, the cautious father had not failed to point out and to stigmatise ; but it was unnecessary : a much less penetrative and acute faculty than Zillah’s could discover the thorns that were too palpable to be hidden by the most lavish profusion of roses, and she was content to imitate the bee by extracting harmless honey from bitter and even poisonous flowers. Never, indeed, was there a being less liable to contagion of this or of any sort. To one of so pure and sensitive a mind, thus cloistered, as it were, in a holy sanctuary, religion became a vital and ineradicable portion of her being. It might be said, indeed, to grow spontaneously in the moral soil of Jerusalem, to form the very atmosphere of the Holy City, in which the souls of its inhabitants must be necessarily steeped and saturated ; for, who among the young and ardent Israelites could grow up in the daily sound of the sacred trumpets calling the chosen people to the worship of its God ; who could witness the solemn processions of the priests, and the devotions of the assembled nation ; who could contemplate the grandeur of the Temple, with all its awful reminiscences ; who could walk along the streets, where almost every house was lifted out of its materiality by some divine association, where “ the stone cried out of the wall, and the beam answered it ; ” who could wander around the town, where the sound of every footfall called up some august or miraculous event, and the very dust had been hallowed by the tread of angels and of prophets ;—who could stray among the surrounding deserts and fruitful valleys, the rocks and precipices, the caverns, sepulchres, and monuments, each ennobled by its own particular record, and all conjuring up the most remote ages from the dark abysses of time, while they united earth to Heaven by a continued succession of revelations, prodigies, and prophecies ;—who could be encompassed by such visions of supernatural glory, and not feel himself ready to spring out of his humanity, and become sublimised, as it were, in the fervour of religious enthusiasm ?

‘ Such were the scenes, and such the solemn meditations to which Zillah had, from her childhood, been accustomed ; and as the chameleon assumes the hue of the objects by which it is surrounded, so had her character assimilated itself to the locality in which she moved. No other

soil could have produced her; she might emphatically be termed a Daughter of Jerusalem,—of that holy city whose children might justly consider piety and patriotism as almost synonymous and interchangeable terms. A mind thus formed would be naturally sedate and meditative; but there was a graciousness, a suavity in her temperament, which redeemed her at once from the feeling and the appearance of any severity that might be incompatible with her youth and innocence.’—vol. i. pp. 23—29.

The embassy with which the Sagan was charged, and which required his immediate departure for Rome, was to Antony, whom he was commissioned by Antigonus to persuade, by every motive that could be urged, to establish the latter on the throne of Judah. Zillah was to accompany her father to the Imperial city, but before her departure, circumstances occurred which filled her mind with strange forebodings, and prepared her in some degree for the distresses which she was about to meet. She was one morning, according to her custom, proceeding to the bath of Enrigel, with her two maids, when their attention was attracted by observing on the banks of the brook Cedron, a group composed of specimens of the most motley classes that were at that period to be found in Jerusalem. There were Pharisees, as formal in their looks as in their garments, half naked Egyptian slaves, temple servants busy in drawing water for the services of the day, philosophers calculating and making diagrams, and the proud disbelieving Sadducee regarding every thing round him with the supercilious smile of open contempt. But it was the figure round whom this group was collected, that fixed the gaze of the astonished Zillah and her attendants. The singular being thus encountered, is one of the most active characters in the work; his appearance is described with some force:—

‘Familiar as was the eye of Zillah with scenes such as that presented to her upon reaching the spot, it was one sufficiently characteristic of the age and of the locality to justify a description. The prominent object, around which the majority of the little crowd had stationed themselves in a ring, was a wild-looking, half-naked young man, whose hairy skin seemed to have been burnt to a hue of the swartest brown, by constant exposure to the elements. The hide of some strange animal, belted around his loins, and scarcely hanging to his knees, constituted his only clothing. Around his throat was slung a large bottle formed of a goat’s skin, the hair being turned inwards, and the exterior pitched together in such a way that the neck of the animal served also for that of the vessel; while behind him hung a pouch, or scrip, of wolf’s fur, so arranged as that the gaping mouth of the beast became the aperture at top. The stranger’s head and beard, neglected and dishevelled, and yet naturally and even picturesquely crisp and curling, displayed one dense mass of dark hair, whose black depths appeared to assume a still deeper hue from the contrast of the chalky road-dust, which had settled here and there upon the outer curls. His features and form, so far as this hirsute investiture allowed them to be seen, were remarkably handsome; his eyes of surpassing brilliancy, his limbs cast in a mould of the finest symmetry; and though there was something savage in

his look, he exhibited in no respect the aspect of a vulgar ruffian, or of any low-born enthusiast. His gestures and attitudes were graceful; his voice, though he sometimes muttered, and anon burst into great vehemence of articulation, was far from unmelodious; and his language was not that of a rude or uneducated person. In his right hand he held a tall branch of the wild fig-tree, in the fork of which was perched a large bird of the raven species, whose piercing eyes seemed to rival those of its master. Anticipating the cunning device of Mahomet, he had secreted some sort of food in his ear, which was overshadowed by his umbragious hair; pretending that when the bird thus fed itself, it was whispering to him the dark revelations of futurity.

“Zillah was withdrawing from the crowd, when the self-styled prophet, advancing a few paces towards her, exclaimed in a low and gentle voice —“ Doubtless, fair maiden, you come up to Jerusalem with your festival friends; when go you hence, and which of the cities of Judæa may boast that among its dwellers it possesses one more beautiful than Vashu, more worthy of the royal crown of loveliness than even the glorious niece of Mordecai?”

““I am a daughter of Jerusalem,” replied Zillah, with a distant inclination of her head, and moving forward to leave him.

““And if I might know your name, O fairest of her daughters, and that of the street in which you reside, my heart would learn how to call upon its charmer, and my feet would be taught whither they should wander.”

““These are questions which I answer not to a stranger;—I have perhaps said too much in telling him that I am a dweller in the Holy City.”

““Call it not by that inappropriate name,” ejaculated the figure, throwing himself into an attitude, and resuming his vehement and rhapsodical intonation—“it is no residence for thee, who art a hind of loves and a pleasant roe; it is an Admah and a Zeboim, upon which the fire of Heaven shall quickly be poured from every corner of the sky, for its Temple, and its palaces, and its hovels, are sinks of iniquity. Lo! dost thou not see the angel, the destroying angel of the Lord, already hovering over the proud but guilty city? Hark! the thunder bellows in the distance, and it shall soon burst from the sky in a roar that shall shake down the once mighty Jerusalem into the dust from which it sprang! Listen to me, O ye Israelites! I am called Esau, because I have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage; and the man of the mountains, because I dwell among the wild asses and the untamed goats, and hearken to the howling of wolves and the screaming of eagles. Listen to me, for this prophetic bird flies up to the sky at night, and brings me down its secrets, and whispers them into mine ear; ay, the secrets of the past as well as of the future; for it is the same raven that Noah sent forth out of the ark, and which returned to him not.””—vol. i. pp. 56—61.

Soon after this occurrence, the father and daughter set forth on their important journey. The scenery round Jerusalem, is described with much beauty of style, and from the impressions left on our minds by the narrative of travellers, appear to be faithfully correct. Having concluded their first day's journey, they arrived

at a lonely caravansera among the mountains, where they were to repose for the night. But Zillah, left to the silence of her little apartment, and with thoughts strongly excited by late occurrences, was kept watching hour after hour for the return of day, till she was startled by the sound of music. She stole to her lattice, and to her surprise, recognised in the noble figure of an armed knight, no other than Esau the prophet, who, gallantly accoutred, and mounted on a splendid Arabian barb, rode out of the yard of the caravansara.

On the next and following days, they pursued their journey with as much speed as the delicacy of Zillah would allow. Joppa and the other towns, through which their route lay, are described with equal felicity as the earlier scenes. But nothing material occurred till they came to Brundisium. They arrived at this place when the votaries of Venus Verticordia were occupied in the festivities of her worship, and the zeal of the Sagan, united with the curiosity of one of the attendants, was near occasioning the destruction of the whole party. Nothing would satisfy the prying Gabriel, a reduced relative of the ambassador, but a peep into the penetralia of a temple while the priestesses were at their rites, and while this dangerous undertaking was in progress, the Vicar of the High Priest was rousing the worshippers of Jupiter to madness, by refusing, with every expression of disgust, to taste the flesh of oxen, which had been offered to him in sacrifice. The consequence of all this was a speedy assault of the towns-people upon the defenceless travellers, from which they were only delivered by the interference of a pert, good-tempered little prætor, who contrived to get them safe out of the place.

Just before they entered Rome, they had a still narrower escape from destruction, for they encountered Marc Antony, in company with his mistress, Volumnia, traversing the country in his car, drawn by two most formidable lions. Terrified beyond control by this tremendous vision, the horses took fright, plunged over hill and stream, and left the amazed Sagan and his companions to bear the laugh of the delighted courtesan. But the effect of this meeting was an important one. The Triumvir, enamoured of Zillah's surpassing loveliness, sent one of his attendants to discover her name and rank, and had the satisfaction to find she was the daughter of a man who had so much depending on his favour.

On their arrival at Rome, scenes and adventures met them, which seemed to tally exactly with the dark sayings which they had heard uttered by more than one soothsayer. Zillah soon became noticed by the most favoured personages about the court, and Antony lent an attentive ear to the political suggestions of the Sagan, aided as they were by the secret passion which he cherished for his daughter.

But before the secret of the dangerous situation in which the Jewish maiden stood was discovered, she again heard the warning

voice of the mysterious Esau, and, which was a more important circumstance in her fortunes, became the object of an ardent love to a young and noble Roman. There is in this, as in several other parts of the narrative, a too evident straining after details which may serve to fill out the bulk of the story. Descriptions of elephant fights, of feasts, or of persons that have no part in the plot, are always injudicious, if not tiresome, and add neither to the general effect of the work, nor to the amusement of the reader. It was not long, however, as the tale continues, before Antony proceeded to make his passion known. The discovery had the effect of maddening the Sagan with the most violent fury, and of filling Zillah with feelings of dread and horror. The proud but base suitor was rejected with indignation, and the unfortunate strangers waited in trembling anxiety for the period of their return home. But the master of half the world was not easily to be baffled in his designs. A plot was laid for separating the maiden from her father, and she was carried by the creatures of Antony to a solitary temple, inhabited by the priests of Cybele.

‘ This building was one of the most ancient structures in the vicinity of Rome, and suffering apparently from dilapidation and neglect, as much as from the assaults of time, was situated in a sandy rocky soil, sequestered from every other habitation, and surrounded by aged oaks and fir-trees, several of which were quite dead from excessive antiquity, while all were more or less bald, withered, and decayed ; a state in which they did but the more mournfully and appropriately harmonise with the forlorn, desolate character of the building. It was low, and had been originally massive, but one of the rude columns in its front having given way, the crumbling pediment was toppling to its fall ; the walls having been found inadequate to the support of the heavy roof, it had been removed at some former period, and a covering of thatch substituted, which was overgrown with lichens and wild flowers ; while the whole edifice was so darkened with the breath of ages, so tinted with weather-stains, so choked around with rank weeds and a little wilderness of shrubs, that it might rather seem some old deserted barn, than a Temple of the wife of Saturn. Nature, in fact, long left to her own luxuriance, had been silently asserting her reign, until she had partly triumphed over the work of Art, the columns and walls being mantled with ivy, and the roof with moss, so that the entire mass had almost assumed a vegetable appearance,—an evidence of neglect which sufficiently attested the deserted state of the fane. Newer and more stately structures within the walls of Rome, had supplanted it ; the worshippers had fled, and the profligate priests, in order to eke out their scanty revenues, had converted it into a house of accommodation for such of the Roman libertines as had willing beauties whom they wished to meet in secrecy, or refractory ones whom they resolved to intimidate and subdue,—in which latter capacity it was now intended to be employed by Mark Antony.’—vol. iii. pp. 133—135.

From this prison, however, Zillah escaped, a fire very opportunely breaking out the very night she had been committed to its strong holds. Having, with great difficulty, regained the house in

which her despairing father was lodged, the travellers determined on making their instant escape from a place in which they were beset by dangers of so many kinds. They accordingly set out, but their path was as perilous as their resting place. Pirates, shipwreck, and volcanos, presented each their worst terrors to appal them, and they at last reached the city of Alexandria only to be sold as slaves. But here another miracle was to be wrought for the deliverance of the heroine. She no sooner discovered that the pirate into whose hands she and her friends had fallen, intended to sell them into captivity, than she found herself again in the hands of Antony, who had previously arrived at Alexandria. Confined by him in a spacious apartment of the palace, she now began to give up all hope of deliverance, when, to her surprise, she heard a melodious voice singing one of her native melodies, and almost immediately after, an Egyptian woman, of the most exquisite beauty, stole into the apartment. This was no other than Cleopatra herself; and it was not long before, with her powerful aid, Zillah once more made her escape.

At length they arrived at Jerusalem, but it was not long to enjoy the sweets of return. Busy preparations for an attack on all sides, from Herod and his Roman allies, were immediately set on foot, and the holy city was soon after environed with a mighty army. Zillah took an active part in exhorting her countrymen to exertion for their nation, but it was in vain, and she saw them repulsed without a hope of better fortune. In the mean time, however, she had made important discoveries; and they were, that Esau, the Prophet, was the son of her mother-in-law, by a former husband, and the lover of her dear Arab friend, and that her own lover, the Roman Felix, was in the besieging army. When the victors took possession of the city, these long harassed and devoted lovers fled into the wilderness, where Felix and Zillah, who had been both dangerously wounded, were secreted in safety by Esau, now called Ephraim, and his mistress. The latter characters are the best delineated in the work. The one bold and enthusiastic, thinking himself wronged by being near, but not on the throne, is strikingly portrayed in his assumed office of a prophet; the latter full of love and tenderness, but wild, and loving no home but the desert, is a character beautifully conceived, though slightly touched. The conclusion of the story presents us with a sweet and pleasant vision, on which we could repose our thoughts for some time.

‘At the suggestion of the former, they continued their journey, by such easy stages, as retarded not the recovery of the invalid, until they reached an exquisitely beautiful and picturesque spot, forming a perfect garden of Eden, on the borders of the Red Sea, at the northern extremity of Arabia Felix. “I was once brought to this little Paradise by my mother,” said Lilla, “and if any sylvan beauty, if any loveliness of earth could induce me to chain myself to one spot, this should be the place.

Were I content to be as a flower, drawing my sustenance from the ground, and breathing odours to heaven, but fettered to one little modicum of earth, in this enchanting garden would I live and fade away. Or, could I be satisfied, like one of those little rivulets, to run my fixed course, prattling, and sparkling, and playing with the bright pebbles, the nodding flowers, and the glancing shadows; listening to the song of birds, the shepherd's pipe, and the chime of my own liquid music, until dying in the same bed wherein I was born, I should gradually exhale myself into the skies, amid these pleasant bowers would I wind my gentle way, and close my peaceable career. To me and to my brave Ephraim, the wilderness, the desert, the camp, the bounding barb, the wide earth, and above all, the feeling that we are free as the air we breathe, are the sole and transcendent delights of life; but to those who admire the loveliness better than the stern sublimity of nature, and feel not the imprisonment of a permanent residence, what scene can be so eligible, so exquisite, as this?"

'It was, indeed, a landscape of surpassing beauty. Enamelled with flowers, refreshed by numerous rivulets, cooled by the sea-breezes, perfumed with the ambrosial fragrance of balm, cinnamon, and myrrh, it well deserved the name of the Little Paradise, bestowed upon it by Lilla. Not less healthful than aromatic, the very air delighted the senses and exhilarated the soul; the fruits were more abundant and exquisite than in any other region; and the palm-trees peculiar to this happy spot, bore yellow, red, and purple dates, equally grateful to the sight, and delicious to the palate. At a few miles distance was a seaport town, the emporium of the rich spices and drugs, shipped by the Arabian merchants, one of whom had built a stately pleasure-house, in the most picturesque part of the district which we have been describing. Felix purchased it, and in this mansion was soon afterwards solemnized the double marriage of Zillah and Felix, Lilla and Ephraim, the Sagan himself performing the ceremony. The two latter soon took their departure, to resume that roving and unfettered life, for which long habit and individual temperament had so expressly fitted them, promising, however, to return, at least once a year, to visit their friends.'—vol. iv. pp. 306—309.

It will be seen, from the idea we have already given, of this work, that it is one which we would by no means confound with the great herd of novels and romances which are daily issuing from the press. It is one which must have cost the author considerable study, and there are few readers who may not peruse it with profit as well as interest. But that it has faults, and those not slight ones, we must not conceal. The plot is altogether ill managed, and the incidents are put together in so clumsy a manner, that no one could discover the hand of an experienced novelist in any one of the leading features of the story. For the language, except in the descriptions, it is often feeble, and not always free from vulgarity; but the greatest cause of complaint which we find against the author, is the interminable number of incidents, and we might almost add characters, which he has introduced, which have nothing to do with the story, and which might be removed to

the great ease and satisfaction of the reader. But notwithstanding this censure, the work is a production of great merit, and deserves to rank well among the best of its kind.

The 'Tales of the Great St. Bernard' are another production of the highly talented author of *Salathiel*, and afford a convincing proof of the versatility of his genius. The custom of introducing various stories by some connecting fiction, has been imitated from Bocaccio by almost every writer of tales from his time to the present. But it has not seldom happened, that owing to the rudeness of the contrivance, an uncomfortable impression has been given which the merit of the stories themselves has not been sufficient to remove. Among, however, the most ingenious introductions which have been written, is that of our author in his present work. There is something finely poetical and romantic in the description he has given of the old monastery among the rocks of the Great St. Bernard, of the storms and mountain earthquakes, which overtook the wanderers on their journey, and of the hospitable care with which the fathers of the convent provided the sick or weary travellers. The reader passes from this beautiful introduction, full of pleasant thoughts, to the tales related by the guests, in the secure but storm-bound citadel. The stories consist of two long and several shorter ones, from the latter of which we select the Italian's as a specimen. This powerful little piece is a tale related while the speaker is supposed to be leaning out of the window of a Sicilian convent, and looking at the magnificent brow of Etna enveloped in a midnight tempest. The subject of it is the love adventure of a young Italian, who, having the good fortune to obtain the affections of a celebrated beauty, brought upon himself the determined hatred of the Sicilian nobles, whom she had rejected. He is first dangerously wounded, and next tempted into a seeming conspiracy, for which he is afterwards apprehended, and doomed to die. His mistress, in the mean time, is forced into a convent, and made the witness of her lover's supposed traitorous designs, in order that her testimony may be received against him. The following conversation took place between her and a confessor, who had been employed by the Marchese Spontini, the supposed friend, but most deadly enemy of the lover :—

“ And now,” said he, rising from his seat, and in a voice of sudden authority, ‘ I command you, daughter, to discard this man from your heart,—for he is a villain !’

“ Had a thunderbolt fallen at Carolina's feet, she could not have been more overwhelmed. She felt her senses failing her ; and, as if she determined to know the whole depth of her misfortune, that she might carry it with her to the grave, she flew to the casement, and gasping for air, bade him reveal this whole horrid secret.

“ The confessor then in the meekest tone, and with the smoothest reluctance to hurt her feelings by abrupt disclosure, suffered himself to be led, question by question, into a highly-coloured detail of the festivities under the roof of the marchese. Vivaldi was described as the most ani-

mated of the party, and repaying the general admiration by the most particular attentions. The names of some women of equally elevated rank and dubious respectability, were forced from the "unwilling narrator;" and before he left the apartment, the lovely penitent was in a state bordering upon that which no physician can cure—a broken heart.

"In the evening he returned, for he had 'felt it impossible to leave her in that state of mind; and had luckily prevailed on his prior to send another of the brethren to Trapani as his substitute.

"He found Carolina recovered from her dejection; but the fever of her heart appeared only to have been transferred to her brain. She had assumed a light and fantastic gaiety; talked of the morning's discovery with something of contemptuous ridicule; and wiping away a tear, which she declared was the last that she should ever shed for any thing so absurd as human regard, avowed herself tired of the monotony of the cloister, and desirous to return into the living world.

"The confessor was 'charmed with so salutary a renovation;' congratulated her on her just scorn of the soldier; lauded the marchese; and while he regretted that 'single blessedness should lose so fair an ornament, yet allowed that 'convents were not made for all minds.'

"He now turned to an escrutoire, to write a note to her family, communicating the change. But he had scarcely written a line, before his hand was arrested. The hand which seized it was as cold as ice. Carolina stood over him. The face on which he looked was of marble whiteness; its intensely black eyes shot upon him as if they could read his soul; and the confessor deemed himself in the power of a lunatic.

"Can I have been deceived?' said she, in a shuddering tone. 'There is treachery in every wind that blows over this island. There is treachery in the palace, but there is tenfold treachery in the cloister. As you hope for mercy in your last hour, tell me, have I not been deceived?'

"Daughter, I would not willingly add to your distress. But you doubted my story of the guilt of that man to whom, in an unguarded moment, you had given your innocent affections. Do you recognise this writing?'

"She glanced over the papers with a burning look. 'It is the Signor Vivaldi's,' was the answer.

"Then read what he has written.'

"It was a letter to a celebrated personage, the Lady Aurelia Melzi, a widow of remarkable beauty. It concluded with some raillery of Carolina, and a contemptuous description of her portrait, which appeared to have been one of the lover's sacrifices at the shrine of the new idol.

"Carolina read the satire with a languid smile. At length she said with an effort, 'This letter must be a forgery. My portrait could not have been given up to be insulted. He may have forgotten me; but he is not—villain enough to have done this.'

"The confessor drew a small box from his bosom. She watched it with a dry dilated eye, as it was slowly unfolded from a succession of papers. But suspense at length grew agony; she grasped it, tore open the last envelope, saw her own portrait, and with a wild laugh stood gazing. She did not faint; she uttered no exclamation; but stood gazing on the fatal evidence, until, as if she longed to indulge her indignation alone, she waved the confessor away.

“But there was no attempt on his part to approach; he dared as soon have approached a flash of lightning. She laid down the portrait, and said,—‘Now, sir, conduct me to the world—or to my grave; which you please.’—vol. iii. pp. 306—309.

In vain did Vivaldi remonstrate against the iniquity of his arrest, declare he had not the slightest connection with the Carbonari, and threaten vengeance against the whole island if he were not instantly liberated. He was condemned to be shot, and in twelve hours after the sentence was passed. The monk who had just informed him of his fate, was retiring, when

“The door was again opened; and Carolina, in deep mourning, and scarcely able to stand, was led in. Vivaldi sprang forward, and flung his arms round her with wild delight. She stood silent; and no more resisted, nor returned his embrace, than if she had been lifeless. He drew back, in wonder and alarm.

“‘My love,’ said he, ‘I did not think that our next meeting would have been here.—But you look pale, and I fear that you have been unhappy.’

“She hung down her head, and sighed as if her heart were breaking.

“He pressed his lip to her forehead, and they remained for some time in the deep rapture of sorrow. At length he broke the silence, and taking her feeble hand, said, ‘My Carolina, as it was the hope of my soul that you should be my wife, here let us—ay, even in this dungeon—take hands, and pledge ourselves to Heaven.’

“She withdrew her hand with a convulsive motion.

“‘We can at least die together,’ murmured he, as he sought the retiring hand.

“‘It was to die I came,’ were the words uttered by her marble lip.

“‘Here then swear, my Caroline, that living or dying you will be mine, my love—my wife,’ and he knelt before her.

“‘Your wife!’ she shrieked, recovering terrible conviction,—‘your wife,—I who am your murderess!’

“Vivaldi felt as if a ball had struck him; but Carolina had found with her confession her strength of mind: she made him sit down; and with a frightful composure went through the whole detail of what she called her ‘treachery.’

“They sat together for an hour; during which Vivaldi had vainly attempted to reconcile Carolina to existence, and had only increased her desire to die with him, by clearing up the mystery of the letters and the picture—the one having been forged, and the other stolen. There was in all this a strange mixture of delight and agony; and the passion of these two high-hearted creatures never burned with a brighter flame than when it was so near extinction for ever.

“The roll of a muffled drum struck the ear. Carolina knew the sound, and flinging herself into her lover’s arms, determined not to be separated from him, even in the grave. A hasty step started from the door, at which a masked and muffled figure had been long listening unseen in the twilight of the dungeon.

“‘The time is come,’ said the figure; ‘yours, sir, to die the death of a traitor; and yours, signora, to obey the will of your friends, and insult men of honour no more.’

“He attempted to force her away. Vivaldi sprang furiously upon him.

In the struggle he struck off the intruder's mask, and saw the marchese! He exclaimed, 'Spontini!'

"'Ha! have you found me, then?' muttered his antagonist, drawing a pistol from his bosom. Vivaldi grasped it, and with Carolina fainting on his arm, had yet the vigour and dexterity to wrest it from his hand. Spontini foaming with wrath, drew another; but before he could pull the trigger, Vivaldi had fired—the roof was covered with the villain's brains.

"'Vivaldi stood bewildered; but the wits of women are quick. The door lay open. Carolina put the dead man's mask on her lover, muffled him in a cloak, and with the undischarged pistol in her hand, led him from the vault. All impediment seemed to have been carefully removed. She met neither monk nor military in the house. The garden gate was open: at a short distance were grooms with horses; she made signs to them to approach. The measure was hazardous; but, friends or enemies, she must venture.

"'No words were exchanged. The men wore masks, and were evidently placed there for some sinister purpose. Vivaldi mounted a led horse; his mistress was placed on another; and they all set off full gallop to the shore. There a barge was lying, with its sails up, ready for instant flight. The attendants put them on board, and the barge flew before the wind.

"'My regiment," said the Neapolitan, "had been ordered to Lucca; and in one of the intervals of service, a party or two of us had gone down to spend a day or two at Livorno. We had been riding on the sea-shore, when our attention was caught by the beauty and swift sailing of a felucca, a gilded and ornamented thing, that swept like a feather along the water. We raced to meet it at the landing-place. But it had fairly beaten us: and on the shore I heard my name called out by a wild-looking figure, sallow as an Indian, bearded as a Turk, and lank as a greyhound. Conceive our astonishment when we found that it was our comrade, the gallant and handsome Vivaldi, in proper person. His companion was my disdainful flame, and the general Sicilian wonder, the loveliest of the lovely, the bewitcher of all hearts, Carolina Visconti."—vol. iii. pp. 311—315.

These tales form a really most delightful book, and we almost envy the reader who can sit down to them for the fresh enjoyment of its delicious contents. The next work, 'The Tales of Woman,' have much romance in their composition, and an air of knight-errant gallantry about them, which will render them agreeable to many readers. They are certainly very superior to several productions of the same class, but they occasionally fail in natural grace and probability.

ART. VII.—1. *Dews of Castalie.* By J. Johns. London: Hunter. 1828.

2. *Scenes of War; and other Poems.* By John Malcolm. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1828.

THERE is so much pretence about the first of these volumes, that we should have passed it over with the neglect which is the due

reward of overweening conceit, had we not discovered a few gleams of talent which demand attention. Who Mr. Johns is, what the professional and important duties may be which have been lightened by the inspiration of the muse, or where or by whom his verses have been honoured by the vast praise he mentions, we know not, nor have we been induced, by his bold and high-sounding preface, to place a higher value on the efforts of his genius than on those of any other unknown and more modest author. But though there are very few drops in these 'Dews of Castalie,' which are not either contraband or spurious, there are some; and in these days, when poetry has become scarce, they are worth more than the trouble of collecting. Mr. Johns' poetry is in general bedizened, like a vulgar beauty, with paste brilliants, but if he be a very young man, his faults may be safely attributed to immaturity of taste, rather than deficiency of poetic power. Compared with much of the poetry which passes current in the fashionable collections of the period, some of his verses have a very decided superiority, and evince a certain degree of original talent which, if properly husbanded and cultivated by time and modesty, may make its possessor a respectable poet. But he must not expect to be thus considered, until he can write with far more correctness and good taste than he has done at present. He must learn to place infinitely less dependance on the good opinion of his own special friends, and above all, be content with metaphors that are not too sublime for any quiet, sober-minded reader to comprehend. We would not have Mr. Johns suppose we give him this advice with the slightest intention of being ill-natured; on the contrary, we have a feeling of real good will towards him. He has published a volume, in which the lovers of poetry may find some very pretty dreams of fancy called into new existence, some old thoughts newly expressed, and, perhaps, a reason or two to hope that another recruit is added to the rising generation of bards. That we do not, therefore, mean unjustly to depreciate the merit of his productions, we are willing to give him the best proof in our power, which is selecting two or three of the most favourable specimens of his talent the volume before us presents.

Mr. Johns' table of contents is as magniloquent as his advertisement. He has divided his little volume of about two hundred pages into seven books, under the following heads: Lyric, Historical, Descriptive, Didactic and Devotional, Elegiac, Legendary, and, which we are inclined to think the only meaning title of them all, the Anomalous. What is much worse, however, we are obliged to pass over a large portion of these divisions, to avoid the bold plagiarism of style and thought of which the author is more than occasionally guilty. With pleasure, therefore, we snatch the following from a mass of very inferior verses:—

‘ ODE ON THE RESURRECTION OF GREECE.

- ‘ Ye, who for freedom bled,
Immortal Dead,
Hear in your lonely urns—
Your country’s Iron Age is fled
Your country’s Age of Gold returns!
- ‘ Oh, let it wake each grave,
Ye holy Brave,
Who drew the laurell’d sword,
And spurn’d in blood, from field and wave,
The servile Orient’s despot lord!
- ‘ Spartan! Thermopylæ
Will yet be free!—
Thy own proud Marathon,
Miltiades! remembers thee,
Nor shames the dust of heroes gone.
- ‘ The fame-resounding main
Rolls free again—
Hear it, Themistocles!—
No more shall Greece behold in vain
A tyrant’s flag insult her seas.
- ‘ Her glad ~~Egean~~ tide
Shall lave with pride
A thousand slaveless isles;—
Those crimson waves with murder dyed,
Shall gleam in Freedom’s prophet smiles!
- ‘ Sweet Homer’s clime once more,
Its thralldom o’er,
Shall to those deeds aspire,
Which yield to Fame her lofty lore
And wake the thunder-breathing lyre.
- ‘ And Glory’s “flowers of gold”
Shall yet unfold
Their bloom in freeborn song;
While despots tremble to behold
The land, the race, they dared to wrong!
- ‘ Ye, who for Freedom bled,
Immortal Dead,
Hear in your lonely urns—
Your country’s Age of Tears is fled,
Your country’s Age of Fame returns!’—pp.3,4.

We half suspect Mr. Johns would not himself rank the above among his best pieces, but we assure him, to any reader of moderate taste, his gross imitations of Moore and Byron will be insufferable. Unfortunately, however, it is not from these authors

only we detect him borrowing; in almost every page he borrows from one book or the other; take for example the following sonnet:

‘ THE WOOD-STORM.

‘ When to the winds the firm oak’s stately form
Sways, while each branch is as an organ-key,
Dash’d to mad music by the frantic storm,
And swells the full tremendous melody,
I love amid the sounding woods to be,
And with a stern and solemn rapture hear
The straining forest’s thunder—’tis to me
An hour of awful bliss and glorious fear!—
But wilder, stranger still, swells on the ear
That shrill sound heard amid the tempest’s pause,
As ’twere a Phantom’s whisper, deep yet clear,
While its dread breath anew the spent blast draws.
Sounds not that Voice, which makes the listener pale,
Like some lone Forest-Spirit’s desolate wail?’—p. 224.

The only thought in this worth anything is pilfered from the correspondence of Gray the poet, in which we find the original idea of the shrilly sound which follows a pause in the storm, being like the voice of a spirit. But the following lines from ‘*Palmyra*,’ may be received as compensating for the faults and want of originality in many others,

‘ All silent now!—The starry wings
Of midnight wrap the lonely plain;
The murmurs of the sleepless springs
Alone disturb her solemn reign.
Oh full of gorgeous gloom that hour,
Where’er it falls, the wide world round!
It gives to every scene a power
To stir the soul with thoughts profound;—
With thoughts that, like sidereal strains,
Are all unheard the bright day long,
But when Night breaks their fountain-chains,
Gush forth at once in mystic song!
Yet ne’er on scene more grand, more fair,
Look’d Midnight from her purple throne,
Than that, which slept beneath her there,—
The glorious city mute and lone!
The everlasting stars shone down—
The burning stars of that pure sky—
Touching the dim and shadowy town
With hues that met no mortal eye.
In strange and awful light arose
The sculptur’d arch, the column’d fane;
And one glimmering haze repose
Palmyra and her green domain.

Yet seem'd a light more sad this,
 To be by Syria's midnight shed
 Upon the wide Necropolis—
 The silent city of the Dead !
 It gleam'd upon the place of tombs ;
 It tinged each pale white sepulchre,
 And glimmer'd on the cypress glooms
 That rose in funeral verdure there—
 Over the dust of those of old,
 Who lived ; who loved, and passed away,
 Leaving their story to be told
 By stones that long survive all clay :—
 There yet the proud tombs stand in scorn
 Of the forgotten desert horn !—pp. 108—110.

We trust, if Mr. Johns ever again come before us, he will merit generally the praise due to these very pretty and musical lines. We shall spare him for our own sakes any exposure of his childish play among metaphors. It is no very pleasant occupation, that of correcting bad poetry.

The author of the second little volume is already favourably known to the public, and his present production will, we have no doubt, increase his reputation. Mr. Malcolm writes with great simplicity and feeling. He must have a quiet and gentle spirit by nature, or he could not philosophize with the genuine poetic tenderness which appears in the general tone of his pieces. Such a style can never be acquired by imitation—for the thousand-and-one copies which may be found of Pope, Byron, Moore, or Scott, not half a dozen can be found of Montgomery. Poetic phrases and almost every variety of metre are at the command of the eye, the ear, or the memory ; but that exquisite vein of thought, of calm, plaintive reflection, which is the soul of Montgomery's style, belongs to nature only, or, if to any thing beside, to experience of toil and vicissitude, bettering whatever is good in nature. In the works of the other great poets mentioned there is more of the external glory of imagination, and more, therefore, which inferior minds can enjoy and imitate. The author of the poems before us has evinced no ambition in any of his productions to borrow the gayer, and, when not original, the meretricious ornaments of the muse. His little volume presents nothing which either startles or disgusts, and what is good in it, therefore, is pure and simple thought. The following specimens will illustrate what we have said :—

MY BIRTHDAY.

' Time shakes his glass, and swiftly run
 Life's sands, still ebbing grain by grain ;—
 Yon weary, wan, autumnal sun
 Brings round my birthday once again ;—

And lights me, like the fading bloom
Of pale October, to the tomb.

- ' My birthday!—Each revolving year
It seems to me a darker day:
Whose dying flowers and leaflets sere
With solemn warning seem to say,
That all on earth like shadows fly;—
That nought abideth 'neath the sky.
- ' My birthday!—Where, when life was young,
Is now each promise which it gave?—
Hope's early wreaths have long been hung,—
Pale, faded garlands,—o'er its grave,
Where Memory waters with her tears
Those relics of departed years.
- ' My birthday!—Where the loved ones now,
On whom in happier times it dawned?—
Each beaming eye and sunny brow
Low in the dark and dreamless land
Now sleep—where I shall slumber soon,
Like all beneath the sun and moon.
- ' My birthday!—Once I loved to hear
These words by Friendship echoed round;
But now they fall upon mine ear
With thoughts too mournful and profound,—
Fraught with a sad and solemn spell,
And startling as a wailing knell.'—pp. 156, 157.

Equally tender and elegant are the verses to the closing year, which we extract both for their own excellence and their appropriateness to the season:—

- ' While midnight's chime beats deep and drear
The pulses of the parting year,
I will not hail another's birth
With reckless and unseemly mirth:
By me its welcome shall be said,
As in the presence of the dead.
- ' A smile the new-born year to greet,
A silent tear to that gone by;
As blending in our bosoms meet
The dreams of hope and memory.
Again I hail each inmate gay
Assembled in the festal room;
But some, alas! are far away,
Some sleeping in the tomb!
A narrower circle seems to meet
Around the board:—each vacant seat
A dark and sad remembrance brings
Of faded and forsaken things;—

Of youth's sweet promise to the heart ;
 Of hopes that came but to depart,
 Like phantom-waters of the waste,
 That glad the sight, but shun the taste ;
 Of bright eyes veiled in cold eclipse,—
 The balm, the breath and bloom of lips
 Where oft in silent rapture ours
 Have clung like bees to honeyed flowers ;
 With their sweet voices past away,
 E'en like the harp's expiring lay.
 But fled and gone with all its ills
 And dreams of good,—a long adieu !
 Unto the year beyond the hills,
 And welcome to the new :
 And hoping oft to meet again,
 To hail the sacred seasons call,
 Thus hand in hand the bowl we drain,—
 " A good new year to all !" —pp. 131—133.

Whether it be that Mr. Malcolm has not so well succeeded in 'The Campaign,' which forms the leading poem of the volume, or that we have no taste for such subjects we know not, but we are unable to discover in it the merit which belongs to the author's usual style. The sleep of the brave, the flowers that spring from their graves, the muffled drum, and all such things are now silly and tiresome phrases, and should not be in the mouth of so good a writer as Mr. Malcom—let him leave battle fields and soldiers to their own proper minstrels, drum-majors and trumpeters. In infinitely better taste is such poetry as the following:—

‘ THE SHADOW.

‘ Upon yon dial-stone
 Behold the shade of Time,
 For ever circling on and on,
 In silence more sublime
 Than if the thunders of the spheres
 Pealed forth its march to mortal ears

‘ It metes us hour by hour,
 Doles out our little span,
 Reveals a presence and a power
 Felt and confessed by Man ;—
 The drop of moments day by day,
 That rocks of ages wear away.

‘ Wov'n by a hand unseen,
 Upon that stone survey
 A robe of dark sepulchral green,
 The mantle of decay,—
 The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
 That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

- ' Day is the time for toil ;
Night balm the weary breast ;
Stars have their vigils ; seas a while,
Will sink to peaceful rest :
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not nor sleeps :—
- ' Effacing all that's fair,—
Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
Around the lonesome hearth,—
And training ivy-garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.
- ' In beauty fading fast
Its silent trace appears,—
And—where a phantom of the past,
Dim in the mists of years,—
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean-graves.
- ' Before the ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail,—
Its towers and temples bow the head,—
The pyramids look pale :
The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
The everlasting hills wax old.
- ' Coeval with the sun
Its silent course began,—
And still its phantom-race shall run
Till worlds with age grow wan ;—
Till darkness spread her funeral-pall,
And one vast shadow circle all.'—pp. 76—79.

We hope to meet with Mr. Malcom's muse again, and that he will then come recommended to us with a more attractive title than 'Scenes of War.' We assure the author he succeeds in gentle, beyond comparison, better than in heroic strains. In the former, he writes naturally, and, therefore, originally ; in the latter we read what we have read over and over again in other authors ; not because he has designedly imitated, but because his own mind is not at home in the subject.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Keepsake for 1829.* Edited by Frederic Mansel Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 360. *Eighteen Plates.* London : Hurst, Chance, and Co. ; and R. Jennings.

2. *The Bijou ; an Annual of Literature and the Arts.* 12mo. pp. 288. *Ten Plates.* London : W. Pickering. For 1829.

We are now arrived near the close of our pleasant labours, in perusing, and conveying to our readers our impartial impressions of the

numerous annuals which, during the present season, have claimed the patronage of the public. We fear that we shall not take our leave of them under the influence of those agreeable feelings with which we hailed the earliest of their class, as the two works now before us have greatly disappointed our expectations. In common with many others, we had hoped that, as the 'Keepsake' and 'Bijou' were detained long behind all their competitors, some recompense would be found for the delay, in the greater value of the attractions by which they would seek to win our admiration. We regret to state, however, that this is not the case. We do not intend to dissect them very minutely, as the reader must have been already nearly weary of criticisms on the annuals. It is expected, however, that we shall give our opinions upon the merits of those which now lie before us, and we shall not hesitate to say, candidly and freely, what we think about them.

Mr. Heath seems to be beset by some fatality which frustrates, in a great measure, the natural influence of his acknowledged genius and taste. The brilliant illustrations in his 'Keepsake' of last year, appeared in deplorable contrast to the literary compositions with which they were intermingled. He has scarcely been more successful with the volume for the present year. The plates which he has engraved for it himself, or procured from the burins of other artists, are, it must be admitted, of a very superior order. The choice of the subjects may, perhaps, in some instances, be questionable. We do not, for example, think the 'Laird's Jock' entitled to any praise, except for execution in the engraving, although the design was suggested by Sir Walter Scott. Neither can we applaud the 'scene at Abbotsford,' consisting as it does of a pair of worn out old dogs, and a confused pile of helmets, armour, and horns. The design of the print in which the mother is represented on a declivity by the sea-side, maddened with agony, requires to be described by the story before we can understand it; for we see nothing at all of the sufferers, or of the persons destined to be their protectors. With these exceptions, however, the embellishments may be considered as entitled to unqualified praise, though, since the appearance of 'The Anniversary,' they cannot, by any means, be said to be unrivalled. We would particularly select the portraits of Mrs. Peel and the Duchess of Bedford, 'Anne Page and Slender,' the 'Lago Maggiore,' and the 'Garden of Boccacio,' as constituting, in our opinion, the gems of the volume. They are of the very highest degree of excellence, and if we do not give a similar eulogy to 'The Magic Mirror,' and 'The Tapestry Chamber,' it is because we think that much labour and art have been thrown away upon subjects intrinsically little deserving of distinction.

The reader, perhaps, will be surprised to find us thus alluding to fictions which have proceeded from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. We have, however, had occasion frequently to remark,

that writers of the highest distinction, the Campbells, the Southey's, the Scotts, the Coleridges, and the Wordsworths, who, on most other occasions, have maintained their early reputation, have almost uniformly fallen immeasurably beneath it, in the compositions which they have contributed to the Annuals. The observation is as applicable to the volumes now on our table, as to any of their predecessors. Southey has written nothing in them which an editor of any judgment would not have rejected, if it had come to him anonymously. Wordsworth's verses in the 'Keepsake' would never have been recognised as his, if his name had not been prefixed to them; and the three tales written expressly for it by the "Author of Waverley," would hardly find a place, if they had not been recommended by that powerful name, even in the Ladies' Magazine.

But if Mr. Heath's embellishments have derived little assistance from the first literary names of the day, he has been still more unhappy in his choice of authors, hitherto unknown, whom he has called into requisition on this occasion. Foremost amongst these stands the editor, a Mr. Mansell Reynolds, of whom, though not altogether unacquainted with the secrets of modern English literature, we do not recollect ever by any chance to have heard before. We have been told, that he was for some time apprenticed to Mr. Heath, as an engraver, but that having a pre-disposition towards literature, he exchanged the burine for the pen. As a straw thrown up in the air indicates the direction of the wind, we looked in the first place into the preface of this editor, in order to discover, if possible, the marks of those talents for which he had given himself credit. Upon glancing over it we must say, that we blushed for the literature of the country, to find such a preface to such a book. He calls the former volume of the 'Keepsake' the 'previous number'; and he says, that its 'unprecedented sale determined the proprietor to make the most strenuous exertions to render the *present* as perfect as possible, both in literary matter, and in *pictorial* illustration.' He adds, 'In prosecution of this design, and on the various departments of the Keepsake, (as if these were two distinct things) the enormous sum of *eleven thousand guineas* has been expended;' a fact which he thought it necessary to illustrate by the apt quotation:—

"Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum."

After making sad work with 'a mere *fleeting* production,' which he hopes will not 'die with the season of its birth, but *live* in every well-selected library;' he writes the following correct and elegantly finished sentence:—'Neither is it necessary to particularize any of their contributions, except two; one of which, as posthumous, and the other, as the gift of an individual, not its author: allusion is made,' &c. &c. By what rule of grammar is the second member of this sentence to be justified? By what standard of composition

is the following sentence to be deemed admissible into such a book as the 'Keepsake?'—'So *many* and such varied *contents*, could not, of course, be *contained* in the limits of the previous volume; in this present one, therefore, three additional sheets of letter-press have been inserted.' What does this editor mean by so *many contents*? Who has taught him to say that *contents* may be *contained* in a volume? The blunders, the instances of silliness, and of ignorance of the common rules of composition, which are to be found within the little compass of the two pages and a half of prefatory matter, struck us so forcibly, that we next turned to the pieces which Mr. Mansel Reynolds has ventured to insert in the body of the work.

And here we could not repress a smile at the attention which the editor has generally been pleased to bestow upon the *position* of his own contributions. Sometimes they are placed between those of Wordsworth and of the authors of the O'Hara Tales; sometimes they are pressed in between those of Lord Nugent and Thomas Moore, and sometimes they are found in company with the productions of Crofton Croker, and of the Author of Waverley. We shall give a specimen or two of these precious compositions:—

'Young Dora's gentle, pure, and kind,
With lofty, clear, and polish'd mind:
But Dora, rich in mental grace,
Alas! is somewhat poor in face;
Pity her noble soul *don't* warm,
A Grecian statue's perfect form!'—*Keepsake*, p. 51.

The following, we presume, is intended by Mr. Reynolds as a proof of his comic vein:

'INVITATION TO A BEAUTIFUL, BUT VERY SMALL YOUNG LADY.

'You little, light-hearted, and gossamer thing,
You promised to visit us during the spring;
We are *gloomy and sad*, and are pining to see
One that's dear to us all, and dearest to me!
Have you grown any larger, or still are the same?
For fame speaks of you oddly—but who credits fame?
She declares that you dread *even the cracks in the floor*,
And with *putty and paste* we must cover them o'er,
Or th' apartment beneath you may chance explore!
And she says, *if one holds up a pin to one's eye*,
To discern you behind it, *in vain we shall try*—
But I candidly tell you I think this a lie.
Yet I'll even do more—on these points I'll be dumb,
If you will, my sweet maiden, but promise to come;
You shan't be detain'd 'bove a month, at the most,
And then we'll return you, per twopenny-post!'—

The Keepsake, p. 100.

We are quite ashamed to stain our pages with such verses as the following from the same quarter; but it is absolutely necessary to let the public see the sort of trash that defiles the Keepsake for the present year. To the proprietor and publisher also, it is but an act of justice to point out the egregious nonsense and bad taste of the individual to whom they have entrusted the literary department of a work, which, if properly attended to in this respect, would be certain of leaving far behind it all its competitors:—

‘AN ANTICIPATION FOR A CERTAIN COQUETTE.

‘SHE died—and behold, with her lures and her leers,
In a month she contrived to set hell by the ears,
All its inmates with rancour and rivalry sought her;
This one with her figure, and that with her foot,
And this with her spencer, and that with her boot;
Not a devil so staid, but with baits she would suit;—
Through hell there was nothing but duels and slaughter.

‘But the devils at last simultaneously rose,
And appearing ‘fore Satan proclaim’d all their woes,
And affirm’d that with her they no longer could dwell.
“Turn her out!” thunder’d Satan, and straight with a shout,
All the youngsters and blackguards of hell turn’d her out,
While the bettermost classes re-echoed about,

“Turn her out! turn her out! she’s too wicked for hell!”—

The Keepsake, p. 119.

We might add other specimens of the editor’s abilities for the task of poetical composition; but we think we have given a sufficient number to convince that gentleman, that indisposition to attach himself to the pursuit which was first marked out for him, is not to be taken as a proof that he is destined to shine in literature. It is not every body who has a predilection for the muses, that can become a poet. Paltry epigrams and doggerel rhymes, mixed up with innumerable conceits, such as those which we have quoted, and of which several wretched examples will be found in this volume, demonstrate the author of them to be fit for any occupation rather than that of editing the ‘Keepsake.’

We have already alluded to the names of several distinguished authors who have contributed to this volume. Sir Walter Scott appears to have written all his portion of it in the most careless manner. There is not a paragraph, or even a line of his compositions, now before us, which we should think worth transferring to our pages. The time has long since passed by for stories of ghosts and conjurors, particularly when they are not embellished by any extraordinary graces of style. There is nothing at all in the prose of the volume, comparable to a short essay, or rather rhapsody, on love, from the eloquent pen of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is an exquisite morceau.

‘WHAT is love? Ask him who lives what is life; ask him who adores what is God.

'I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.'

'*Thou demandest what is love.* It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood:—this is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing that exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother: this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature a miniature, as it were, of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not over-leap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its anti-type; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands: this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest nor respite to the heart, over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or that deserted state, where we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we have the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and

the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says, that if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.—*The Keepsake*, pp. 47—49.

The 'Half Brother,' by the author of the O'Hara Tales, is an affecting and well written story; so also is 'The Sisters of Albano,' by the author of Frankenstein. There are some descriptive passages in this latter composition, of more than ordinary elegance, in the eclogue style. As for example:—

'The spring had nearly grown into summer, the trees were all in full but fresh green foliage, the vine dresser was singing, perched among them, training his vines; the cicada had not yet begun her song, the heats therefore, had not commenced; but at evening the fire-flies gleamed among the hills, and the cooing ayiolo assured us of fine weather for the morrow.'

• • • • •
'We reposed during the middle of the day in a tent elevated for us at the hill top, whence we looked on the hill-embosomed lake, and the distant eminence crowned by a town, with its church. Other villages and cottages were scattered among the foldings of mountains, and beyond we saw the deep blue sea of the southern poets, which received the swift and immortal Tiber, rocking it to repose among its devouring waves. The Coliseum falls and the Pantheon decays—the very hills of Rome are perishing, but the Tiber lives for ever, flows for ever—and for ever feeds the land—encircling Mediterranean with fresh waters.

'Our summer and pleasure-seeking party consisted of many: to me the most interesting person was the Countess Atanasia D——, who was as beautiful as an imagination of Raphael, and good as the ideal of a poet. Two of her children accompanied her, with animated looks and gentle manners, quiet, yet enjoying. I sat near her, watching the changing shadows of the landscape before us. As the sun descended, it poured a tide of light into the valley of the lake, deluging the deep bank formed by the mountain with liquid gold. The domes and turrets of the far town flashed and gleamed, the trees were dyed in splendour; two or three slight clouds, which had drunk the radiance till it became their essence, floated golden islets in the lustrous empyrean. The waters, reflecting the brilliancy of the sky and the fire-tinted banks, beamed a second heaven, a second irradiated earth, at our feet. The Mediterranean gazing on the sun—as the eyes of a mortal bride fail and are dimmed when reflecting her lover's glance—was lost, mixed in his light, till it had become one with him. Long (our souls, like the sea, the hills, and lake, drinking in the supreme loveliness) we gazed, till the too full cup overflowed, and we turned away with a sigh.

'At our feet there was a knoll of ground, that formed the foreground of our picture; two trees lay basking against the sky, glittering with the golden light, which like dew seemed to hang amid their branches—a rock

closed the prospect on the other side, twined round by creepers, and redolent with blooming myrtle—a brook crossed by huge stones gushed through the turf, and on the fragments of rock that lay about, sat two or three persons, peasants, who attracted our attention. One was a hunter, as his gun, lying on a bank not far off, demonstrated, yet he was a tiller of the soil; his rough straw hat, and his picturesque but coarse dress, belonged to that class. The other was some *contadina*, in the costume of her country, returning, her basket on her arm, from the village to her cottage home. They were regarding the stores of a pedlar, who with doffed hat stood near; some of these consisted of pictures and prints—views of the country, and portraits of the Madonna. Our peasants regarded these with pleased attention.’—*The Keepsake*, pp. 80—82.

We much regretted to find no other accompaniment to Rollé's beautiful engraving of Richter's matchless picture of Anne Page and Slender, than a dull explanatory commentary by Mr. Boaden. It would have been infinitely better to have extracted the scene itself from Shakspeare, or the excellent verses which were written on the painting when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was certainly badly managed to allow the author of Gilbert Earle to monopolize within the precincts of a very mediocre tale two interesting embellishments. Much more might have been made of them for the literature of the volume. The sketch of a fragment of the history of the nineteenth century, containing a character of the late lamented Cannjng, by Sir James Mackintosh, is brilliantly written. We presume that it is extracted from the larger work, upon which the learned gentleman is known to have been occupied for some years. It is too long for quotation here; but we cannot pass it over without bestowing upon it the tribute of our admiration. It has been objected to as too grave a paper for a volume of this description. No doubt many such articles would be unfit for a highly-embellished annual; but one or two pieces, particularly of such sterling worth as this, must add to the reputation and popularity of any miscellany. An amusing tale, though with rather too much of *diablerie* about it, entitled, "The Old Gentleman," by Theodore Hook, and a "Legend of Killarney," by Mr. J. N. Bayley, though not told in Crofton Croker's style, tend to relieve the latter portion of the volume of much of its heaviness. A song in Mr. Bayley's simple and very expressive style, is introduced in the legend. We subjoin it.

‘ Oh! where do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills;
When frost has chill'd their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again.

‘ Perhaps in some small blue diving bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That live in coral caves :
Perhaps in red Vesuvius,
Carousal they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus
Till green leaves come again.

‘ When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And mystic rings upon the earth,
And mischief every where !
The maids to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain ;
No key-hole will be fairy proof
When green leaves come again.’—

The Keepsake, p. 276.

Besides this pretty song, there are very few poetical compositions in this volume worth our notice. An exception ought, perhaps, to be made in favour of Lord Morpeth’s “Scraps of Italy,” which are written with much classical taste. Among these we prefer, for many reasons, his Lordship’s lines “On leaving Italy.”

‘ My steps are turn’d to England---yet I sigh
To leave Ansonia’s blue and balmy sky ;
I fain would linger mid her hills and plains,
Their living beauties, or their bright remains ;
Still tread each ruin’s haunted round, and still
Explore the windings of each storied rill,
The cypress grove, the vineyard’s trellis’d shade,
The olive thicket, and the poplar glade.

‘ My steps are turn’d to England---yet I grieve
That this should be my last Italian eve.
And, ye eternal snows ! whom now I hail
In twilight’s rosy hues from Turin’s vale,
Whom nature to the land a barrier gave,
Sublime to view, but impotent to save ;
Thus the next sun shall o’er ye set, but I
Must gaze upon it in a colder sky.

‘ My steps are turn’d to England---and, oh shame
To son of her’s who thrills not at that name !
Call’d by the inspiring sound, before my eyes,
My home’s loved scenes, my country’s glories rise ;
The free and mighty land that gave me birth,
Her moral beauty, and fier public worth ;
All that can make the patriot bosom swell---
Yet one more sigh---bright Italy, farewell !’—

The Keepsake, pp. 71, 72.

Mr. Coleridge's poetical description of the garden of *Boccaccio* is also a charming performance; we should have given it unqualified praise, if it had not mentioned, in terms not sufficiently guarded, one of the most impure and mischievous books that could find its way into the hands of an innocent female.

Thus it will have been perceived that we have found much to censure, and in proportion very little to applaud, in the literary matter of the "Keepsake" for the present year. In this respect it is perhaps not quite so bad as its predecessor, but it is inferior to most of the other annals, with the exception of the "*Bijou*." A spirited and pleasant paper in French, by Mr. F. Degeage, entitled "*Langchamps*," is the only article of any great merit among the prose compositions. A real German story, called "*The Castle of Reinspadtz*," and a story, almost German, named "*Agnes*," by Mr. T. Roscoe, may be endured as a set-off against the gaiety of *Langchamps*. But there is not another prose paper in the volume that will bear examination. From history has been borrowed a heavy and elaborate description of the family of Sir Thomas More, and the reader may imagine to what straits the editor of the "*Bijou*" was driven for matter, when he was obliged to take extracts from such well-known works as "*Woodstock*" and "*Christabel*."

Among the original poetical contributions there is, however, an agreeable poem by Mr. Carrington. It is entitled '*My Native Village*,' and seems to have been suggested by the '*Deserted Village*' of Oliver Goldsmith, whose style is, perhaps, too closely imitated in some passages. We feel under great obligations to Mr. Pickering for introducing to the public the graceful and truly poetical female author, who has contributed to his volume the verses modestly signed with the letter J. The reader shall judge for himself of the promise which her talents afford:—

‘ON CHANTREY’S MONUMENT OF SLEEPING CHILDREN, IN
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

‘If cherubs slumber, such is their repose,
So motionless, so beautiful they lie;
While, o’er their forms a softened splendour glows,
And round their couch celestial breezes sigh.

‘And such the rest of Eve in Eden’s bower,
Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray—
Calm she reclin’d, as some night-closing flower,
To rise more radiant at the break of day.

‘And such our sleep in happy childhood, ere
Thought, like a giant, from his rest awoke,
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there
His iron fetters, and his heavy yoke.

- ‘ Thus as I gaz’d on that fair fashion’d child,
Breathing the homage of the heart alone ;
In dreams of early blessedness beguill’d,
A silent captive at the sleeper’s throne.
- ‘ Young mothers came confessing with a kiss,
The babe the image of their first-born love ;
Or wept for one “ more beautiful than this,”
Gone from its cradle to its rest above.
- ‘ Blithe children stopp’d their laugh, they would not rouse
The gentle baby from its slumber deep ;
While lofty eyes, and high unbending brows,
Long’d for the silence of that dreamless sleep.’

The Bijou.—pp. 62, 63.

These verses will strongly remind the reader of Mrs. Hemans, in whose school of poetry this *debutante* seems to have exercised her young powers. We shall add another poem from the same felicitous pen, which she has called, ‘ The Virgin Mary’s Evening Song :’—

‘ Child of beauty, brightness, power ;
Sleep, it is the evening hour !
Sleep, though rude thy chamber round,
Fear not, this is holy ground ;
Viewless watchers hover here,
Angel-bands are bending near.
Child of mystery and might,
What can ail thee, babe, to night ?
Infant, tender, pure and pale,
Rosebud, delicate and frail.
Ah ! I see upon thy brow,
Some uneasy feeling now ;
And thy quiet falling tears
Wake my heart’s foreboding fears.
Child of high and holy love,
Thou hast left thy power above ;
Come, then, to an humbler nest,
On thy mortal mother’s breast ;
Wherefore still thy murmurs heard,
Wherefore fluttering, timid bird ;
Is it my rude songs that break
Dreams from which thou would’st not wake ?
Are the angel hymns on high
Softer than a mother’s sigh ?
Child of heaven ! a lowlier lay
It were meet for me to pay ;
Gem of glory, fount of bliss,
Borne upon a breast like this ;
Holy as thou art, and dear,
May I love thee without fear ?

Oh ! too beautiful thou art
 Thus to slumber on my heart ;
 Yet, while thus our arms entwine,
 Thou art mine—forever, mine.—*Bijou*, pp. 91, 92.

On the plates of the *Bijou* we shall only remark that there are none above, and most are below, mediocrity. The volume, in short, is altogether got up in a manner which does but little justice to Mr. Pickering's acknowledged taste in the arts and in literature.

We now wish adieu to the annuals until next November. We have not, we hope, treated any of them with unmerited approbation or indiscriminate and unjust censure. We have had no private partialities to sway our judgment ; no spleen to gratify, no interests to promote, in pronouncing upon the several candidates who have, during the present season, claimed the patronage of the public. Were we called upon to say, to which of all the annuals we should assign the first place, we should not hesitate to decide in favour of the "*Literary Souvenir*." The beauty of the embellishments, and the taste displayed in its poetry particularly, place it beyond all its rivals. We are aware that it is invidious to single out one work from the whole as entitled to the prize of excellence ; but we do so in justice to all parties, as we thus place before them the model which they must rival, or excel, if they hope to contend with it for the popularity which it has deservedly acquired.

ART. IX.—1. *Commentaries on the Causes, Forms, Symptoms, and Treatment, Moral and Medical, of Insanity.* By George Man Burrows, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 716. London. 1828.

2. *Observations on the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind ; founded on an extensive Moral and Medical Practice in the Treatment of Lunatics.* By Paul Slade Knight, M.D. Formerly a Principal Surgeon in the Royal Navy, and many years Surgeon of the Lunatic Asylum for the County of Lancaster, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 167. London : Longman and Co. 1827.

3. *Practical Observations on Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane, &c.* By W. J. Late a Keeper at a Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. pp. 127. London. 1828.

Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales. Article FOLIE. Par M. Esquirol, D. M.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous publications and discussions in which mental derangement has been recently treated, we do not recollect to have had our attention much directed to the very singular relation under which it is viewed by medical men, as compared with other diseases. If a surgeon,—Mr. Brodie, for example,—acquires a reputation for curing diseases of the joints,—or if a physician, like Dr. Paris, become famous for treating indi-

gestion,—an influx of patients is the certain consequence, and wealth increases proportionably with honourable fame. But though this holds as a general rule in diseases, insanity forms a decided and remarkable exception; and the reputation of a medical practitioner for the successful treatment of insane patients will seldom bring him either increase of practice or of reputation. On the contrary, the practitioner who devotes himself to the investigation and treatment of mania, is considered by his brethren, in most cases, as following pursuits of doubtful respectability, and as degrading himself into the lowest ranks of the profession. Physicians, accordingly, possessed of respectable talents and connections, shrink from this department of the profession, lest they should be degraded in their career.

One obvious reason of this lamentable state of things is partly inseparable, we fear, from the disorders in question. Insane patients are seldom managed or manageable at home, and are, therefore, in most cases, consigned by their friends to some private or public establishment, where no one is interested in promoting their recovery. On the contrary, it is the interest of the proprietors and the attendants, that there should be no recoveries. The medical superintendants of such establishments may, indeed, be supposed, from their rank and education, to be actuated by humane and liberal feelings towards the wretched beings committed to their care; but when it is clear that they can have little or no interest—no increase of fame or of wealth from success, and no loss of either from the want of success—it would be expecting more of human nature than we are authorized to do, to anticipate requisite exertions from motives of pure humanity. The facts, indeed, which have been wrung from unwilling witnesses in recent public investigations, prove but too strongly that members of the medical profession,—how incapable soever they may be accounted of a dereliction of honourable and humane conduct,—have not, when stimulated by interest, refrained from participation in the inhuman practices, not to call them crimes, which prevail in the cells of the insane.

“It would be very important,” says Sir Anthony Carlisle, in his examination before the Select Committee for Middlesex—“if the public were made better acquainted with the history, the progress, and the treatment of insanity; it has been *kept a secret*, it has been kept close, and in the hands of individuals *for a purpose which it is not necessary to mention*; in consequence of which there is in the medical profession generally a great want of knowledge of what is done, or what ought to be done.” This ignorance frequently leads to most deplorable consequences; for upon a medical man being called in to a patient evincing symptoms of insanity, he is at a loss how to proceed, and if, after administering a few doses of medicine, and abstracting a few ounces of blood, or ap-

plying a blister, the patient does not improve, he becomes fearful of the results of his own ignorance, and he hurries the hapless sufferer off to a lunatic asylum, where he is almost certain to meet with treatment equally bad, if not worse. He may be consigned to chains and a dungeon, and subjected to the controul of mercenary wretches, who would scarcely be tolerated to look after a felon; and here he may pine in hopeless captivity, unvisited by charity, and shut out from pity and commiseration. Recent inquiries have brought the most atrocious cruelties to light, and have proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that so far from any means of cure having been tried, the treatment has been such, as could not fail to drive into irretrievable madness thousands, who, with proper care, might have been restored to soundness of mind. Mr. W. J. gives a very lamentable case in illustration of this, which, as it is long, we shall here abridge.

When the author was a keeper at a private lunatic asylum in the country, he was sent in a carriage along with a female keeper to remove to the establishment a lady, said to be a lunatic, under the order of a medical gentleman in the vicinity. He found the lady confined by a straight waistcoat, and in a state of the most violent delirium. Her face and head were excessively hot and flushed; she was talking incoherently; one of her eyes appeared starting from its socket, and the corner of it was opaque. Her pulse was very quick, small, and wiry. She was about forty years of age, of a gross habit of body, and had complained of violent head aches for several months, but had only become unmanageable the day before. A blister had been then prescribed to the nape of the neck, by the medical man who was called in, and upon her becoming outrageous he ordered the strait-waistcoat, and recommended her to be removed to the asylum immediately. Mr. J. accordingly removed her, though contrary to his own opinion of her case; and indeed every reader, medical or non-medical, must be struck with the cruelty of jolting a patient, evidently labouring under acute inflammation of the brain, for ten or twelve miles in a post-chaise. The poor lady expired in a few hours after arriving at the asylum, and the medical gentleman who had prescribed the blister and signed the order for her removal, refused to open the body, and treated her death as a matter of course. The lady in plain language appears to have been literally murdered, though no coroner's inquest was held upon the body.

When such is the general state of the medical profession with regard to insanity, we cannot but hail a work like that of Dr. Burrows now under review, as a publication calculated to be of considerable advantage, and we would gladly have added *much wanted*—but from the facts which we have already stated, this would be far from the truth. The book, however, if it happen to find its way among professional readers, will tend to dispel many

of the prejudices of ignorance, and impart sound, sensible, and rational principles of diagnosis and treatment. It is in fact a plain straight-forward detail of the author's investigations and experience, unincumbered with metaphysical mysteries or the nonsense of phrenology; and what, may we ask, has metaphysics to do with medicine? metaphysics, which Dr. Armstrong (we mean the poet) has well characterised as "the art of talking grave nonsense upon subjects beyond the reach of the human understanding."* Dr. Burrows is too much a man of practice and business to waste the time of his readers with such useless speculations. We were very much pleased in particular with the manner in which he dismisses the phrenologists. He tells us that from all he has read, seen, or heard, of what the application of the knowledge phrenology is said to impart to the treatment of insanity, he has never learnt that the high expectations held out by its advocates, have in any instance been realised. (p. 66.) His scepticism with regard to the whole science, as it has been called, he illustrates by the following curious anecdotes.

'It has been aptly remarked, that the advocates of the phrenological system carefully publish every fact which supports their theories, but none which oppose them. Whether the anecdote I shall relate merely proves an error in judgment of the celebrated founder of the system, or the heads examined to be examples of perverse configuration, I cannot decide, and will leave others to conjecture.

'When Dr. Gall was in this country, he went, in company with Dr. H. to visit the *studio* of the eminent sculptor Chantrey.

'Mr. C. being at the moment engaged, they amused themselves in viewing the various efforts of his skill. Dr. Gall was requested to say, from the organs exhibited in a certain bust, what was the predominant propensity, or faculty of the individual. He pronounced the original must be a great poet. His attention was directed to a second bust. He declared the latter to be that of a great mathematician. The first was the bust of Troughton, the eminent mathematician; and the second that of Sir Walter Scott!

'Talent, the phrenologist asserts, is relating with the ample development of the cerebral mass. Mr. Chantrey exhibited to Dr. Gall drawings of numerous heads. The cranioscopist selected one whose ample development gave a sure index of vast talent. It was a fac-simile of the head of the Earl of P—mf—t!—Burrows, p. 68, note.

The classification of mental derangements which is now pretty generally adopted, and appears to be the best, is that of M. Esquirol, published in his very able article *FOLIE*, in the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*," viz. :

1. *Mania*, in which the hallucination extends to all kinds of objects, and is accompanied with some excitement.

* Armstrong's *Miscellanies*, published under the name of Lancelot Temple, vol. iii. p. 25.

2. *Monomania*, or melancholy, in which the hallucination is confined to a single object, or to a small number of objects.

3. *Dementia*, wherein the person is rendered incapable of reasoning, in consequence of functional disorder of the brain, not congenital.

4. *Idiotism*, congenital, from original mal-formation of the organ of thought.

As it would be impossible for us to do justice to each of these forms of mental alienation within the limits of a single article, we shall confine our attention chiefly to such points as appear to be most novel and interesting. On investigating the facts connected with the causes of the various forms of deranged mind, we were particularly struck with the discrepancy (apparent only it may be) between the reports of the French Hospitals, La Salpêtrière and Bicêtre, and the inferences of our English authors with respect to religion as causing insanity. In the Bicêtre an average of the reports for six years gives fifty-five cases of insanity from religion out of 409; in La Salpêtrière, over which M. Esquirol presides, twenty cases out of 508. Dr. Knight, on the contrary, asserts that out of nearly seven hundred cases of insanity, he only once ascertained clearly that either a moral or a religious cause produced the disorder, and he has uniformly found, upon investigation, that devoteism was only an effect and not a cause of derangement. Dr. Burrows gives a more philosophic and rational account of the influence of religion. Any passion, according to his views, if excited to excess may cause alienation of mind; and consequently religion, which influences the internal man more than all the passions collectively, may certainly cause insanity; though there can be "no doubt that a lunatic may imbibe a religious as well as another hallucination, and yet be insane from a cause the reverse of religious." With respect to Sectarian principles of religion producing insanity, Dr. Burrows refers to the description of the Quakers' Retreat for Lunatics, near York, for a remarkable proof, that even a sect, among whom, on account of their system, violent passions might be supposed rare, are not at all exempt from insanity. Mr. Tuke, indeed, informed Dr. Burrows "that he computed *one in two hundred* of the Society of Friends became deranged." (Page 29, note.) Dr. Burrows seems inclined to ascribe this, in part, to the propagation of hereditary insanity, by Quakers almost always intermarrying with each other. This may no doubt be one cause; but we should be more apt to ascribe it to the war which Quakers wage against their passions, or at least against the open manifestation of them,—a more frequent source of derangement, so far as we are able judge, than the most unlicensed indulgence. "Concealment, like a worm in the bud, feeds on the damask cheek" in more instances than in love, and to suppressed anger, envy, jealousy, vanity, &c. could be traced, we are persuaded, a large proportion of the usual cases of insanity.

But taking the philosophic views of Dr. Burrows just alluded to as correct, we shall be met with difficulties in the investigation of the causes of almost every individual case of insanity; for where any tendency to derangement exists, it may be excited by some accidental cause which may henceforth predominate so as to appear to be the original, though in reality no more than the secondary, and entirely casual one. In illustration of our remarks, we shall quote the following case from the work of Dr. Knight.

‘It chanced that one William Faulkner, a quiet, inoffensive, meek, and rather melancholy lunatic, was placed in the same range of apartments with Mr. Y., who took an early opportunity to question me respecting this *personage*, as he called him. I told him all I knew about Faulkner. He eyed me with suspicion and derision, and after a short pause, he said, “If you don’t know, Sir, I do. I have repeatedly told you, that I had seen his Majesty’s person in the clouds, in broad daylight, when I was walking the streets of Liverpool. (It was true, he had repeatedly mentioned this.) Of course,” Mr. Y. continued, “a phenomenon so extraordinary excited my astonishment, and roused my attention; I now understand wherefore this vision was vouchsafed to me. The features were too strongly impressed upon my mind, never to be forgotten; and this personage, who, for some diabolical and traitorous purpose is called William Faulkner, is no less than his Majesty, and it is impossible, Sir, but that you must be well aware of the fact.” So saying, in the most respectful and distant manner, bowing to the ground again and again, as he approached, and sidling round, that his back might be at no time towards the presence, he greeted William Faulkner, with “I humbly, but most sincerely hope your gracious Majesty is well,” bowing again to the ground. His gracious Majesty cast a look of curiosity at his very humble and loyal subject, regarded him a moment, and then quietly and meekly resumed his walk. His subject, however, had a suit to prefer, and following, bowing, scraping, and sidling round, which produced a very comical effect, he entered on the history of his cruel and unjust confinement, counting the weeks, days, and even the hours, he had been confined, which he could always do, and concluding, by most humbly, but most earnestly beseeching that his Majesty would peremptorily order his liberation. During this address, which was well spoken, I observed the drooping William Faulkner gradually draw himself up, and at the conclusion, to my astonishment he replied, with an air of dignity rather bombastic, “My good fellow, I am sorry I can be of no use to you, my enemies confine me here.”—“But if your gracious Majesty would be only pleased to direct to this person,” pointing to myself, “your royal order, under your sign manuel, the gates would at once fly open.”—“My man,” his Majesty replied, “you are mistaken. I am, I tell you, confined here by my enemies, and I cannot at present, in this place command any thing. I sincerely wish I could help you, but I assure you it is out of my power:” so saying, he walked off, with all the air and dignity imaginable; *pride* took possession of his breast, and to the day of his death he called himself a king.’—*Knight*, p. 25.

We recollect of meeting with another case of a very different

description, in which the accidental cause seems to have been wholly corporeal, affecting the mind through the medium of the stomach.

‘ A young lady, after eating some heavy paste, had been attacked with a sensation of burning heat at the pit of the stomach, which increased till the whole of the upper part of the body, both externally and internally, appeared to her to be all in flames. She rose up suddenly, left the dinner table, and ran out into the street, where she was immediately brought back. She soon came to herself, and thus described her horrible ideas, that she had been very wicked, and was dragged into the flames of hell. She continued in a precarious situation for some time. Whenever she experienced the burning sensation, of which she first complained, the same dreadful thoughts recurred to her mind. She seized hold of whatever was nearest, to prevent her from being forced away, and such was her alarm, that she dreaded to be alone. This lady had been long distressed by family concerns, and harassed by restless and disturbed nights, which had greatly injured his health.”—*Willis*, p. 129.

Dr. Burrows appears to us to be quite correct in referring to disordered liver and gastric irritation as frequent causes of mental derangement, in consequence of their influence on the nervous system. He has known three instances in which violent nausea from sea-sickness produced mania, and long continued nausea, he says, is a frequent precursor of a paroxysm of insanity. It seems to depend upon this, that derangement of the mind is so frequently induced, or at least developed, by drunkenness, which is certain to injure the stomach and the liver. Accordingly we find that Dr. J. Cheyne reports the extraordinary prevalence of disordered livers among the lunatics who died and were dissected in the Dublin hospitals, where drunkenness is presumed to be a frequent cause of insanity; and out of 2,507 lunatics admitted into the French hospitals, 185 were insane from drunkenness; of whom 126 were men, and 59 women.* Dr. Halloran also, the physician to the Asylum at Cork, tells us that out of 1,370 lunatics, he found 160 cases originating in inebriation.

We have been greatly pleased with the manner in which Dr. Burrows has treated the causes of insanity. Not being a theorist, as we have already hinted, he is not influenced by system to suppress, exaggerate, or pervert facts, in order to support his opinions. He is not influenced by the authorities of Cullen, Crichton, Good, Francis, Willis, &c., to believe that insanity depends on a specific diseased action of those fine vessels that secrete the nervous fluid of the brain; nor of Borden, Barthez, Portal, Dumas, Cabanis, Pinel, Foderé, Leroy, Noest, Avenbrugger, &c., who refer to the abdomen as the seat of mania; of Bayle, Calmiel, Voisin, Falret, &c., who ascribe the symptoms to organic morbidity in the brain

* *Compte Rendu*, &c. 1826.

or its membranes; or of Winslow, Bichât, Sömmering, Cuvier, Magendie, &c., who explain the phenomena by the sympathetic affinities of the gangliomic nerves. Dr. Burrows is a disciple of none of those systems in particular, but judiciously selects from each the facts which he thinks useful to illustrate his subject. The following table, drawn up S. Pinel, and comprehending the dissections of maniacs made by MM. Esquirol, Villermay, Beauvais, and Schwilgaë, we think important upon these points:—

‘Cases.

‘No diseased appearance visible in the brain,
chest, or abdomen 56

Brain Morbid.

Apoplexy 27
Substance of the brain morbid 19
Membranes of the brain morbid 22

Other Organs Morbid.

Peripneumony (chronic) 20
Phthisis 22
Peritonitis (chronic) 9
Pleuritis (chronic) 7
Enteritis (chronic) 50
Bowels otherwise morbid 13
Liver morbid 5
Kidneys morbid 3
Ovaries morbid 2
Uterus 4

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‘From these dissections it follows:—1. That lesions of the brain, the organ of the intellectual functions, are in the proportion of one to two of those of the other viscera; 2. That more than one in *five* corpses of maniacs present no evidence of any disease whatever! 3. That in a great majority of cases, the insanity was a sympathetic affection; and, 4. That as, in more than a fifth of 259 dissections, no lesion or alteration could be detected, it strongly corroborates the opinion, that, when such lesions or alterations are observed, they are posterior, and not anterior, to the development of mental derangement.

‘These are very important pathological corollaries, and being deduced from a collection of dissections by anatomists of high character, their accuracy ought not to be suspected.’—*Burrows*, p. 75.

With respect to morbid appearances on dissection, however, we venture to remark, that when we can tell what constitutes the difference between the brain of a peasant, whose ideas extend little further than his waggon, his flock, or his hut, and that of a Bacon, a Milton, or a Newton, where so many fine ideas were arranged,—we may then, perhaps, discover the proximate cause of mania. It cannot be exactly known from inspecting the brains of maniacal patients after death, but there are strong presumptions that some disorder of the brain, structural or functional, has

existed. For organic lesions are much more frequent in their brains than in the brains of other patients, and in the many cases where nothing can be detected to account for the maniacal symptoms, we have a right to suppose the cause to be in that organ whose texture and mode of action are least known. We are strongly borne out in this opinion by analogy, in the instance, for example, of gutta serena, or amaurosis, in which no appearance can be detected in the eyes, upon dissection, to account for the complete blindness which characterized the disease.

One of the most important of the views under which mental derangement can be considered as generally interesting, is its hereditary transmission. Dr. Burrows tells us, that sometimes all the forms and relations of insanity are developed in a remarkable manner in a single family when it chanced to be large; and mania, melancholia, hypochondriasis, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, convulsions, chorea, nysteria, &c. or high nervous irritability, are often found to pervade one or the other of the same progeny. In a respectable family, for example, known to Dr. Burrows, one son has transcendent talents; the second is inferior, the third has been for years in a state of fatuity, and the fourth is an idiot. The following case is striking:—

‘A young lady of good family and fortune, was placed under my care, in whom mental derangement had been sometime developed, till at length she was too violent to be at home. I made the usual inquiry into the probable causes of the malady, and whether hereditary predisposition might be suspected. This was positively denied, but it was suggested, that being very fond of hunting, she had several times experienced severe falls from her horse, and might have injured her head. Upon examining the cranium, I actually found a very singular depression of a part of the skull, but whether it was natural or accidental, no one could inform me. I stated to my patient’s friends my suspicion that this depression might operate mechanically as a cause of the insanity; and with their consent, an eminent surgeon was consulted upon the propriety of applying the trephine, with a view of removing such cause. Before any decision upon this question, I learnt from another quarter that several of this young lady’s nearest relations had been insane, and that two died in that state. The operation was, therefore, declined, and she recovered. I believe few cases can occur where the inducements to a candid avowal of hereditary predisposition to insanity, were more powerful, yet they were not of sufficient force to elicit the truth. This perverse concealment has often a very baneful effect.’—*Burrows*, p. 103.

We perceive that Dr. Knight denies the fact of insanity being transmitted, when accidentally produced, in persons whose predecessors have been free from the disorder; but the distinction we think is too refined to be useful.

It is a well ascertained and remarkable fact, that hereditary insanity is most common among the highest rank of society, in consequence, it is supposed, of intermarriages being common

among family relatives, and it has accordingly been found most prevalent where the system of clanship has been strictly preserved. In ancient Scottish families, for example, where such intermarriages are frequent, hereditary insanity is common. The hereditary transmission of diseases from such intermarriages was discovered in Scotland at an early period, as we are informed by Hector Boetius, in his "*Cosmographie of Albion*," edit. Edinb. 1541; and in order to prevent families from hereditary taint, when any Scot was affected with disease supposed to be transmissible to his progeny, his sons were emasculated and his daughters banished; and if any female affected by such disease became pregnant, she was buried alive!

In families in which insanity has once occurred, the first symptoms of aberration ought to be carefully watched, and if possible checked by timely measures that the awful consequences of their becoming aggravated or confirmed may be averted. The grand panacea time, however, is but too frequently and vainly depended upon to remove the disorder; but time steals on, the malady increases, a physician is called in, and after receiving a few fees for doing nothing, he recommends a removal to a lunatic asylum,—precisely the very place where the patient ought not to be sent, for supposing the treatment the best and most humane which can be devised—still it may be asked will the company of the melancholic cheer the mind which is dispirited, sunk, and ready to break down? Or, will the society of maniacs and the ravings of frenzy sooth and calm the mental excitement, which threatens to terminate in furious madness? The following case by Mr. W. J. bears strongly on this point.

'I have witnessed cases in which the most serious consequences have ensued, from placing patients in an incipient state of insanity in contact with confirmed lunatics. I remember a gentleman whose disorder was an excessive state of nervous irritability; he was a tradesman in affluent circumstances, and lived in a style suitable to his means. His friends deemed it necessary that he should be removed to a lunatic asylum, and the comforts provided for him there, were far inferior to what he had been used to at home. In a very short time, the change caused an accession of excitement, so that he became troublesome, and disturbed the more peaceable patients in that part of the house in which he was lodged, and he was removed into the common ward, and placed among lunatics of all classes. Never shall I forget the dreadful state of agitation in which he continued during the whole of one day; he refused to sit down, or take any food, and stood shaking like an aspen leaf, his wild eyes wandering from patient to patient, as their gestures or exclamations attracted his attention.

'Was such treatment as this calculated to remove nervous irritability? Or would it not more probably have the effect of rendering the patient forever the inmate of a madhouse?—*Pract. Observ.* p. 28.

It may not be irrelevant, therefore, on a subject so important to

many families, to give a brief summary of some of the more common indications of approaching or begun insanity. The precursory symptoms are various, as might be expected in a malady so varied in form. Headache, giddiness, throbbing of the temples, or impaired vision, have severally, or combined, ushered in a paroxysm; and frequently hypochondriacal apprehensions, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs, have terminated in maniacal delusions. In many instances the symptoms first remarked are, a defect in the power of attention, fits of absence, frequent talking or muttering of the patient to himself, an unmeaning and fixed stare in the eyes, a dejected countenance, and sometimes jerking motions of the body, or odd gesticulations. Together with these appearances, the mind is sometimes under the depressing influence of hurt pride, disappointed hope, or religious apprehension; perhaps it is brooding over some feeling of remorse, fear, jealousy, or chagrin, on grounds which are wholly imaginary. Love is, in some instances, the predominant impression; and it is equally singular and characteristic, that the object of this affection and the patient are sometimes unacquainted with each other. The first indication in some patients, is an extraordinary flow of high spirits, about to end, at length in maniacal delirium; in others, extreme terror is first noticed. The countenance is pale, ghastly, and strongly expressive of the inward emotion; the speech is hurried and tremulous; and the extremities are cold, perhaps bedewed with a cold sweat. Soon, however, the eye glares malignantly, the face flushes, and assumes the expression of ferocity; the objects of terror become the objects of vengeance, and the patient is furious. In some, there is an unusual degree of suspicion or of anticipation of evils, and a belief in imaginary plots or conspiracies. In others, there is great irascibility and malignity, and some act of desperation, vengeance, or cruelty, is perhaps the first obvious symptom of the malady. From the commencement of lunacy, and especially as long as the mind continues in a state of excitement, patients generally sleep little, if at all; yet some are disposed to lie constantly in bed, and are unwilling to answer questions, or to converse with their friends or relations. In some instances, the patient carefully conceals his illusions for a long time after they have taken possession of the mind. Perhaps, for the first time, he reveals them confidentially to his clergyman, or to his medical attendant. As soon, however, as maniacal illusions are betrayed, the nature of the case is manifest. Cunning is a symptom which, in many cases, manifests itself early—usually accompanies the disorder in its progress—and even continues after a partial cure may have been effected. We have met with the following two remarkable cases illustrative of maniacal cunning, stated by Lord Erskine in his celebrated speech for James Hadfield:—

“I examined,” says his Lordship, “for the greater part of a

day in this very place (the Court of King's Bench), an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a madhouse at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic, whilst, according to his own evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted, although my instructions left me no doubt of the fact; but not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe that I left no means unemployed which long experience dictated, but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted, and the prosecutor, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to the judge and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of the most wanton oppression. At last Dr. Sims came into court, who had been prevented by business from an earlier attendance. From him I soon learned that the very man, whom I had been above an hour examining, and with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, *believed himself to be the Lord and Saviour of mankind*, not merely at the time of his confinement, which was alone necessary for my defence, but during the whole time he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprize him, in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination, when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of the whole court, "I AM THE CHRIST," and so the cause ended!"

The other statement he derived from Lord Mansfield himself, who had tried the cause. "A man of the name of Wood had indicted Dr. Munro for keeping him as a prisoner when he was sane. He underwent the most severe examination by the defendant's counsel, without exposing his complaint; but Dr. Battie having come upon the bench by me, and having desired me to ask him what was become of the princess with whom he corresponded in cherry-juice, he showed in a moment what he was. He answered there was nothing at all in that, because having been (as every body knew), imprisoned in a high tower, and being debarred the use of ink, he had no other means of correspondence than in writing his letters in cherry-juice, and throwing them into the river which surrounded the tower, when the princess received them in a boat. There existed, of course, no tower, no imprisonment, no writing in cherry-juice, no river, no boat, but the whole was the inevitable phantom of a morbid imagination." "I immediately," continued Lord Mansfield, "directed Dr. Munro to be acquitted; but this man, Wood, being a merchant in Philpot Lane, and having been carried through the city on his way to the madhouse, indicted Dr. Munro over again for the trespass and imprisonment in London, knowing he had lost his cause by speaking of the princess at Westminster." "And such," said Lord Mansfield, "is the extraordinary subtlety and cunning of madmen,

that he was cross-examined on the trial in London, as he had successfully been before, in order to expose his madness, but all the ingenuity of the bar, and all the authority of the court, could not make him say a single syllable upon the topic which had put an end to the indictment before, although he had still the same indelible impression upon his mind, as he had signified to those who were near him; but, conscious that the delusion had occasioned his defeat at Westminster, he obstinately persisted in holding it back."—*Vesey Jun.'s Reports*, ii. 77, *ex parte Holyland*.

In the enumeration of symptoms, Dr. Burrows is very minute and full, distinguishing with considerable tact, the various shades and degrees which characterise the species into which he divides the disorder, and in which he differs from the classification of Esquirol, given above. He has adopted, and greatly improved upon, the tabular method proposed by M. Georget, of contrasting the symptoms which may lead to mistake, in contiguous columns, thus:—

'Mania.

1.

'The paroxysm preceded by a gradual change of disposition and habits, high spirits, rapid ideas, incoherent conversation, and symptoms of corporeal disorder. Head-ache, but not intense.

'Delirium partial.

2.

'No fever; and when the skin is very hot, it is from violent muscular exertion. Tongue white and foul, but moist.

3.

'&c. &c. &c.

'Cephalitis

[Inflammation of the brain.]

1.

'The paroxysm preceded by sudden and violent pains in the head, back, or limbs, and regions.

'When delirium attends, it is complete.

2.

'Vehement fever; and constant burning heat of the skin, and all the other symptoms of pynexia. Tongue parched, at first red, then whitish, yellow, or bluish.

3.

'&c. &c. &c.'

Burrows, p. 350.

It remains for us to take some notice of the methods of cure, and in reference to the deplorable state in which this branch of medicine stands, we cannot but admire the ingenious and rational proposal of Mr. W. J.

"It is said of an oriental monarch, that he pays his physicians only when he is in health; and, were this principle generally adopted, it would be attended with advantage. A modification of it, however, I would adopt, had I a relative or friend insane. I would pay just so much as would cover the expense of board, &c. and agree to pay a handsome premium when the patient should be discharged cured." *Pract. Observ.* p. 18.

This, however, would not apply to such cases as that stated by

Dr. Bright, the Secretary to the Commissioners for licensing mad-houses, in his evidence before the Middlesex Committee: "A person, a retail chemist and druggist, calling himself an apothecary, induced a brother of his to sign some instrument, by which property to the amount of about 3,000*l.* was disposed of, and two days after the execution of the instrument, he took this brother to a mad-house, he himself signing the certificate as a medical person."

We are happy to perceive, by the returns of various public and private establishments, both at home and on the Continent, which are given at large by Dr. Burrows, that under favourable circumstances more than one-half of all the cases of deranged mind may be considered curable. In the Quakers' Retreat at York, the proportion is considerably higher, owing to local and other circumstances. In Dr. Burrows' own establishment, at Clapham (to the superior and even elegant accommodations in which, we can bear personal testimony), the proportion of cures is fully a half, leaving out of consideration about a sixth considerably relieved. The methods of cure naturally resolve into moral and medical treatment.

Much must depend upon kind and soothing measures in cases of high excitement, and upon cheering the dark despondency of those afflicted with melancholia; but though this looks easy in theory, like a plausible book system of politics or morals, it is extremely difficult and often impossible to put it in practice. The following case will explain this better than any general argument which we could adduce:

"A nobleman of a fine and cultivated mind, was rather suddenly seized with mania. His delusions induced him to think still higher of his consequences and endowments, added to which, he fancied that he was intrusted with a spiritual commission from God. No persuasion or art could induce him to submit to medical discipline or control. Force was at last resorted to, but with all possible caution and respect. It exasperated him violently. The plan was relaxed, but his conduct was wild and dangerous, to the highest degree constraint was resumed. A continued apposition ensued for three months, when, from full abstinence and constant resistance and vituperation, he became quite exhausted, and died. Every thing was done that skill could devise, to enlarge the patient's liberty, but it was dangerous even for a minute. I superintended many attempts to relax his confinement, but all was in vain—the consequences were always terrible.

"In the midst of his delusions and ravings, offended pride was uppermost. He would never enter into any compromise, but invariably insisted on his liberty as his natural right. The following characteristic colloquy took place with him one day in a consultation.

"One of the physicians urged him to walk in the garden for exercise. "No, sir," he replied, "I will not, while in this degraded condition!" (glancing at the strait waistcoat). "But, my Lord, no one will see you there." "Ah, Sir! what a base man you must be, to think it is being

seen! No, sir, it is not my body's degradation, it is my mind that is degraded and suffers!"

'After I heard these sentiments, in which there was so much truth and feeling, I redoubled my efforts to obtain his confidence, and a promise that he would conduct himself quietly if I gave him his liberty. I would unhesitatingly have placed confidence in him, had he made that promise, under a full conviction that he might be trusted; but he refused all pledges. Nevertheless, I again gave him more latitude; but he was as before, dangerously violent, and again restraint was resumed.'—*Burrows*, p. 692.

A case such as this, and it is by no means an uncommon one, will at once show the absurdity of the "*fame, vinculis, plagis coercendus est*" of Celsus, and the manacles, fetters, stripes, slender and not over delicate food, clothing rough, bed hard, and treatment severe and rigid, of Dr. Thomas Willis—recommended too, if we mistake not, almost indiscriminately in the early stages of derangement. M. Pinel* appears to have been the first of the moderns who introduced the rational and moral system which has been followed and improved upon by his celebrated pupils, M. M. Esquirol, Georget, Falret, and by most of the physicians in Europe. The principal rules of this improved system are—1. Never to exercise the mind of an insane person in the sense of his delirium—2. Never to openly oppose the morbid ideas, affections, or inclinations of the insane—3. To give rise, by diversity of impressions, to new ideas and feelings; and thus, by exciting fresh moral emotions, revive the dormant faculties—4. Never to commit one's self to an insane person by a promise; but if a promise be inadvertently given, faithfully to adhere to it, unless certain that the fulfilment will be attended with greatly worse consequences than the breach of it.†

The last rule is exceedingly important, as maniacs are usually very faithful to their own promises, of which a very singular case is recorded of a suicidal maniac. His keeper, knowing well he could trust him, exacted a promise that he should not destroy himself, if left at liberty till a certain hour. The keeper unfortunately prolonged his absence an hour beyond the time stipulated, and found that his patient had just done the deed, having faithfully exceeded the promised time of forbearance.

'Perhaps there is no part of the duty of a physician which requires so much judgment as to decide the exact time when he may place confidence in a convalescent patient. If, unfortunately, he should refuse his confidence when the patient is convalescent, and begins to feel that he has lived in a delusion, he may facilitate the stroke which has cost him months of care and caution to avert.

'The late king desired one day to shave himself. Willis feared, that if

* Pinel, *Traité sur l'Aliénation Mentale*.

† Georget, de la Folie, page 280, Esquirol, loc. cit.

he hesitated to give his consent, the king would see that he was suspected of an intention to commit suicide, and thus the idea of such an act would be engendered where it might not as yet exist. He promptly sent for the razors; but before they could be brought, he engaged his majesty's attention with papers, which were upon the table. The king continued so occupied with them that his physician felt assured he entertained no design of the kind. After having shaved himself he resumed his papers. The razors were not sent away immediately, lest the thought should come across the king that he could not be trusted. Such self-possession and tact would have been admirable in an ordinary case, but when we consider the rank of the patient, and the immense responsibility attached, we must own that Willis was endowed with exemplary qualifications for the trust imposed upon him.'—*Burrows*, p. 461.

With regard to medicines, an idle opinion is exceedingly prevalent even among people well informed on other subjects, that insanity is a mental disease, independent of the body, and that there are remedies specifically applicable to *mental* derangement. Hence, as Dr. Burrows remarks, the question so often put in Parliamentary enquiries, whether medicines are prescribed suitable to the mental complaints of the patient. There can be no question that medicines which act powerfully on the bodily organs, frequently act through them upon the mind; but no specific exists which can act immediately on the mind, independent of the body. Hellebore, for example, the grand specific of the ancients, by which Melampus is said to have cured the mad daughters of Proteus, retained its reputed virtues for above two thousand years. Yet the only obvious effect of hellebore is the evacuation of the bowels, which are usually slow and torpid in mania, and such deviation from the healthy requirements of nature begets other functional derangements, whence originate corporeal disease and mental disorder. Other purgatives, however, are now found to be more effectual and more safe than hellebore, which has been for several years little used.

We have not left room for noticing one-tenth of the medical remedies, whose merits are discussed in the works before us; such as abstracting of blood, dry cupping, refrigeration, gyration and swinging, sleep, narcotics, blistering, setons and issues, artificial eruptions, bathing, vomiting, nausea, salivation, digitalis, camphor, tonics, tobacco, diet, &c. All these are carefully and amply investigated in the work of Dr. Burrows, to which we refer those who are anxious for farther information. Upon one point we were disappointed in his remarks, and the more so, that upon almost every other Dr. Burrows seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the most recent improvements in medical science. The following sentences will show to what we allude:

'We must not always blame the virtues of hyoscyamus, because it fails in producing the effect which we expect. Like all the vegetable extracts, it is rarely met with properly prepared; or, if originally good, perhaps its

virtues have been deteriorated by being kept too long. Hence its effects are very variable.'---p. 618.

'Digitalis is peculiarly open to the objection justly charged upon the whole tribe of vegetable narcotics, in *whatever form* they are presented for our use; viz. that their qualities are affected by such a variety of circumstances, that the same preparations, at two different seasons or periods, rarely accord in their properties; hence such diversity in their effects.'---p. 655.

To obviate these serious inconveniences, Dr. Burrows advises 'a strict attention to the directions in the Pharmacopæia, for the preparation of vegetable remedies;' an advice which we hesitate not to reject upon his own showing, that the preparations differ 'at two different seasons or periods.' In fact, the only certain preparations are those lately discovered of the chemical principles of those active plants, viz. *Hyascyamine*, *Digitaline*, &c., of which Dr. Burrows would do well to make a careful and cautious trial. The results, whether beneficial or otherwise, could not fail to be more uniform than by paying the strictest attention to the directions in the Pharmacopæia, necessarily imperfect and uncertain as they confessedly are.

We shall only advert to one other remedy, turpentine, which Dr. Knight reports as successful in his hands beyond all other medicines. 'Gratified,' says Dr. Burrows, 'by Dr. Knight's success in this intractable disease [maniacal epilepsy], I requested a more explicit account of his mode of treating it; but I was sorry to learn that the experience of the medical officers of the Lancaster Asylum refuted Dr. K.'s statements.' (p. 658, *note*).

Before we read this note, indeed, we perceived from Dr. Knight's own volume, that there had occurred some unpleasant differences between him and the official department of the Lancaster Asylum, who appear to have refused him access to his own papers and journals of cases. (*Knight, Pref. p. v., also p. 89, &c.*) We have no concern in these differences, farther than they may tend to affect the authenticity of the reported cures. It is but justice, however, to Dr. Knight to state, that he is not alone in his account of the effects of turpentine, his testimony being corroborated by that of Dr. E. Percival, of Dublin, who produced by its means a partial cure in twenty cases of epileptia mania.

ART. X.—*Tales and Confessions.* By Leitch Ritchie. London: Smith & Elder. 1829.

2. *My Grandfather's Farm; or, Pictures of Rural Life.* Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

THE merit of a bold sketch, or short characteristic tale, is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. Nothing will suit an English public that has not the two opposite qualities of great bulk and great levity. There is an eternal call for something light, but the

lightest of all fashionable stories will not sell, as every publisher knows, unless it be expanded into three volumes. We have seen some collections of the most beautiful little pieces, and which seemed to us the purest emanations of a fine nature fall entirely neglected from the press, while the most worthless romance procures for its author both fame and profit. There is only one way of accounting for this. Every uncultivated, tasteless mind, can be horror-stricken, amused with scandal, or inflamed with curiosity, but not one in a thousand is awake to the pure, unmixed beauty of thought, and not one in ten thousand to that mystery of universal beauty which is seen at one time in the flowers of the earth, at another in the sea or sky, and at another in the love-lit countenance of a human being. A rural scene, a happy winter-hearth, a galaxy of bright faces are not, to a vulgar mind, what they are to one who regards them in connection with the sentiment of love, from which creation itself took its beginning. To a mind of this character, the description of a valley in spring time, a sketch of the interior of a farm-house, or the retrospection of life which lectures us on its changes and uncertainty, affords a pleasure superior to that which it would receive from a far more elaborate composition.

The '*Tales and Confessions*,' are not of a rural kind, but from the marks of genuine talent which characterize them, and the forcible manner in which they appeal to feelings which are common to every class of minds, they bid fair to obtain general popularity. The perfect originality which distinguishes several of the conceptions embodied in these compositions, and the boldness with which the strange characters that figure in the stories are delineated, stamp the volume with a title to attention, to which few of the same class could lay claim. There are faults, however, occasionally both of style and subject, which the author might have avoided, by sometimes sacrificing strength to propriety, and at others, by not suffering a tempting subject to lead him too far into his favourite region of doubt and darkness. But there are few of our readers who may take up this entertaining, and peculiarly written book, that will not be ready to pardon the errors we have alluded to, for the sake of the rich fund of amusement the writer has provided them—an amusement not to be always obtained in such rare perfection—the perusal of good ghost stories over a winter fire. We find it difficult to decide which of the many striking passages in the volume we shall take for our extract. The following, however, will give some idea of the author's powers, which can only be fairly judged of by a longer and more complete portion than we can find space to give. The passage we quote is from the '*Borderer's Leap*,' a story describing the fierce pursuit of a lover after his enemy, who had broken in upon his marriage festival and murdered his bride. The ravisher was called the Raven of Drumscliff, and he had a hold among the mountains and precipices which was called after his name, and to which he uniformly fled when-

ever in danger from his enemies. The pursuit had now been continued for a considerable time, when,—

'The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; and, perhaps, even the few years of toil, intemperance and crime, that had elapsed since his last visit to the tower, had cast a weight upon his head, to which, during the progressive infliction of the burthen, he had been insensible. It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion, burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale; perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for a moment into the abyss.

Objects of a similar nature, occurring in the scenery of mountainous countries, do not usually impress the traveller with ideas of unmingled terror:—the trees bending across the chasm, and concealing with their foliage its depth and danger—the heath and brushwood clinging to the sides, like natural tapestry—and the projecting points of the rocks, raising their grey heads at intervals through the curtain, give a romantic variety to the picture, and gild our fear with admiration. But these points of pictorial beauty and relief were here wanting: the naked sides of the rock were only variegated by the colours of the different strata, and by its own sharp and bare projections, stretching forth from either side like threatening knives, to deter or to mangle; while the river, rushing through the comparatively narrow channel below—although its voice was scarcely heard through the distance—seemed to light the dismal passage with its white foam. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort; for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss.

He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead: he dug his hands into the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing-place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure, had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed for ever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind, that, in a few minutes more, he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and,

staking every thing on the event of a single movement—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff.—pp. 155—157.

After hurling at his foe the deperate menaces of revenge, the bridegroom, in the fury of despair and hate, flung himself over the frightful chasm which separated him from the object of his pursuit—a mortal struggle ensued, and the combatants clasped in each other's arms rolled over the brink of the precipice to the bottom of which they descended one mass of blood.

'My Grandfather's Farm' is another volume replete with marks of talent. It is unpretending in its character, but full of pleasing images and soothing reflections. The happy scenes of the country are described as they ought to be, not poetically but as they really impress a quiet meditative mind, and the book has itself a sort of rural life, a spirit fed by the breezes that blow over fragrant meadows and smiling hamlets.

ART. XI.—1. *The British Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1829, &c. &c.*—pp. 72. Price 2s. 6d. stitched. London: Charles Knight.

2. *The Englishman's Almanac: or Daily Calender of General Information for the United Kingdom, for the Year of Our Lord, 1829*, pp. 60. p. 2s. 3d. stitched. London; Printed for the Company of Stationers.

3. *The Celestial Atlas: or a new and Improved Ephemeris for the the Year of Our Lord, 1829*. By Robert White, eightieth impression. London: Printed for the Stationers' Company.

4. *The Ladies' Diary: or complete Almanac for the Year of our Lord, 1829, designed for the Use and Diversion of the Fair Sex*. London: Printed for the Stationers' Company:

5. *Vox Stellarum; or a Loyal Almanack, for the Year of Human Redemption, 1829*. By Francis Moore, Physician. London: Printed for the Stationers' Company.

6. *Wills's Complete Clerical Almanack, for the Year 1829*. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers. Price 2s. 6d.

7. *Gilbert's Clergyman's Almanack for the Year 1829*. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

8. *The Gentleman's Diary, or the Mathematical Repository; an Almanack for the Year of our Lord, 1829*. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers, 2s. 3d.

9. *Moore's Almanack Improved; or Wills's Farmer and Countryman's Calender, for the Year of our Lord, 1829*. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers. 2s. 6d.

To which of the Almanacks here enumerated, the palm of superiority ought to be awarded, is a matter, one would think, of no extraordinary difficulty to determine. Yet, unsophisticated as

the question appears to be, it has been ingeniously separated into so many parts: it has been so mixed up with points of distant history and modern morals, and cant and clamour have so distorted it, that we must needs, in order to do justice, pursue it through its numerous complex relations.

In our zeal to condemn the practices of those who have gone before us, we are apt to forget the privations, intellectual as well as technical, under which they laboured. We judge of their success in any walk too often according to the standard of a much more improved state of things, in which we are so fortunate as to participate: we make no allowances for their comparative proximity to an era of barbarism and ignorance, and we overlook the obstacles to improvement, arising in their day from habits in the people, of which we can know nothing. If we look to the early state of that useful, or rather indispensable periodical, the Almanac, we shall find that it was only not despicable because it contained matter that was pernicious. The offspring of ignorance and craft, Almanacs were fabricated for the purpose of deceiving the credulous. The popular appetite grew by what it fed on. The trade in Almanacs became important. The people would consume the commodity; and it is needless to say, that a supply would never be wanted. Is it going too far to assume that had the manufacturing of Almanacs been left at large, and had every man been at liberty to offer his production to the public, that the boldest soothsayer would have been the most popular? Him, neither a fear of detection nor anxiety about character would restrain; no *alloy* of astronomical science would tamper his predictions: he would always rush upon the oracles that were best calculated to suit the taste of his readers for the moment. Almanacs of this character, under the supposed circumstances, would have enjoyed the largest share, or rather have engrossed the entire patronage of the public: they would have pre-occupied the popular mind; and it is probable that no attempt would have been made, at least for a long time, by persons of comparative intelligence, to reclaim the condition of the Almanacs, because such an effort at innovation would involve greater sacrifices than most individuals would be satisfied to encounter. There these Almanacs would have remained in a state of original degradation, at the mercy of artful pretenders, interested in the perpetuation of that popular ignorance and credulity on which they subsisted.

Whatever steps, then, were taken, at an early period, to place the preparation of an article in such general request, under any species of cultivated regulation, seems to us to have been a positive good. It is easy to raise a cry against monopoly. We can execrate as cordially as its worst enemies, its abuses; but there are seasons and circumstances in which monopoly becomes justice and politic, as has been recognized by the wisdom and experience of

the oldest States. If we look to the period when the sole right of producing Almanacks was confined to the Stationers' Company, we shall be constrained to admit, notwithstanding our prejudices against all exclusive systems, that much undoubted advantage flowed from the limitation. The Company did not itself, it will be observed, or by any of its members, compose these periodicals at any time. They always employed persons for that purpose. We may reasonably conclude that they required some qualifications in those parties for the task which they wanted to have performed. In the history of the Company, it is no where remarked that they ever showed a disposition to part with their capital, unless upon a strong presumption of a fruitful return; and for the construction of Almanacs, it is most likely that they would have preferred agents possessed of information and ability. Here, then, we pretty clearly trace out the existence of a permanent controlling power, a critical tribunal, acting directly upon these compositions; and highly calculated by its influence to raise their character as well as their merits. Our theory is somewhat curiously confirmed by a reference to the early Almanacs of the Company, the title-pages of which bear the name of some eminent Philomath of his day, some teacher of mathematics, or some certified physician, for their author. This was the description of persons on whom the patronage of the Stationers' Company worked in the nature of a bounty, stimulating them to take the greatest pains for the acquisition of scientific knowledge. The persuasion under which those practical philosophers, the Philomaths, lived, that a key to the knowledge of future events was to be discovered in the mutual position of the stars, was attended with this good consequence; that it led to unceasing and minute observations of the heavens. It must have been the interest of the Almanac maker to improve himself in science; the more plausibly he could predict, the better price he was enabled to command; the way to acquire the advantage was, in his opinion, to get knowledge; and thus there was produced a state of things tending with irresistible force to the diffusion of correct astronomical information. Under this system, in point of fact, genuine science was promoted, although the ostensible purpose was the gratification of vulgar curiosity; and thus that patronage which was bestowed for the latter object, really applied itself to the former.

It is admitted that a knowledge of celestial astronomy is very generally spread throughout this country. We have a large comparative number of private observatories, and many discoveries useful to the science, have been made by persons directed to the study of it chiefly from inclination. The optical instruments made in this country have been ever remarkable for their superiority. It is curious that in the common catalogues of the instrument makers, a great proportion of the articles offered for general sale consists of telescopes adapted for astronomical observations. And yet astro-

nomy is one of the few branches of knowledge which has not engaged the fostering care of an appropriate society in this country. The end of such an association would have been to diffuse by multiplied means within its power, a taste for the science; to maintain a systematic course of investigation, whereby unremitting and minute observations of the heavens would be secured; to collect, digest, and put upon record the discoveries and calculations of scattered individuals; and in short to combine in one organized plan, the enterprize of numerous adventurers in astronomical inquiry. Such are the advantages that might have been expected from a permanent society expressly established for the advancement of Astronomy.

It would undoubtedly be much too bold to say that the existence of such a body has been superseded. But there is certainly no exaggeration in affirming, that to the extent of creating and continuing a very general appetite for a knowledge of the phenomena of the heavens, by irritating popular curiosity, and furnishing the facilities for its gratification, the Almanacs, for nearly the last two centuries, have accomplished wonders. They abounded in absurdities, it is painfully true: but how else were they to have been read by the world? We may lament the means by which astronomy was communicated to the people; but without the condiment that was employed, the salutary principle which it conveyed would never have been imbibed by them. And here we approach the theme of many a tender hearted homily, the subject that has called forth many a sigh of benevolent sorrow; we allude to the vaticinations of Francis Moore, physician, and some of his patriarchal colleagues. To listen to the pompous declamations of modern alarmists, one would conclude that the Stationers' Company have to answer for a grand national demoralization, which they have been the means of producing. But let us put those criminations at once to the test of truth. If the effect of the unexampled circulation of the most popular of our Almanacs were really intended to be to establish amongst the people any degree of faith in the doctrines of astrology, is it not most singular that that particular superstition should, at the present day, have so very few votaries amongst the vulgar class. If we examine all the accessible records of police business in great towns as well as in petty villages, we shall find that for one instance of an attempt at deluding ignorance by astrology, at least five have taken place by some other species of divination. In truth, within the last quarter of a century, whilst witchcraft, charms, card-cutting, cup-tossing, palmistry, &c. have been a source of revenue to many provincial professors of the obscure art, consulting the stars has fallen into utter disrepute. How then, may we ask, are we to account for the fact, that whilst the Stationers' Company have so long been administering this branch of the affairs of the empire of imposture, they should have so signally failed in making it an object of respect, or even attention? And does not this circumstance

instantly suggest the notion that our popular almanacks have not been quite so subservient as is pretended, to the consolidation of the influence of superstition amongst us? Nay, are there not some sufficient reasons for believing that these very productions have proved deleterious to the power of astrology over the popular mind, slowly, but with certain progress, preying upon its vitality? When a consummate master of the human mind wished to overthrow the institution of knight errantry in his country, he never thought of succeeding in his object by exposing it as an error, or denouncing it as a mischief: he did not even employ the weapons of reason and argument, so generally irresistible in the long run against it. But he assumed all the characteristics of a faithful votary: and thus, by pretending a reverence for what he desired to mark out for contempt, by describing with consistent gravity what nobody could listen to without laughter, by the matchless affectation of sincerity in his all comprehensive credulity, was the author of *Don Quixote* enabled to raise a monument of imperishable fame for himself upon the ruins of a national system which up to that time appeared to possess all the elements of long duration. And may not Francis Moore, cunning man, have been an humble Cervantes in his way? Is it not possible that he too should have assumed the mask of an ally, and with glorious treachery have conspired against the tyranny of a degrading superstition? Rather, are not the results that we witness in perfect harmony with a speculation so honourable to the Stationers' Company? In what part of the land is it—all the western counties included—that the predictions of the Almanacks have ever deranged the order of public or private affairs? Where is the benighted husbandman this moment, who believes in the oracular faculty of Doctor Moore? What ploughs are suspended in the farrow—what season of sowing is allowed to pass by in terror of his foreboding? Amongst what infirm or superannuated class has he been able to promote precautionary measures of security against the series of thunder storms which he is pledged to bring forward on the 9th and 10th of a given month, towards the middle of the year? And where is the confiding spinster that is now deluded, all unprepared, into the open air, on a day of inevitable rain, by the sweet promises, in the Almanac, of unbroken sunshine? In one of the popular periodicals of the day, we have seen an anecdote which very strikingly describes the state of popular opinion upon this subject. Once upon a time, a certain eminent astronomer fell into the company of a farmer, to whom he was unknown, and the conversation happening to turn on the means of foretelling the weather, the former observed, to the great amusement of his companion, that "there was a fool, of the name of Flamstead, who pretended in the Almanac to predict what sort of weather it would be for any day in the year, but that for his part he made it a rule always to lay his account with weather the very reverse of what the Almanac predicted, and found himself always in the right." The

general circulation of this story, for we have heard the substantial part of it a thousand times, is decisive as to the fact of a diffidence being universally entertained in the prognostications of the Almanacs.

But, in truth, this charge of encouraging superstition, could never have been seriously supported against the Stationers' Company. It was, indeed, a very promising subject for sounding sentences and didactic essays, and in dexterous hands might have been made to tell against the Company. Still, all the excessive indignation which has been wasted on the occasion, was clumsily imagined; the elaborate solicitude betrayed for the purity of the national morals was unseasonable: the piece, in short, has been so overworked in every scene, as that the catastrophe has been altogether unable to produce the intended effect.

We are not the apologists of the Stationers' Company: we have not been blind to their errors, neither are we insensible of the value of competition in every sphere of human exertion: and if we perceived in the establishment of the body which has recently erected itself into rivalry with the antient corporation, the principles of a just or useful policy, or if they had given in their experimental almanacs proofs either of a capacity, or a wish to secure an improved article to the public, we have no predilections or ties that would make us hesitate in yielding them our unqualified support. But we see nothing in their conduct hitherto to justify us in bestowing it. When the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge produced their first almanack, the circumstances under which it was prepared called for no small share of indulgence from the public. The Almanac for 1829 presents itself with no such claims to our lenity: and as it may be taken as the production of the matured councils of the Society, we do not hesitate to state that they are ignorant of the principles on which an almanac ought to be constructed. We do not wonder at the imperfections of the established Almanacs, for we can make allowance for long formed habits; we can estimate very well the terror of innovation, which is the accompaniment of old age; we can form some opinion of the reluctance with which any modification will be admitted in the form of an annual publication which has yet experienced no change of the public favour. But when a new order of projectors, affecting an unusual devotion to the accommodation of the public, possessed of the ample means to carry their wishes into effect, not wedded to certain processes, not shackled by vicious customs, but with the world of improvement before them, and free to choose their plans and materials, when they, we say, set their reputation upon the issue of an enterprize, we might well expect nothing short of the nearest possible approach to perfection? And yet what has their Almanac proved after a second trial, but in its scheme and execution, a memorable failure? We should like to know if a catalogue of the

public offices, with a brief explanation attached to each, of the nature of its functions, would be not proper for the pages of an Almanac? Similar short notices might also be appended to the accounts of the Courts of Justice; and the duties of public officers of all descriptions might also be stated in a few words, after their names. Then, surely we might expect that some faint notion would be communicated to us that Great Britain is possessed of dependencies in one part or another of the globe: the amount of revenue and expenditure, and the principal heads of both are also matters of sufficient interest to obtain a place in an Almanac. In short, there is a great variety of subjects wholly omitted in our modern Almanacs, which without being given in the detailed manner of the Court Calendar, merits a fair portion of their pages. To them also we should wish to have the power of referring for a list of institutions of all kinds connected with religion, the Arts and Sciences, &c.

From the consideration of these defects which are common to all the published almanacs, we turn to the vices of commission with which the productions of the rival bodies are equally chargeable. What extraordinary importance there is in the science of horticulture, which has induced almanac makers to devote so large a proportion of their pages to its service, we really are unable to divine. There is, doubtless, between its stages and the changes of the weather, a connection which makes it natural to combine them together. But that is not enough in our opinion to justify the admission into an Almanac of horticultural details, to the exclusion of more appropriate matter. They are superfluous even in such a place; for will those who have a garden to cultivate, be contented with the brevity of these "useful directions?" The rich man will always be sure to have the best advice in his operations: and the poor one who has taste and time enough to indulge a taste in gardening, will hardly fail to secure the instructions which are to be found in large treatises. Besides, the directions being contained in one almanac, ought to be sufficient for many years, for they are unchangeable and altogether unnecessary to repeat.

On glancing at the British Almanac for 1829, the first thing that struck us was the glaring error which has been committed in calculating the times of high water during the year at London. The computation having been made upon erroneous principles, it happens that the correct hour, either in the morning or the evening, for high water, is not announced for any one day. Sometimes the time designated is half an hour too soon or too late; much oftener it is an hour either way, and sometimes the error is not far from an interval of two hours. Then the time itself is not always expressed with any thing like the accuracy which would command confidence in the reader. Thus, upon the 27th of May, we are told that it will be high water at London in the morning exactly at fourteen minutes past *forty* o'clock. On coming to the end of the calendar

in the British Almanac, we find the key to account for this "series" of errors in the admission which the editor makes with all the simplicity imaginable. 'The Tide Tables,' he informs us 'in the British Almanac, are computed by means of a table in Mackay's Navigation, the arguments of which are the moon's horizontal parallax, and the time of her meridian passage.' We believe that there is not a scientific man in the country who has read this acknowledgment without ridicule, because not only has it been proved that Mackay's table stood in need of correction in two instances, but it is very well understood in learned circles, that this table applies only to the phenomena of tides as they take place in the open sea.

The mistake of the "Theban" of the British Almanac, is, that he applies the same table to the phenomena of tides, which occur many miles up the Thames, where they are affected by totally new and peculiar circumstances. There again the table furnished by the same authority for calculating the time of high water at distant sea ports is equally erroneous, and of course without the slightest utility to any person.

In the lunations given for each month, we observe an unusual number of mistakes in the Almanac now under examination. In the month of February, opposite the last quarter of the moon, we find 'twenty minutes past seven,' it should be twenty minutes past eight: in the month of July, the commencement of the new moon is dated forty-nine minutes after five in the afternoon of the 1st, whereas it should be forty-five minutes past six in the morning; but the history of the moon changes for November presents a ludicrous set of phenomena. The moon we are told enters her first quarter on the 4th of that month: the full moon takes place on the 11th, after which she takes full eighteen days before she comes to her last quarter! This is not all. If the Almanac be correct, the moon is to perform some very extravagant evolutions in the commencement of next winter, for we are told, that on the 7th day of November in the morning, that is to say three days after she enters her first quarter, and four days before she is full, we are absolutely to be favoured with an entirely new moon! This is not idle or querulous criticism. The utility of an Almanack lies in its infallibility. Let it trip but once, and confidence is irrevocably departed from it.

But in what moment of the occultation of their judgments was it that the Diffusion Society decreed the banishment of all the illustrious saints from their calendar. There is indeed one exception which their love of religion and royalty must have led them to make, namely, the commemoration of the blessed martyr, Saint Charles the first. The general suppression of names so long associated with particular days in the recollections of most of us, is a remarkable instance of that unthinking precipitancy of decision which has contributed to render this Almanac so much a source of

public disappointment. Do these zealous reformers know that a great number of domestic arrangements, and many important public ones, the payment of rent for instance, as specified in some ancient leases, the convening of parochial and village assemblies, for business or legitimate recreation, as also of meetings of corporations, but, above all, the holding of fairs in various parts of the country, all are regulated in a great measure by the falling out of the festival of a particular saint, and are noted in the minds of the people only by his name. They have extended the expurgation even to the tutelar saints: St. David, for instance, is stript of his title (by some Quaker member of the committee, no doubt,) and St. Patrick is utterly annihilated. St. Cecilia, St. Swithin, and St. Valentine, have shared the same denudation as St. David; and the venerable Bede, the father of English history, has, like the apostle of Ireland, been deemed unworthy of a place in the same page with "William Emerson," and "Spencer Percival." St. Augustine also is made to give place to "Hugo Grotius," and St. Helena, the empress, to "James Beattie." Stranger still, our own King Edward the Confessor yields up his rights to "Murat, King of Naples." Surely this is not the way to reform the calendar.

But if we have had reason to complain of omissions in one place, and of mistakes in another, we feel how amply the world is compensated by the sagacity and point of the "Useful Remarks." Oh the depth of the wisdom of the Diffusion Society! It will be surely a point of historical controversy hereafter, like the birth place of some great poet, who is the real Solomon of the British Almanac for the present year. After the first two pages, we were able to hazard a conjecture; but as soon as we had reached the middle of the year, we felt that the man was never yet seen by us from whom we could venture to anticipate such a display, as this work contains, of oracular profundity. These useful remarks, it is proper to observe, are not confined to the department of the page regularly reserved for matter of that description; but ever and anon we find an intrusive "saw," an importunate apophthegm squeezing itself amongst the vegetables, the brocoli and lettuce, a very *anguis in herba*, at the bottom of the page. We trace two hands in the furnishing of the didactic contents of the Almanac. They are not always in harmony with one another, but they are very much alike in the depth of their knowledge, and the gravity of their expression. We select the following from the moral garnishing of the favoured month of February. "He who postpones the hour of living rightly, is like the rustic who waited till the river should have flowed past him." This sentence occurs at the top of the page. The next we cull from the bottom: "Chickens and ducklings are now to be purchased at high prices. They are best when they are cheapest." We very much suspect, from the discouragement uniformly given in this Almanac to luxurious indulgence, and the particular animosity that is levelled against the consumption

of premature poultry and unripe ducklings, that the framer of it was altogether unacquainted with the epicurean interpretation of the *vivere recte*, which he translates into the doubtful expression, "living rightly." We are not at all satisfied that to reject exquisite delicacies—to turn away from unexpected vegetables which the time of year refuses to recognize, are proofs of a disposition to live "rightly," according to the sense of the voluptuary who uses the words.

We have been exceedingly penetrated by the justice of the following remark which adorns the anticipated history of November: 'The price of sea fish depends entirely on accident.' No one, we presume, will dispute the justice of this proposition. But why is the remark limited to the finny inhabitants of the sea—does it not apply equally well to the fresh-water provender? Nay, is not the take of trout a much more precarious thing than a haul of herrings, and consequently is not the amount of price more the creature of accident in one case than in the other? We therefore most submissively propose to add the words "and fresh water," which being admitted into the sentence, will cause it to run in the following unobjectionable manner: "the price of sea and fresh-water fish depends entirely on accident."

Having meted such measure of justice as our readers have now seen, to the pretensions of the British Almanac, and the Society from which it proceeds, in various departments of science and of art, it remains for us, admiring as we do the singular versatility of the editor, to commemorate his proficiency in the mysteries of medicine. Dreadful is it to think upon the danger which threatens mortality in the critical month of May. It is the season of death—it is the period when apoplexy celebrates his terrible carnival. 'Every thing,' exclaims our leech of the British Almanac, 'every thing depends on prompt professional assistance being obtained: but when this is protracted, much benefit may be derived by dividing or cutting across the arterial branches in the temples by means of a pen-knife, and encouraging the flow of blood.' The great perfection of this sentence is, that the English is nearly as correct and orthodox as the medical advice. We are told, that as every thing depends on medical advice, when that advice is protracted, then the temporal artery is to be cut with a pen-knife. This is what he really says, although we guess what the man may have intended to say. But for the advice itself it unites in a greater degree than we have ever seen combined, the qualities of impudence and absurdity. In the first place, in order to enable the temporal artery to yield blood, the operator must carefully abstain from dividing it. He wounds it: he cuts it partially and obtains the desired quantity of blood: when he wishes to stop the current he completely divides the artery, the separated parts collapse, and there is an immediate stop put to the flow of blood. 'Chilblains' he pronounces oracularly, 'are the consequenc

of deficient energy in the action of the heart, by which the extreme vessels become obstructed." p. 35.) Of course to cure chilblains we infer that we must drink champagne or brandy, to make the heart dance. We submit that this is not "Useful Knowledge," nor any sort of knowledge. It is far-fetched and improbable theory. Under February it is enjoined, that "No person should take medicine in this month without advice," but it is added in the next paragraph, that to cure cramp "an emetic should be given, leeches applied to the throat, and doses of calomel exhibited at intervals till the mouth be affected." The quantity of calomel is not mentioned, though that is of little consequence as it is not to be given, but only to be exhibited" (*in terrorem*, we suppose) to the little patients. Perhaps, the fear caused by such an exhibition might set their hearts a beating and cure their chilblains, should these chance to be complicated with cramp. All of this there can be no doubt, is knowledge useful to *all* classes! The medical terms also which abound must be peculiarly intelligible and edifying to *all* classes, such as "incipient gangrene," "plethora," "exudation," "reaction," &c. The Society are so strongly attached to flannel, that they wear the same shirts and drawers, or as they themselves term it, "encasing" for nine months together: whence we presume the direction, "Take off flannel which has been worn next the skin *in this month*" [July.] As they begin "encasing" in November, it will be high time to procure a change of linen at the following Midsummer. We do not wonder at the prevalence of leprosy under such regimen, combined, too, with so excellent a preventive as "friction."

We have done with the British Almanac. We have we think amply justified the unfavourable opinion which we pronounced upon its merits, and satisfied our readers by reference to errors which we could easily accumulate, that the Diffusion Society are likely to reap no great accession of reputation from its contents. We are, however, by no means disposed to regret the experiment which they have this year repeated, for obvious reasons. There is still wanted an ample and complete Almanac: The construction of such a one is worthy the ambition of the Stationers' Company; who were the first to give shape and consistency to this species of popular production. They watched over its infant years with solicitude: they stood by it in its days of maturity, when its popularity was made a pretext for oppressive taxation, and now in its green old age, with the public favour still concentrated upon it, how becomingly might its ancient and unceasing protectors exert themselves to exalt its character and increase its capacity to diffuse instruction and rational amusement.

The Englishman's Almanac, which the Company have just published, is in some respects the best which we have seen; but it is very inaccurate on several important points. It is correct as to the tables of high-water, in which the British has made such gross

mistakes ; but it is by no means intelligible to a general reader in the tables given for the sun's setting and rising, which run thus, "8h 5m 4h" on the 1st of January, which we should take to indicate that the sun rises on that day five minutes past eight o'clock, and sets at four o'clock. This is incorrect as to the time of setting, which ought to be fifty-five minutes past three o'clock. The round number four, therefore, it would appear is used to save another column in the space ; and this error—glaring as it is—pervades the whole almanac. On the 11th January, for example, we read that the sun sets at five o'clock, whereas it ought to be three minutes past four.

Such was the impression made upon us on looking at the tables ; but we find that this enigmatical column is explained in the corner of an advertisement, which we have no doubt will be overlooked by most readers, as it was by us. The minutes in the middle column, it seems then are to be read right and left,—a piece of ingenuity in the contrivances of the editor, for which we are sorry we can give him no credit.

The British has made a decided improvement upon the manner of exhibiting the light of the moon by means of short lines, which the editor of the *Englishman's* would do well to adopt next year, as it will be more advantageous than the imitation conspicuous in what is termed *getting up*.

The editor of the *Englishman* has fallen below what we have noted above in the slip-slop truisms which we suppose he intends as useful remarks on each month. He informs us, for example, that 'deep snow is not agreeable to a pedestrian ;' that 'spring is the season of promise ;' that 'hay-making is a pleasing labour,' in which, 'for a few weeks all hands are at work ;' that in July 'towards the evening, when the sun is on the decline, it is refreshing to take a cup of tea or coffee in the open air ;' and that 'during October, we should take advantage of every fine day.' We certainly do not expect to meet in an almanac with such pitiful compilations from the reading lessons of a school spelling book. Sometimes, however, he ventures upon a more elevated style, such as April 'smiling through its tears like a young infant when taken to the bosom of its mother'—and an *Englishman* 'driven into the strong holds of his snugness.' This, however, is not so bad as making broad assertions for the purpose of rounding a period, such as under February, 'rain, snow, and fog divide the four weeks between them, and will not allow the sun to show his face ;' in direct contradiction to what the editor has asserted in the opposite page, where we are told to a minute when the sun is to show his face every day of the month !!!

On the same page we are informed that 'birds of the same species in every region of the earth, collect the same materials, arrange them similarly, and choose similar positions for their nests.' This is not the fact, as has been proved by experiment ;

for goldfinches, chaffinches, &c. have been tried with wool, feathers, cotton, down, silk, &c., each of which they preferred in succession. Besides, individual birds of the same species differ as widely in the ingenuity of their architecture as in their colours, power of voice, &c. We may, however, conclude that the editor of the Englishman's is not much of an ornithologist, from his gross blunders in the scientific names of birds; the throistle he calls "*turdus muricus*" instead of *musicus*; the partridge "*tetras perdix*" instead of *tetrao*; the lapwing "*fringilla vanellus*" instead of *tringa*. The lapwing of course he has discovered to be a finch or a sparrow. He has also discovered that the "green-finch is the "*fringilla montifringilla*!"

Throughout the "CALENDAR OF FLORA" (which by the way is a singular heading for the "*Phænomena of Animated Nature*") we find the same gross blundering both in facts and in the scientific names. For instance, the "field cricket" is called "*scarabæus*," from which we discover that the editor mistakes it for a beetle; the honey-bee is called "*apis mellifera*" instead of *mellifica*, the editor having discovered that bees do no not *make* honey, but only *carry* it. That this is not a mere typographical mistake, is proved by its being repeated. His entire ignorance of Natural History, indeed, appears from the very first line which he has had the presumption to write in this calendar, "shell-less snails (*Helix*)."
The term "*Helix*," however, is never applied to shell-less snails, but *Limax*. His botanical knowledge is of the same description; for example, under February, "the laurel (*Primus lauro-cerasus*) and the true laurel or bay (*Laurus nobilis*) are in leaf"!!! In leaf? Why we have hitherto found laurel and bay in leaf all the year round; but perhaps the editor has not been able to see them, any more than to discover the face of the sun in the same month. *Verbascum* he calls "*Verboscum*," and *Circæa*, "*Circæ*," these may, perhaps, be mistakes of the press, but not so we should think his calling the *Huttonia palustris*, "the stately water violet,"! why the plant does not grow much more than a foot above the water, and we can only account for his calling it "stately" on the evidence of the coloured figure in the FLORA LONDINENSIS, if his botanical reading extend so far—a fact which appears to us to be very questionable.

In a word, both these new almanacs—the British and the Englishman's—require much to be done before we can recommend them as accurate or trust-worthy guides.

ART. XII.—*Vie et Memoires de Scipion de Ricci, Eveque de Pistoie et Prato, Reformateur du Catholicisme en Toscane, sous le Regne de Leopold, composees sur les Manuscrits Autographes de ce Prelat, et autres Personnages célèbres du siecle dernier; et des pieces justificatives tirées des Archives de M. le Commandeur Lapode Ricci de Florence; Par de Potter.* 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1826.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, late Bishop of Pistoria and Prato, Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany during the Reign of Leopold, compiled from the autograph MSS. of that Prelate, and the Letters of other distinguished Persons of his Times. From the French of M. de Potter. Edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Colburn. 2 vols. 8vo. 1828.

MR. GIBBON, in his vindication of his history, supposes "a theological barometer, in which Cardinal Baroneus and our countryman Middleton should constitute the opposite and remote extremities: as the former sunk to the lowest degree of credulity, which was compatible with learning, and the latter rose to the highest pitch of scepticism consistent with religion. The intermediate gradations would be filled by a line of ecclesiastical critics, whose ranks have been fixed by the circumstances of their tempers and studies, as well as by the spirit of the church to which they were attached. It would be amusing enough to calculate the weight of prejudice of Rome, of Oxford, of Paris, and of Holland; and sometimes to observe the unnatural tendency of the papists towards freedom, and the unnatural gravitation of Protestants towards slavery."

The observations contained in this passage are ingenious, and are expressed in Mr. Gibbon's happiest manner; but the work now before us shews that there exists in the Catholic, as well as in the Protestant church, a considerable tendency to freedom. The perusal of it has led us to the following historical observations on the tendency to freedom of the churches of England, France, Germany, and Tuscany. The last was the scene of the enterprises of Scipio de Ricci, the prelate, whose life is the subject of the work now under our consideration. We shall premise some observations on the tendency of some Christian churches to freedom before the Reformation.

That attempts at improvement or innovation in religious concerns were carried very far before the Reformation; the period usually assigned for the commencement of them, is evident from the account given of Claude, an Archbishop of Turin, in the ninth century. That they were sometimes carried too far is equally evident, from the "Perpendicularum Fidei, or Plumber-line of Faith," a work inculcating Atheistical principles, which was published about the same time, and attracted great attention. In England the metaphysical speculations of St. Anslem shewed that, even in his age, the most abstruse doctrines of Atheism had

been propagated, and were thought to require an answer. The names of Wickliffe and Huss, and the fortunes and fates of the Albigensis, Waldenses, and Lollards, are familiar to our readers: much has been done in our times to clear up their histories, and delineate their doctrines, but much yet remains to be effected; a philosophical history of these early reformers, written after due research and with proper care, remains to be written, and would be very acceptable to the public. The great object of such a work should be, to ascertain whether the spirit of liberty and equality, which produced such tremendous effects in the last century, and still continues to agitate Europe, or whether anything like the system of rational Christianity which has been long professed in Germany, and is not without sectaries in England, can be discovered among the reformers of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. In our opinion, and we have given some attention to the subject, no traces of it in those times can be found. Mr. Gibbon's chapter on the Pauliceans, is perhaps the most curious article upon the subject which has yet appeared.

'Occams,' a dialogue between a knight and a clerk, concerning the spiritual and temporal power; the 'Songe au Vergier,' ascribed to Raoul de Preslo, who lived in the reign of Charles V. of France, and 'Philip de Maisiere's Dream of the Pilgrim,' shew that the profound and important subject of the subordination of the spiritual to the temporal power in the concerns of this life, was then carefully and intensely studied; and 'The Visions of Piers Ploughman,' inform us that the public mind was, about the same time, strongly directed to the abuses in the discipline of the church, and the irregular conduct of churchmen.

It is observable that, the grand discovery of the Pope's being Antichrist, so much insisted on by the Anti-Catholic writers since the Reformation, was first made and published by the Franciscan Friars in their violent conflict with Pope John XXII. The sermons and discourses published in "*Brown's Fasciculus rerum expetendarum et fugendarum*," shew the increasing good sense and liberality of the times, and that the wisest and best men foresaw the symptoms of the convulsion which was soon to follow. So strongly marked in the fifteenth century was the tendency to a radical reform of the church, that the Cardinal Julian, in a letter then written by him to Pope Eugenius IV., thus expressed himself. "The minds of men are big with expectation of what measures will be taken, and are ripe for something tragical. I see the axe is at the root; the tree begins to bend, and instead of propping it whilst we may, we hasten its fall." This is a remarkable instance of political foresight.

The reformation arrived. History does not contain a more just observation than Mr. Gibbon's, that the first reformers wished to place themselves in the seats of the tyrants, whom they had de-

throned. History shows that they sometimes inflicted on those who differed from them in religious opinion; the severities which they themselves had experienced for their dissent from the constituted authorities of their times.

It was long before a ray of religious toleration was any where discernable; it first appeared in the pages of Erasmus; from these it was imbibed and extensively circulated by Cassander, Wicelius, and Casaubon. It was first systematically propounded by the Arminians of Holland: it was inculcated by Hugo Grotius, their greatest ornament, with wonderful power of argument, arrayed in the most classical diction. At the Synod of Dort, the tolerants and intolerants conflicted in a ferocious war of words: the judgment of the state was in favour of the latter, but public opinion decided for the former; and from this time, the great cause of civil and religious liberty has always been gaining ground.

From Dort, the ever memorable John Hales imported the true principles of religious freedom into England; Chillingworth, his disciple, established the only legitimate principle of the reformation, that the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants; or, in other words, that the Protestant church acknowledge no divine law but the scriptures, and no interpretation of them but their own consciences. From Hales and Chillingworth, the school of Latitudinarian divines arose. They subscribed the thirty-nine articles, were friendly to the national liturgy: but they interpreted each with a considerable degree of latitude, and that latitude which they claimed for themselves they willingly allowed to others. Their creed was narrowed by Bishop Hoadley. He too retained the thirty-nine articles: but he pronounced them to be edicts of state, not articles of faith; and, provided the clergyman taught no other doctrine in the church, the bishop allowed him to teach, both by word of mouth or writing, any other religious tenets he thought proper. To this equivocating subscription of the thirty-nine articles, Doctor Blackburn, the Archdeacon of Cleveland, objected. In his celebrated "Confessional," he asserted, that it is contrary to the true principles of the reformation, for a Protestant church to require subscription to any articles, confessions, or other formularies of faith; and that it is contrary to truth and good faith to subscribe them without mental assent. The Confessional gave rise to a warm controversy; public opinion seems to have decided in its favour.

At the revival of letters, a spirit of liberality began to shew itself in the church of France, but it was of short duration. The disciples of Calvin soon effected considerable settlements in her territories. The religious wars which quickly followed, laid the Catholic portion of the kingdom so much at the mercy of the Pope,

that, among the religious orders, and even among the great proportion of the secular clergy, the Ultramontane opinions on the papal power generally prevailed. Still, there were never wanting who withstood the torrent, and maintained the independence of the state against the thunders of the Vatican. Of this, Dupuis, the two Pithous, the Chancellor l' Hopital, the President de Thou, and in a later time, the Chancellor d' Anguesseau, are illustrious instances: The Sorbonne also contained many theologians who advocated the independence of the sovereign, and who explained, in many excellent works, the true limits of the spiritual and temporal powers. The first public document, which excluded the pope from temporal power out of his own dominions, and shewed that his spiritual power was bounded by the limits prescribed to it by the gospel, the fathers, and the canons, was the Six Articles promulgated by the faculty of Theology of Paris, in 1663: By these, they asserted the independence of the sovereign upon the pope, in all temporal concerns; the superiority of a general council over him; and his liability to error when he acted without the consent, tacit at least, of the universal church. From this time, a considerable degree of jealousy prevailed between the pope and the French monarch: to terminate it, Lewis XIV. convened an assembly of the Gallican church in 1682. They unanimously agreed on the celebrated Four Articles of 1663. The pope was greatly irritated at this proceeding. To soothe his resentment, Lewis addressed to him an explanatory letter; and, at the monarch's desire, every prelate in France did the same. If these letters did not amount to a retraction of the articles, they sounded so like it, that they might have been taken for it, if the matters had rested upon them; the popes have always professed to consider them as such. The Articles of 1682 have always continued to be signed by all the clergy of France, regular as well as secular, till the present period; not, however, without murmurs, more or less gently expressed, according to the circumstances of the times. It should, however, be added, that the first of the four articles which declares the independence of the sovereign on the pope in temporal concerns, has been acquiesced in uninterruptedly and unanimously by the whole body, both of the clergy and laity of France.

Thus far the Catholic Church of France has advanced in freedom. Unfortunately, the religion of that ample and beautiful territory was, at the close of the period we have mentioned, too successfully assailed by infidelity; the "Dictionary of Bayle" was the signal of the attack; Voltaire raised the troops; the "Encyclopédie" enlisted and embodied them.

The progress of the German Church has been very different. For a long time a war of extermination raged between the Lutherans and the Calvinists; and both united, with equal violence,

against the Memnonites or Anabaptists, and the Socinians. By degrees a more pacific spirit appeared; the Pietists, at the head of whom was the celebrated Spener, suggested peaceful councils. Like our Latitudinarians, the Armenians of Holland contended that the essential articles of religion were few, and that the terms in which even these should be expressed, might be understood with a considerable laxity of construction. They also intimated, that a man's morals were of more consequence than his tenets; but they recommended frequent prayer and habitual piety. The Rationalists arose soon after the Pietists. They absolutely deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, and banish from them both miracles and mysteries. Some miracles they account for by human means; the rest they explain away, or when this cannot be done, deny altogether. Some mysteries they suppose to contain a secret or esoteric doctrine, which its teachers wished to keep from the public, and to communicate only to a chosen few. Doctor Griesbach, Professor Paulus, Eichorn, and Doctor Semler, seem to have been the most eminent among the Rationalists: their works were little known out of Germany, till Doctor Marsh's excellent "*Translation of Michaelis' Lectures*" made their names familiar to English biblical readers, and raised a general wish in the English literati to be acquainted with their works. Doctor Geddes evidently adopts their system in his "*Translation of the Historical Books of the New Testament*."

While the Protestant Church of Germany was thus rationalizing itself, attempts were making to new-model the Tuscan Catholic Church. They originated in a quarter from which they might have been least expected—the pious and prudent Empress Maria Theresa. The Catholic world was astonished at her expelling the Jesuits from her dominions: other religious innovations quickly followed: frequent ecclesiastical councils were held: settled plans were formed to lower the power of the clergy, to weaken their connection with the see of Rome, to lessen the number of religious communities, to subject the secular clergy to the prelacy, to form a new arrangement of the episcopal dioceses; and, generally, to simplify religious doctrines and rites, and to make the clergy much more dependent on the state, even in ecclesiastical concerns. In opposition to the ancient doctrines, the proposed innovations were termed the "*Nova Disciplina, or the New Discipline*." The schemes of Maria Theresa descended to the Emperor Joseph, her son; but he did not inherit his mother's wisdom or moderation. He meant well; but planned nothing with wisdom, and executed nothing with ability: he busied himself about trifles. The King of Prussia used to call him by derision, "*My Royal Brother, the Sacristarian*."

Leopold, the brother of the Emperor, was at the time Grand Duke of Tuscany, and entertained similar projects for improve-

ment of religion in Tuscany, but used gentler measures for carrying them into execution. He gave his confidence to Scipio de Ricci, the memoirs of whose life are the subject of the present article. Scipio was born at Florence, on the 9th of January, 1741. Both his father and his mother were descendants of illustrious houses in Tuscany. In the quarrels for the succession to the throne of Spain, they had sided with the Bourbon family, and were therefore regarded by the Princes of the house of Austria with an unfriendly eye. Scipio was their third son: he made his first studies under the Jesuits, and once intended entering into their order; he was nearly related to Ricci, the general of the Jesuits at the time of their dissolution. The parents of Scipio removed him from their college; he then soon lost his regard for the Jesuits; and, to use the expression of his biographer, became 'a perfect Jansenist.'

As soon as Scipio de Ricci had entered the Jansenian phalanx, he attempted to sound the depth of the great question on Grace and Free Will; and, with that purpose, read attentively all the works of St. Augustine; this confirmed him in what the Jansenists contended to be St. Augustine's doctrine, and he ever afterwards professed it. The Archbishop of Florence appointed him his Grand-Vicar: he was favourably received by the Pope and the Sacred College.

On the 24th June, 1780, he was consecrated Bishop of Pistoia and Prato. He first signalized himself by a reform of the convents of the Dominican nuns in those towns, and by opposing the devotion to the sacred heart of Jesus, then very general in Italy. Each of these proceedings rendered him unpopular. In each he was supported by Leopold, but discountenanced by the Pope. It will more intelligibly recommend Ricci to the English readers of his biography, that the great reform of the Inquisition in Tuscany, which took place about this time, was universally attributed to his councils. It virtually amounted to the abolition of that tribunal. An application had, on a former time, been made to Pope Benedict XIV., for his co-operation in the measure. Some of the cardinals advised him against it; but the wiser pontiff observed to them, that "absolute princes, if they knew their strength, might effect such measures by their own power and authority, without resorting to him. It was, therefore, prudent to grant them the papal aid whenever it was asked; as the mere act of petitioning is an acknowledgment of subordination; it was therefore advisable to encourage such petitions by readily granting what they petitioned for." Ricci published catechisms and prayer-books; regulated the ceremonies of the divine office, the devotions of his flock to the saints, established seminaries and schools, introduced new rules respecting matrimonial dispensations, made great alteration in the proceedings of the ecclesiastical courts, and in the charitable institutions; reformed the public schools, subjected religious profession

to certain restraints, abolished the right of asylum in many churches, made a new division of the parishes within his diocese, and endeavoured to subject the regular clergy to the jurisdiction of the bishop.

The most important event in the prelate's life is the Synod of Pistoia, the noise which it made at the time, the subsequent condemnation of it by Pope Pius VI., and the opposition of the Jansenists to the Bull, by which it was condemned, made us look with great earnestness into the work before us, for a full account of all these circumstances. To our great surprise, we found the account given of them very very meagre and unsatisfactory; the decrees of the synod and the Bull condemning them, should certainly have been inserted, if not in the body, at least in the appendix of the work now under our consideration. The synod seems to have consisted of about 220 ecclesiastics, collected from different parts of Italy, and known by their attachment to the new discipline. It was opened on the 20th of September 1786, and closed on the 28th of the same month. Bourgoing, in his "*Memoires Historiques et Politiques*" of Pius VI. says that "the members of the synod, with the exception of five, adhered not only to the changes of discipline, which Ricci suggested, but also to his heterodox opinions." The bishops of Collé and Arezzo imitated the example of Ricci. The Pistoian decrees were rejected by the archbishops of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, and by almost the whole of the Tuscan clergy. Pope Pius VI. condemned the acts of the synod by a bull, which, from its two first words, is called the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*. With the exception of the adherents to the new discipline, the bull was received by all the Catholic prelates of Christendom.

The proceedings we have mentioned, raised great ferment in Tuscany; the whole territory was in a state of convulsion, when Leopold, on the death of Joseph, succeeded to the German empire, and fixed his residence at Vienna. On leaving Tuscany, he formed a provisional government, and authorized the members of it to annul all the new regulations, and restore every thing to the state anterior to any of Ricci's innovations. The provisional government readily conformed to these suggestions, the new Grand-Duke entered into their views, and compelled Ricci to resign his see; the prelate, however, retained his opinions. But when the pope passed through Tuscany in 1806, Ricci made a formal submission to his holiness, retracted his errors, and accepted the bull in a manner which perfectly satisfied the pontiff. It should seem, however, that, at a future time, Ricci in some measure explained away his submission, by declaring that the pope had misunderstood his doctrine; and that he only condemned them in the sense in which the pope had thus misconceived them. But the harmony between the Pope and Ricci continued uninterrupted. Ricci died on the 27th of January, 1810. That his intentions were good, we see no reason to doubt; and it is probable that some of his

plans were, to a certain extent, salutary. The troubles which his projects occasioned in every part of Tuscany, and which ultimately endangered the tranquillity of the state, seem to shew that whatever was the value of his plans, the time of carrying them into execution was ill-chosen, and his manner of effecting them unwise. M. de Bourgoing, in the work we have cited, says, "that Ricci was rather a favourer of innovation than of reform; and, that if there had been no superstition in Tuscany, a mere love of meddling would have made him busy himself in introducing it."

With respect to the former of the publications before us, we must acknowledge that we have been greatly dissatisfied with it. Almost on opening it we perceived that it was the work of a Roman Catholic—and of a Roman Catholic who was acquainted with, and had probably taken a lively interest in, the recent disputes in his church. To these, the greater part of the proceedings of the Synod of Pistoia related. They would have afforded the writer a fine opportunity to explain what is so little known in this country, the particulars of the "Nova disciplina," or the "New discipline," by which, since the middle of the last century, the Catholic churches of Germany and Tuscany have been greatly agitated.

The work, though omitting several things we should wish to have seen inserted, contains many particulars, both important and curious; and adds greatly to our knowledge of the ecclesiastical concerns of the continent, which is generally so scanty that it often excites the surprise of foreigners. We are, therefore, much obliged to Mr. Thomas Roscoe for introducing it to English readers. His translation is executed in a masterly manner, and does ample justice to the original.

ART. XIII.—*The Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, author of the "Romance of History," &c. &c.; consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse.* 8vo. pp. 543. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1829.

MR. NEELE, whose unhappy death throws a disastrous shade over his biography, was one of those half-educated men of moderate talent, whose productions are too frequently valued much beyond their intrinsic merits. The surprise excited by the circumstance that he had found time, amidst the duties of a severe profession, to court the favour of the public by various fugitive pieces, and latterly by a work of some length, and of considerable research, may perhaps, in a great measure, account for the exaggerated estimation in which his compositions have been held by the partiality of private friendship. But to us, who have known him only as an author, and are obliged to judge of him by his desert in that capacity alone, Mr. Neele has appeared to possess little or no claim to

that immortality which the editor of these 'remains' endeavours to confer upon him. We have seen nothing in the most important of his labours, the 'Romance of History,' to call forth the eulogies which are here lavished upon it. We have already had occasion to express our opinion of that work, which seemed to our apprehension to be apocryphal as a history, and frigid as a romance. Nor should we have deemed it necessary to notice the volume now before us, if it had not contained a few lectures on English poetry, which, though neither very novel nor profound in their views, serve to remind us tastefully and pleasantly enough, of some of the choicest treasures of our literature.

The minor compositions consist of tales, essays, and rhymes, which have all appeared within the last two or three years in various periodical publications. These pieces are generally characterized by a slight, a very slight, turn for humour, which seems to struggle, as it were, against a morbid temper. We regret to observe amongst them some unequivocal declarations of the author's want of belief in a future existence. To the encouragement of doubts upon this important point, his premature end is most probably to be attributed. The practical atheism which prevails in the world, to an extent greater, perhaps, than most people imagine, is sufficiently painful to the contemplatist; but to see it producing its natural consequences, in the self-destruction of a civilized being, who, if he had been duly impressed with religious sentiments, might still have been breathing amongst us, and honourably toiling up the steep of fame, is an awful proof of the feebleness of the intellect, when it derives no assistance from religion.

Mr. Neele was the second son of a map and heraldic engraver in the Strand, where he was born on the 29th of January, 1798. He was consequently little more than 30 years old when he cut the thread of his existence. He had, it appears, been much given to idleness in his youth; though placed in good time at a respectable academy, he acquired "little Latin, and less Greek." In his mature years he laboured to redeem the truant disposition of his boyhood, and applied with great ardour to the modern languages. Having chosen the law for his profession, he was, after going through the usual apprenticeship, admitted to practice, and commenced business as a solicitor. His first appearance as an author occurred in 1817, during the period of his apprenticeship. Contrary to the usual rules of prudence in such cases, his father encouraged his dalliance with the muses at a time when precedents in conveyancing ought to have engaged all his attention. It is acknowledged by the editor that the small volume of poems which Mr. Neele, with his father's assistance, published thus early, "displayed evident marks of youth and inexperience." Collins was his avowed model, and, if we are to rely on the friendly criticism of Dr. Nathan Drake, whose judgment, however, we do not always deem infallible, "these firstlings of his earliest years" were

"very extraordinary efforts indeed," and placed the name of the author next to those of "Chatterton and Kirke White." A second edition of those compositions was printed in 1820, and was followed in 1823 by a volume of dramatic and miscellaneous poetry, which was dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Joanna Baillie. He next became a contributor to the periodical publications, and a very industrious one too, if we may judge from the number of poems, dramatic sketches, and tales, which are reprinted in the work before us. In 1826 and 1827 he delivered, first at the Russell, and next at the Western Literary Institution, the "Lectures on English Poetry, from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper," which form the principal attraction of the present volume. Though written occasionally with much carelessness, yet we agree with the editor in thinking that they are "discriminative and eloquent, abounding in well selected illustration, and inculcating the purest taste." There are a few, and but a few, passages in them, which were evidently intended for declamatory effect; but the style in which they are generally clothed is clear and well sustained, and the enthusiasm which sometimes breaks out through them, affords a decided proof of the author's predilection for the poetic branches of our literature.

We do not much admire the manner in which he commences his first lecture. Being about to open his subject in an institution in which the mechanical and useful arts had been then recently explained, he would have been justified in admitting that poetry, as compared with those arts, required a different and a higher order of intellect, and was less essential than they are to the ordinary purposes of life. But it was adopting a very narrow view of his undertaking at the outset, to say that poetry was 'a mere superfluity and ornament,' because, as Falstaff said of honour, "it cannot set to a leg, or an arm, or heal the grief of a wound; it has no skill in surgery." In the earliest ages of the world, poetry was history, and religion, and morality. In the more advanced ages, poetry served to inspire the soldier, to soften the manners of barbarians, and to procure for the fair sex that graceful deference, which is necessary to the support of their useful and civilizing influence. In all ages, poetry is the purest medium for preserving a settled language, and, perhaps, the best instrument for reforming a corrupt one. To this truth our own tongue bears ample evidence. It is not true, therefore, that poetry, even considered practically, is 'a mere superfluity and ornament;' it has attributes of the most useful nature, which rank it amongst the highest gifts bestowed on the intellect of man.

The whole of the following passage borders very nearly on bombast:—

'The canvas fritters into shreds, and the column moulders into ruin; the voice of Music is mute; and the beautiful expression of Sculpture a blank and gloomy void: the right hand of the Mechanist forgets its

cunning, and the arm of the Warrior becomes powerless in the grave; but the Lyre of the Poet still vibrates; ages listen to his song and honour it: and while the pencil of Apelles, and the chisel of Phidias, and the sword of Cæsar, and the engines of Archimedes, live only in the breath of tradition, or on the page of history, or in some perishable or imperfect fragment; the pen of Homer, or of Virgil, or of Shakspeare, is an instrument of power, as mighty and magical as when first the gifted finger of the Poet grasped it, and with it traced those characters which shall remain unobliterated, until the period when this great globe itself,—

“And all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind!” —p. 5.

Had Mr. Neele been conversant with only a little more “Greek,” he would not have talked so confidently of the *pen* of Homer. We do not profess to understand the author’s meaning, where he speaks of the same pen being as mighty and as magical as when *first* the *gifted finger* of the poet grasped it. But we must acknowledge that the lectures are not often blemished by passages such as this.

Chaucer is allowed on all hands to be the great father of English poetry. He graced the reign of Edward III., and from that period to the reign of Henry VIII., the continued political and religious agitations of the country almost silenced the voice of the muses. The names of Lords Surrey, Vaux, and Buckhurst, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, prevent, however, this interval from being considered as a local blank. These names prepare us, as the twilight for the morning, for those of Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger, the poets of the age of Elizabeth, and the contemporaries of Tasso, Camoens, and Cervantes. It is worthy of remark, in passing, that at this period there appeared to be a striking congeniality of spirit between the literature of Spain and of England. This circumstance Mr. Neele has noticed.

‘In Spain and England, Literature, and especially Dramatic Literature, flourished simultaneously; and a similarity of taste and genius appears to have pervaded both nations. The same bold and irregular flights of fancy, the same neglect of all classical rules of composition, more than atoned for by the same original and natural beauties of thought and diction; and the same less venial violations of time, place, and costume, characterise both the Castilian and the English Muses. There appears then to have existed an intercourse of literature and intellect between the two nations, the interruption of which is much to be deplored. The Spanish language was then much studied in England; Spanish plots and scenery were chosen by many of our Dramatists, and their dialogues, especially those of Jonson and Fletcher, were thickly interspersed with Spanish phrases and idioms. The marriage of Philip and Mary might probably conduce greatly to this effect; though the progress of the Reformation in England, and the strong political and commercial hostility, which afterwards existed between the two nations, appear to have put an end to this friendly feeling. English Literature then, began to be too closely assimilated to that of France, and sustained, in my opinion, irreparable injury by the connection. Spain appears to be our more natural ally in Literature; and, it is a curious fact,

that after the Poetry of both nations had for a long period been sunk in tameness and mediocrity, it should at the same time suddenly spring into pristine vigour and beauty, both in the Island and in the Peninsula; for Melander, Quintana, and Gonzalez, are the worthy contemporaries of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, and Moore.—pp. 13, 14.

Under the pedantic rule of James I. literature made but slight advances; Charles I. assisted its progress materially by the elegance of his taste, as well as the munificence of his patronage. The commonwealth, if it produced nothing else, will remain for ever distinguished as the era of Milton. His "*Paradise Lost*" was indeed produced at a later period, but it may be said to have been meditated amidst the religious dissensions of the republic. We are glad to observe that Mr. Neele has here refuted the common error, that Milton's immortal poem was received with great indifference on its first publication. The lecturer's remarks on this subject are judicious.

'That it (*Paradise Lost*.) was not at first acknowledged to be entitled to occupy that proud station on the British Parnassus, which is now universally conceded to it, is unquestionable; but it is equally certain, that when first published, it was hailed with admiration and delight, by men of the highest talent; and that even throughout the nation at large, the circumstances of the Author, and the spirit of the times considered, it was far more successful than could have been reasonably expected. The Author was a democrat and a dissenter, and the age was ultra-loyal and ultra-orthodox: the Poem was thoroughly imbued with a religious feeling and sentiment, and the public to which it was addressed, was more profligate and irreligious than it had been known to have ever been before. "*Paradise Lost*," was moreover written in blank verse; a new, and strange, and, to many ears, an unpleasing style of metre, and, the purity and severity of taste which reigned throughout it, was opposed to the popular admiration of the far-fetched conceits and the tawdry ornaments of Cowley, and the Metaphysical School. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the Poem received extraordinary homage, both from the learned and the public. Andrew Marvell and Dr. Barrow addressed eulogistic verses to the Author; and Dryden, the Laureate, and the favourite Poet of the day, when Milton's Epic was first introduced to his notice by the Earl of Dorset, exclaimed, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." He also complimented Milton with the well known Epigram, beginning "Three Poets, in three distant ages born; and afterwards," with his consent, constructed a Drama, called "*The State of Innocence; or, the Fall of Man*," founded upon "*Paradise Lost*." "Fit audience let me find, though few," says Milton, and his wish was more than gratified; for above 1300 copies—a very great number in those days—of his Poem were sold in less than two years; and 3000 more in less than nine years afterwards. It was not, however, until the celebrated critique of Addison, appeared in the "*Spectator*" that the English nation at large became aware that it possessed a native Poet "above all Greek; above all Roman fame," and that it fully rendered him the honours which were so unquestionably his due.—pp. 22, 23.

The reign of Charles II. is marked in literature by the publications of Milton, the productions of Butler, Otway, and Dryden, and a profligate set of dramatic writers, who have left comedies behind them that are a disgrace to our language. Mr. Neele traces, not unjustly we think, the corrupt taste which pervaded the latter, to the pernicious example given by Beaumont and Fletcher. The manners of the age favoured this depraved taste, which has not even yet been altogether reformed.

The reign of Queen Anne has been commonly called the "Augustan age" of English literature, for what good reason it would be difficult to define. Perhaps, it must be admitted that the eminent authors of that period, particularly the prose writers, succeeded in giving to the language a greater degree of elegance and smoothness than it had attained before. Addison, Swift, and Steele, rank foremost in this work of refinement; but if we take away the productions of Pope, we shall find no traces of deep and vigorous genius impressed upon the literature of that date.

The poems of Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, Young, Dyer, and Gray, may be said to be linked with those of our own day by Beattie's Minstrel; thus connecting the didactic with the narrative schools, the classical with the romantic. Our author, however, does not carry his summary beyond Cowper.

After thus giving an outline of the history of English poetry, which we have deemed it sufficient to indicate by a few of the principal names, our author proceeds to treat the subject in detail, and devotes five lectures to it, in which he successively discusses the epic and narrative, the dramatic, didactic, descriptive, pastoral, satirical, and lyrical poetry of England, within the period which he had assigned to himself. As our object is to put the reader in possession of the opinions which Mr. Neele has delivered on these topics, we shall select from the mass a few passages, without going into an analysis. In thus discriminating between epic poetry and the drama:

"The Drama is to Epic Poetry, what Sculpture is to Historical Painting. It is, perhaps, on the whole, a severer Art. It rejects many adventitious aids of which the Epic may avail itself. It has more unity and simplicity. Its figures stand out more boldly, and in stronger relief. But then it has no aerial back ground; it has no perspective of enchantment; it cannot draw so largely on the imagination of the spectator; it must present to the eye, and make palpable to the touch, what the Epic Poet may steep in the rainbow hues of Fancy, and veil, but with a veil of light, woven in the looms of his Imagination. The Epopée comprises Narration and Description, and yet must be, in many parts, essentially Dramatic. The Epic Poet is the Dramatic Author and the Actor combined. The first characteristic speech which Milton puts into the mouth of Moloch, in the Second Book of "*Paradise Lost*," proves him to have been possessed of high powers of Dramatic writing; and when, after the speech is concluded, the Poet adds,—

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than Gods:"

he personates the character with a power and energy worthy of the noblest Actor. I have said that the Epic Poet is the Dramatist and the Actor combined; but he is more. He must not only write the Dialogue, and create the Actors who are to utter it, but he must also erect the Stage on which they are to tread, and paint the scenes in which they are to appear. Still, the Drama, by the very circumstances which condense and circumscribe its powers, becomes capable of exciting a more intense and tremendous interest. Hence there are pieces of Dramatic writing which, even in the perusal only, have an overwhelming power, to which Epic Poetry cannot attain. The 3d Act of "*Othello*," the dagger scene in "*Macbeth*," and the interview between *Wallenstein* and the *Swedish Captain*, may be adduced as instances. Perhaps, to sum up the whole question, what the Epic Poet gains in expansion and variety, the Dramatic Poet gains in condensation and intensity. When *Desdemona* says to *Othello*,—

"And yet I fear,
 When your eyes roll so;"

we have as vivid a portrait of the Moor's countenance, as the most laboured description could give us. Again, how powerfully is the frown on the features of the *Ghost* in "*Hamlet*," pictured to us in two lines:—

"So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledded Polack on the ice."

Such descriptions would be meagre and unsatisfactory in Epic Poetry; more diffuse ones would mar the interest, and impede the action in the Drama. In the Drama the grand pivot upon which the whole moves is action; in Epic Poetry it is narration. Narration is the fitter medium for representing a grand series of events; and action for exhibiting the power and progress of a passion, or the consequences of an incident. Hence, the siege of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the loss of Paradise, are Epic subjects; and the jealousy of *Othello*, the ambition of *Macbeth*, and the results of the ill-grounded partiality of *Lear*, are Dramatic ones. The Epic Poet takes a loftier flight; the Dramatist treads with a firmer step. The one dazzles; the other touches. The Epic is wondered at; the Drama is felt. We lift Milton like a conqueror above our heads; we clasp Shakespeare like a brother to our hearts!"—pp. 43—46

In the course of his observations, the lecturer has frequent occasion to use the words *taste* and *genius*. Any person who reflects a moment on the import of the two expressions, can hardly fail to see the distinction between them. But we think that we have seldom seen that distinction more precisely or more happily defined than in the paragraph immediately following that which we have just quoted.

"Genius, I should say, is the power of production; Taste is the power of appreciation. Genius is creation; taste is selection. Horace Walpole was a man of great taste, without an atom of genius. Nathaniel Lee was a man of genius, without taste. Dryden had more genius than Pope. Pope had more taste than Dryden. Many instances may be adduced of obesity of taste in men of genius; especially with reference to their own

works. Milton, who had genius enough to produce "*Paradise Lost*," had not taste enough to perceive its superiority over "*Paradise Regained*." Rowe, who produced so many successful tragedies, all of which—although I am no violent admirer of them—possessed a certain degree of merit, valued himself most upon the wretched ribaldry in his Comedy of the "*Biter*." Dr. Johnson was proud of his Dictionary, and looked upon the "*Rambler*" as a trifle of which he ought almost to be ashamed. The timidity and hesitation with which many juvenile authors have ventured to lay their works before the public, and their surprise when public opinion has stamped them as works of high merit, have been attributed to humility and bashfulness. The fact, however, is often otherwise; it is not humility, but want of taste. Genius, or the power of producing such works, is not accompanied by taste, or the power of appreciating them. Taste is of later growth in the mind than genius; and the reason is, I think, obvious. Genius is innate; a part and portion of the mind; born with it; while taste is the result of observation, and inquiry, and experience. However the folly and vanity of ignorance and presumption may have deluged the public with worthless productions, there can be no doubt that the deficiency of taste in men of genius, has deprived the world of many a work of merit and originality.'—pp. 46—48.

Whether the term *epic*, as understood by the antients, be justly applicable to any poem written in the English language, is a question which Mr. Neele thought it hardly worth while to discuss. We entirely agree with him in his reasoning upon this subject. It cannot be doubted that whatever name critics may give to the "*Paradise Lost*," the "*Canterbury Tales*," and the "*Fairy Queen*," these poems deserve, especially the first, to share in the honours that are due to the most precious creations of the mind. It were a most unnecessary task to enter at any length, at this day, into a discussion of the respective merits of these compositions: but we must indulge the reader with the lecturer's comparison between Chaucer and Spenser, which is drawn, with a power of delicate and just distinction that cannot fail to be applauded.

'In the former Lecture I discussed, as fully as my limits would permit me, the merits of Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry. Spenser is an Author of a very different stamp. To Wit or Humour, he has no pretensions. Neither are his delineations of human character at all comparable to those of his great predecessor. Chaucer's knowledge of the heart of man was almost Shakspearean. Spenser had, however, a richer imagination. He was a greater inventor, although a less acute observer. Chaucer was incapable of creating such original imaginary beings as the Fays, Elves, Heroes, and Heroines of Spenser; and Spenser was equally incapable of the excellent truth and fidelity of Chaucer's portraiture from real life. There is also a fine moral and didactic tone running through the "*Fairy Queen*," which we look for in vain, in the "*Canterbury Tales*." Spenser's imagery is magnificent. His descriptive powers are of the highest order. Here the two Poets approximate more than in any other particular: yet, even here they essentially differ. Spenser paints Fairy haunts, enchanted Palaces, unearthly Paradises, things such as Caliban saw in his sleep, and, "waking, cried to dream again."

Chaucer's pencil depicts the smiling verdant English landscape, which we see before us every day; the grass, the flowers, the brooks, the blue sky, and the glowing sun.

“When we open the volumes of Spenser, we leave this “working-day world,” as *Rosalind* calls it, behind us. We are no longer in it, or of it. We are introduced to a new creation, new scenes, new manners, new characters. The laws of nature are suspended, or reversed. The possible, the probable, and the practicable, all these are thrown behind us. The mighty Wizard whose spell is upon us, waves but his wand, and a new World starts into existence, inhabited by nothing but the marvellous and the wild. Spenser is the very antipodes of Shakspeare. The latter is of the earth, earthy. His most ethereal fancies have some touch of mortality about them. His wildest and most visionary characters savour of humanity. Whatever notes he draws forth from his Harp, it is the strings of the human heart that he touches. Spenser's Hero is always Honour, Truth, Valour, Courtesy, but it is *not* Man. His Heroine is Meekness, Chastity, Constancy, Beauty, but it is *not* Woman;—his landscapes are fertility, magnificence, verdure, splendour, but they are *not* Nature. His pictures have no relief; they are all light, or all shadow; they are all wonder, but no truth. Still do I not complain of them; nor would I have them other than what they are. They are delightful, and matchless in their way. They are dreams: glorious, soul-entrancing dreams. They are audacious, but magnificent falsehoods. They are like the palaces built in the clouds; the domes, the turrets, the towers, the long-drawn terraces, the aerial battlements, who does not know that they have no stable existence? but, who does not sigh when they pass away?”—pp. 51—53.

We have found little particularly deserving of attention in the lectures on the drama, and on the lyrical and miscellaneous poetry of England. They contain no original or very striking views; yet the standard of criticism by which they are guided throughout, must be admitted to be in accordance with a sound judgment and a pure taste. Speaking of the lyrical compositions of English poets, the lecturer must of course not be understood to institute a comparison with Greek and Roman poetry, when he considers this nation as richer in the number and beauty of its antient lyrical reliques, than all the rest of Europe combined. The exquisite tenderness of some of these productions, is perhaps without a rival in any language; but in imagery as well as elevation of sentiment, they must often yield to the minnesingers of Germany, and the troubadours of France, and in force of passion they are frequently exceeded by the early poets of Spain. But no country can produce ballads comparable with the “Chevy Chace,” and “Sir Cauline and King Estmere.” Sir Philip Sidney used to say that he never heard the former without finding his heart moved more than with a trumpet. We hardly know how the following observation will be received by Dr. Southey.

“The early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth was rich in Lyrical Poetry; and indeed, wore an aspect of great promise to the cause of Literature and the Arts. I am afraid that I shall be venturing a very

unpopular opinion, when I say, that I believe these propitious appearances were owing to the influence of Cardinal Wolsey; for we find the character of the King, and of the nation, materially altered after that distinguished Minister was removed from the Royal Councils. Henry, who during Wolsey's administration held the balance of Europe, became comparatively powerless and insignificant; the love of Poetry and the Arts was exchanged for controversial subtleties, and for the more conclusive, if less logical arguments, of the axe, the faggot, and the gibbet; and thus the budding Spring-time of English Literature, which had produced such Poets as Surrey, Wyatt, and Vaux, was nipped untimely by the chilling breath of tyranny.'—p. 195.

It is perhaps not generally known that Milton was indebted for the idea, as well as the musical rythm of those charming poems, the "*Penseroso*" and "*Allegro*," to a song which he found in Beaumont and Fletcher. It is impossible to read the following lines without feeling that such was the fact.

“ Hence! all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
In which you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy.
Oh! sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing, mortifies;
A look that fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound;
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
A Midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our limbs in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.”

pp. 197, 198.

Though it would appear that Mr. Neele was not disposed to confide in the hopes held out by the holy writings, yet it is pleasing to find that he was a great admirer of the varied and matchless beauties of the more poetical portions of those compositions. His remarks on the abominable manner in which the Psalms have been done into English rhyme, particularly those intended to be sung in the churches, are well deserving of the attention of those ecclesiastical functionaries, who have the power to reform this deep-rooted and increasing evil. It is not many days since we were presented with a copy of a version of one of the Psalms, sung on a particular occasion, as an introduction to a pompously announced charity sermon; and more wretched doggerel has not often fallen under our notice. The clerk or the sexton must have, we

suppose, a regular contract for producing these "hymns." We give our Lecturer's observations on the subject, recommending them strongly to the notice of the Bishop of London.

' Of all Authors, ancient or modern, who have been subjected to the inflictions of Translators, certainly the Royal Psalmist, David, has been treated with the greatest indignity; for, in no language in Europe, has justice been done to him. He has been *translated* into French, overturned into Dutch, and done into English, with equal beauty and felicity. In our own country, the Psalms, like every thing else appertaining to the Church, seem to be considered Parish property, and to be under the control of a Select Vestry; every vestige of genius, or Poetry, in them, is therefore most carefully picked out, lest they should interfere with the popularity of the Verses of that most ancient and respectable parochial officer, the bellman! The words which are feloniously attributed to the "sweet singer of Israel," might, with greater probability, be considered the authorship of the Parish Clerk, who drawls them out; or of the Charity Children, who lend their most "sweet voices" to grace them with appropriate melody.

' It is, certainly, most extraordinary, that a work which is worthy of the highest Poetical powers of any age, or of any country, should hitherto have been generally abandoned to the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous. But the truth is, that so long as the purposes of Public worship are exclusively kept in view, and the Translator is confined to the drawing long and short Metres, the straight waistcoats of Verse, which are now used, it will be impossible to infuse into any English version, the power and feeling, the spirit and energy, of the originals. It is obvious that many of these Psalms are *not* fitted for public use; and that the variety of their subjects, requires an equal variety of Metre. Some of them breathe all the ardour of triumph; some, all the dejection of humility; some are sweet and gentle Pastorals; others are grand and melancholy Songs, which are fit to be warbled only amidst the scenes which they describe; in solitude, and captivity, amidst danger and distress; by the rivers of Babylon, and among the tents of Kedar.

' One Translator has had the conscience to render a part of that fine Lyric, the 137th Psalm, which runs thus, "If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem! may my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" in the following manner:—

"If I forget thee ever,
Then let me prosper never,
But let it cause
My tongue and jaws
To cling and cleave together."

' William Slatyer published, in 1642, the "*Songs of Sion, or certain Psalms of David, set to strange Tunes, and rendered into a strange Tongue.*" Of the Tunes, I can say nothing; but the tongue is strange enough. For instance, a part of the 6th and 7th Verses of the 52d Psalm,—*"The righteous also shall see, and fear, and shall laugh at him: Lo! this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches!"* is thus versified:—

" The righteous shall his sorrow scan,
And laugh at him, and say, behold !
What has become of this here man,
That on his riches was so bold !"

' Archbishop Parker, in the year 1564, printed a Version of the entire Book of Psalms, for private circulation, which was never published ; but a copy which has fallen into my hands, does not say much for the Most Reverend Prelate's Poetical talents. His version of the 1st. verse of the 125th Psalm will suffice as a specimen of the entire Volume. The Prose translation is as follows :—" They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever:" which the Archbishop versifies thus :—

" Who sticketh to God in stable trust,
As Sion mount he stands full just ;
Which moveth no whit, nor yet can reel,
But standeth for ever, as stiff as steel."

' Other parts of the Scriptures have scarcely suffered less at the hands of versifiers than the Psalms ; for, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Dr. Christopher Tye turned the whole "*Acts of the Apostles*" into rhyme. His Metre is something like that of Mr. Moore's Song of " Fly from the world, Oh Bessy, to me !" and the Reverend Doctor begins his task thus :—

" In the former Epistle to thee,
Dear friend Theophilus,
I have written the veritie
Of the Lord Christ Jesus !" —pp. 204—207.

We do not quite coincide in our Lecturer's estimate of the merits of Gray. He was evidently prejudiced against that poet by the harsh, invidious, and unjustifiable criticism of Dr. Johnson. Perhaps it may be admitted as a correct, as well as a happy observation, that ' the marks of the tools are too evident on all that Gray does.' This is particularly applicable to his odes ; but who that has read the elegy in the common editions of this poet's works, does not feel surprised on learning from the notes of commentators, that a single line, or expression, was ever different from the printed copy ? Here, at least, ' no marks of the tools ' can be perceived, for every syllable is most exquisitely polished and fitted in ;—

" decies castigavit ad unguem ;"

but, the labour is not discernible. Mr. Neele insists that ' there is more of art than nature in Gray ; more of recollection than invention ; more of acquirement than genius.' Judging of Gray, as he is entitled to be judged, by his best production, we should think that this sentence contains propositions which it would be difficult to sustain upon examination. It would require an essay to analyse the powers of the inventive faculty, and it would demand no common hand to settle how much of its fruits appertains to me-

mony, how much to creation. Neither would it have been very easy for Mr. Neele to perform his task, if he had been called upon to point out in Gray's poetry, which passages are to be ascribed to art, or acquirement, and which may be pronounced the offspring of nature and genius.

Among the miscellaneous pieces in the second part of the volume are two tales, intended for the continuation of Mr. Neele's '*Romance of History*.' They possess some merit, and are therefore properly inserted here. We understand that the publishers have confided to Mr. Hervey the execution of that portion of Mr. Neele's plan, which was to be erected on the History of France. The Annals of Spain and Italy would afford abundant materials for romances after this fashion, but to form them into beautiful combinations, to fill up the outlines, and to give language to the figures who are seen crowding the canvas, would demand the creative powers of a master.

A great number of tales, and of pieces of poetry, which Mr. Neele wrote from time to time for several periodicals, are collected together here with as much diligence as if they had been each a gem of the first water. Many of them might have been left in oblivion to which they had been already consigned, without any injury to the fair fame of the author. The best specimen of his poetical talents is certainly to be found in those cheerless stanzas, in which he inculcates the unhappy doctrine of man's annihilation. The reader may be curious to see them; they will excite his commiseration for the mind that could have so far perverted its divine faculties, as to see in the changes, the decline and renovation of external nature, which exhibit to man a volume wherein he may read his immortal destiny, only so many proofs of his subjection to total decay.

'Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that Winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is Ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay!

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundaries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;

Dew, descending on the hills,
 Life in Nature's veins instils;
 Showers, that on the parch'd meads fall,
 Their faded loveliness recall;
 Man alone sheds tears of pain,
 Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!'—pp. 514, 515.

That Mr. Neele was inspired occasionally by better thoughts than these, it is but justice to his memory to admit.

In other pages of these remains there are, indeed, abundant proofs not only of Mr. Neele's belief in the doctrines of Christianity, but of his admiration for the sublime and varied eloquence of the Scriptures. Nevertheless, there is too much reason to presume, from the manner of his death, that infidelity finally triumphed over his intellect, and dictated the unhallowed act which sent him unsummoned to the tribunal of his Creator. We shall close this article with the editor's summary of Mr. Neele's appearance and character:

'In person, Mr. Neele was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed, almost without events; it was one of those obscure and humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of existence, and which the traveller passes by without enquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, except by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; and a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world.'—pp. xvi, xvii.

NOTICE.

ART. XIV.—*German Poetical Anthology; with Notes and an Historical Sketch of German Poetry.* By A. Bernays. London: Treuttel and Wurtz. 1829.

THE want of good elementary books is an insurmountable barrier to the successful study of a language, and one which is seldom removed so effectually as we could wish. Grammars, however, and dictionaries are generally produced in abundance as soon as there is any call for them, and it is seldom for mere practical purposes that the student finds himself at a loss for either accidents or vocabularies. But industry and patience are much more common among the teachers of a language than a correct and elegant taste, and, consequently, a learner is more frequently at a stand for want of good reading exercises than for any other elementary books. We had the pleasure, in a former number, of introducing to our readers' attention, the very excellent little volume of Professor Panizzi

consisting of passages from Italian prose writers, and we have now to mention another publication of a similar kind, and equally adapted to the wants of persons commencing the study it is intended to promote. Mr. Bernays, we understand, is the corresponding-editor of one of the best German periodicals, and is well known for great acquirements in the history and theory of languages. The volume before us evinces considerable taste and good sense, and the interesting historical sketch which is prefixed to the selection, is one of the best and most useful introductions we remember to have seen. The progress and changes of the language from the time of the Suabian Emperors to the present, are traced instructively though rapidly; the different schools into which the literary men of the several periods divided themselves, the general causes which affected public taste, and the most important of the opinions advocated by its guides, are also succinctly but judiciously mentioned; and we finish the perusal of the sketch with sufficient satisfaction to enable us to recommend it to the perusal of all young German scholars. The more advanced reader will find a useful guide to his wider studies in the arranged list of writers which follow the introduction; and the same may be said of the short biographical notices of the authors from whose works the extracts are made. The only fault we are disposed to find with the publication is its size, which we think might have been larger without any danger of diminishing the sale, and the increase of which would have insured many advantages which the editor has been obliged to forego for want of space. There are, for example, specimens of almost every author that has written in German, but they are, of course, confined to one or two from each, which cannot be sufficient to give any distinct idea of a writer's peculiar style. Though this imperfection must in some measure attach to all books of extracts, it may be greatly avoided by giving as many pages to the volume as the nature of the publication will allow. Had the same good sense which is manifested in the limited selection before us, been employed in a much larger, and consequently more complete one, we should have considered the work as much more valuable than the contracted design of the compiler would allow him to make it. But this is a fault which we trust will be amended in another edition, and which, perhaps, should be attributed not to the editor's own ideas on the subject, but his doubts as to the wants of the public. The work as it is at present will, it is probable, be more acceptable to many readers than it would have been if larger, but it might have been increased in size, and yet not have approached the bulk of what is fearfully called a great book.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

ONE of the most important pieces of library intelligence which the present month affords, is the fresh assurance given the public of a new design being in progress for the formation of a great national miscellany on the plan of Constable's. We heard of this important project some time ago, but suppose some mystery in bookselling politics deferred the execution till the present more prosperous period. The publication is a design of Mr. Murray's, who, we understand, has engaged most of the eminent writers of the day to furnish materials for the work.

The annuals have been sufficiently prosperous this season to keep publishers and editors in such good humour with this fashionable article of literary commerce, that we have heard of at least fifty new projects for the publication of similar works next year. Among many speculations, however, there is one which will no doubt end in the production of a very superior work, namely, a new Religious Annual, under the superintendence of the Rev. Professor Dale.

The Rev. S. D. Parry, M. A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has in the Press, *The Legendary Cabinet, a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authors. With Notes and Illustrations.*

In the Press, *The Female Character Illustrated; in Tales and Sketches drawn from Real Life.* By Piers Shafton, Gent. Also, a Second Edition of *Snatches from Oblivion; being the Remains of the late Herbert Trevelyan, Esq.*

Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., &c. has in the Press, a large Octavo Volume, entitled *A New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History.*

The Adventures of a King's Page. Under this title will appear, early in January, a new Publication in the form of a Work of Fiction, by the talented Author of *Almack's Revisited.* Besides the Personal Adventures of the King's Page at our own Court, and at several Foreign Courts, he figures prominently in the great Drama of Modern Times, from the stirring Scenes of the French Revolution, amidst which he was cradled, to the memorable Battle of Waterloo, in which he was called to take a part. Through the whole of this eventful period he is a Child of Mystery, and remains so until an extraordinary Domestic History is unravelled, relating to a disputed Peerage.

The Life of Lord Byron, by Mr. Moore, is in the printer's hands, and will soon appear.

A New Work, by Washington Irving, entitled "*Tales of the Moors,*" will be published this season. The materials, it is said, are drawn from manuscripts consulted by the talented author, during his residence at Seville.

The Arcana of Science and Art for 1829, will be published early in January; and will contain all the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past Year, in Mechanical and Chemical Science, Natural History, &c.

The Travels of the unfortunate Captain Clapperton, which will be out in a short time, will contain a Memoir of his Life, and an Account of the circumstances attending his Death by his Serrant, who is now in London.

In a French statistical pamphlet we find the curious information, that in France, out of a population of thirty-two millions, there are five millions of paupers, a hundred and thirty thousand thieves or depredators; and that besides many thousand persons in hospitals, &c., there are three millions who have no certainty of a month's subsistence.

A new volume of Moral and Religious Poetry, selected from ancient as well as modern Authors, will be published in January.

Mr. Fairbairn, the well known editor of the South African Journal, who has been lately staying in town, has just arrived at the Cape, to resume the publication of his paper, the conduct of which he had resigned for political reasons.

The Poet Carrington has been lately suffering under very severe sickness.

A Book of Instructions for the Proprietors of Bees, has lately appeared at Paris, by M. Mastin. It is a curious and ingenious treatise, and full of entertaining information.

Mr. Crofton Croker's Sayings and Doings at Killarney, will almost immediately appear.

We remember, some months ago, to have read an ingenious manuscript translation of a celebrated Russian Poem, which, however, no bookseller in town could be persuaded to publish; but a French Translation of the Russian Poem Igor has lately appeared, and attracted some attention on the Continent.

Mr. Colburn, we understand, will begin with the New Year, the publication of the United Service Journal and Military and Naval Gazette.

A Treatise, by Mr. Parkin, on the Abomination of Desolation, is in the Press, and is intended to prove that the Destruction of Jerusalem is not predicted in Mat. xxiv., Mark xiii., and Luke xxi.

Professor Buckland has a Second Vol. of Reliquiæ Diluvianæ in the Press.

Dr. Davis (of Fitzroy Square), Professor of Midwifery, &c. in the University of London, is preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo., a Treatise on the Diseases and Constitutional Management of Children.

Dr. Epps, Author of the Internal Evidences of Christianity, deduced from Phrenology and Lecture on Materia Medica and Chemistry, proposes to publish (by request) three Phrenological Essays:—I. On the faculty of Veneration.—II. On Morality.—III. On the best means of attaining Happiness.

Mr. John Hinds, Author of the Veterinary Surgeon, has a new Work in the Press, entitled, The Grooms' Oracle and Pocket Stable Directory. Accompanied with a new Book of Receipts.

The Annual Peerage for 1829, with new plates of the Arms, the publication of which has been unavoidably delayed on account of the Engravings, will certainly appear on or about the 5th of January.

A new Novel, entitled The Collegians, is in the Press, and intended for immediate publication.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Art of Latin Poetry, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
 Louden's Gardener's Magazine, vol. 4, 8vo.
 17s. 6d. bds.
 Elements of Geography, 12mo, 2s. hf. bd.
 The Pomological Magazine, vol. 1, royal
 8vo, 3l. 3s. bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Howell's Alexander Selkirk, 12mo. 5s. bds.
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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*De l'Hypochondrie et du Suicide; considerations sur les causes, sur le siege et le traitement de ces maladies, sur les moyens d'en arreter les progrès et d'en prevenir le developpement*: par J. P. FALRET, D. M. &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 512. Paris.

Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales Article, Suicide: par M. ESQUIROL.

THE fact is indisputable that suicide is alarmingly on the increase, both in Britain and on the continent. We are not, indeed, in possession of any perfect series of statistical records, by which to exhibit this in accurate numerical result, for the several cities, countries, and kingdoms of Europe; but the few which we do possess demonstrate that the crime, or rather the disease, has recently been making great progressive advances, far outstripping, (as we shall subsequently shew) the proportional increase of population. Professor Grohmann has published an interesting table of the suicides which took place in Hamburgh, from 1816 to 1822 inclusive, exhibiting an increase greatly beyond the most rapid increase of population. In 1816 only two are recorded, though this is probably much below the actual number; for in the following year, 1817, there are eighteen; but in 1822, we find no fewer than fifty-nine. Even this number, fifty-nine, though enormous when compared with two, is small in proportion to the population, which is estimated at 115,000,—small, we mean, when compared with the suicides in some other capitals, being only .0521 per thousand, while at Copenhagen, the proportion is .6 per thousand, and at Richenbach as high as 16.6 per thousand, while at Paris, the proportion is only .42 per thousand, and at London as low as .2 per thousand. At Copenhagen, the number of suicides was nearly doubled within twenty years, namely, from 1787 to 1805: from 1787 to 1790, it was 181; from 1790 to 1796, it was 209; from 1796 to 1800, it was 261; and from 1800 to 1805, it was 319. But in 1817, we find only 51 suicides reported at Copenhagen.

* Journal der Heilkunde Von Hufeland, Berlin, 1823, 4.

From the very nature of the circumstances, however, it must be obvious that we cannot implicitly rely on any one of those recorded numbers, which ought rather to be taken as a probable estimate, than as an accurate return. Nay, the greater accuracy of the recorded numbers in one place, or in one year, more than in another, must affect the accuracy of our comparative reasonings, and must render our conclusions somewhat uncertain:—an approximation to the truth, but not the actual and accurate fact. From such causes, the small number of suicides in *Hamburgh*, during 1816, and their decrease at *Copenhagen* during 1817, may perhaps in part be accounted for, without having recourse to other speculations upon the causes producing increase or diminution. But from the general accuracy of the returns at *Paris*, we may trust, perhaps, that the increase which they exhibit is pretty near the truth; the number recorded in 1817 was 300; in 1826 it was 512, or . 73 per thousand, being an increase (supposing the returns correct) of . 31 per thousand in nine years.

M. Gasc, in a memoir lately read before the *Academie Royale de Médecine*, accounts in part for the increase of suicide in *Paris*, from the increased addiction to gambling manifested among all ranks of the Parisians. Whatever, indeed, raises a storm of conflicting passions in the human mind, must induce a corresponding tumult in the organic functions, and thus lead to violent disorders, fatal diseases, and, not unfrequently, to self-destruction. M. Gasc traces the propensity to gaming to two of the predominant passions of the human heart,—self-love and self-interest, which can seldom be checked, and cannot be subdued by the lectures of the divine, the exhortations of the philosopher, or the penal statutes of the legislature. He exhibits the gambler as a prey alternately to delirious joy, despair, and rage; and it is no wonder that the tremendous shocks which the brain and nervous system must receive in these paroxysms, should frequently destroy the intellectual faculties, and thus lead to insanity, furious mania, and suicide. We lately recorded a case, by Dr. Willis, in which the influence of the organs of digestion in producing derangement of the mind was strongly marked, (*MONTHLY REVIEW*, January, 1829, p. 108); and M. Gasc has shewn that no part of the animal economy suffers more directly and unequivocally in those direful conflicts of the passions, than the stomach and bowels,—partly from the tortures of the mind, which at once destroy the appetite and suspend digestion, and partly from the stimulating potations which the gamester swallows to support his courage and drown his reflections.*

Such facts have long been familiar to medical men, but it is by no means so well known in the profession, and scarcely suspected by the public at large, how much the widely extended system

* *Archives Générales de Médecine*, 1828.

of speculation in this country, approximates in its ruinous effects on the constitution, to those which have just been traced to the gambling propensities of the Parisians. In reference to the subject of suicide, now under investigation, we would rank it as one of the most influential causes of increase, though it has been almost overlooked by those who have considered the matter systematically.

The following case, for which we are indebted to Dr. James Johnson, strikingly illustrates the preceding remark, and shows how the constitution may be undermined by rash, inconsiderate conduct, during the excitement arising from temporary circumstances. One day, on the Stock Exchange, when the rumours of failures at home and commotions abroad, were producing such alarming vacillations in the public funds, that the whole property of a gentleman of high probity, temperance, and respectability, was in momentary jeopardy; he found himself in so terrible a state of nervous agitation, that he was obliged to leave the scene of confusion and apply to wine, though quite unaccustomed to more than a glass or two at dinner. To his utmost surprise, the wine had no apparent effect, though he drank glass after glass in quick succession, until he had finished a whole bottle. Not the slightest inebriating influence was induced by this unusual quantity taken before dinner. His nervous agitation, however, was calmed, and he went back to the Exchange and transacted business with steadiness, composure, and equanimity. None of the ordinary effects of wine were produced at the time, but the ultimate consequence several days afterwards, was a severe attack of indigestion, to which he had not been previously subject;—a most curious and interesting fact, which shows, that although mental agitation masks, or even prevents the usual effects of wine and other stimulants at the time, and thus induces, and indeed enables men to take more than under ordinary circumstances; yet that the ulterior effects are greatly worse on the constitution, than if the stimulants had produced their usual excitement at the moment of their reception into the stomach. It is thus, we have no doubt, that the nervous system of thousands in this country is ruined; and, in numerous instances, the seeds of suicidal derangement sown, and that without the victims being conscious of the channel through which they have been poisoned.

M. Falret remarks most justly, that opposite extremes of severity and indulgence in education are amongst the most fertile sources of suicide: for if a boy be indulged in every whim and caprice while he is at home; if he be allowed to rule and domineer, not only over domestics, but even over his parents themselves, (a case unfortunately by no means rare), what are we to expect of him when he enters upon life; when he mixes with the world, and finds that nobody will allow him to have his own way, or to exhibit his tyrannical habits; and when, instead of indulgence, he meets with affront, opposition, and attack; and instead of excuses

for his follies or his crimes, finds accusations and criminal charges brought directly against him. Is it to be wondered at, if such a boy run headlong to suicide, when he is buffeted about among those who care not for his darling self, whom he has been practically taught from infancy to consider the uncontrolled sovereign of the actions, and even the looks of those around him? Is it to be wondered, that he will retire from the scene where he encounters nothing but continued rebuff and reiterated neglect, to brood in solitude over his past supremacy, and to sink into hopeless melancholy, or that he will take refuge at last in the dark uncertainty of death.

On the contrary, when severe measures are employed to curb the propensities of youth, the young heart is broken and ruined, and the spirit of manliness is crushed down to shrinking timidity and slavish terror, which trembles at the parent's frown, and never dares relax into the smile of cheerfulness. The poor boy becomes melancholy and listless, and flies to solitude, to escape from the severities to which he is daily and unfeelingly subjected. He broods in silence over his misery, and, in all probability, will at last put an end to his unhappy life. These are not exaggerated pictures, though they are extreme cases, and they ought to be a warning and a lesson to all who may have the power to avert one of the most terrible diseases that can afflict humanity. Dr. Burrows refers to the difference of disposition in children, the cause of the same effects from excessive indulgence or severity; but if the above remarks be just, any difference of disposition will be immaterial to the consequences. That we have not reasoned upon imaginary facts, will appear from the frequent instances recorded in the public prints, of mere children, (some as young as ten years of age) destroying themselves in consequence of being chidden, contradicted, or threatened with corporeal punishment. The same dispositions in maturer age, meeting even the ordinary mortifications of life, soon give way, and precipitate their fate. When actuated by envy and jealousy, orphans of eight years old have been known to starve themselves to death, and M. Falret knew a boy, twelve years old, who hanged himself because he was only the twelfth in his class: a similar case occurred at Westminster school about seven years ago.

Harriet Cooper, of Haden Hill, Rowley-Regis, aged ten years and two months, upon being reprov'd for a trifling indiscretion, went up stairs, after exhibiting symptoms of grief by sighing and sobbing, and hung herself in a pair of cotton braces from the rail of a tent bed. A girl named Green, eleven years old, drowned herself in the New River, from the fear of correction for a trifling fault. In such cases, the act may be voluntary, though it is evidently the mere impulse of childish passion, or fear of corporeal punishment. Dr. Burrows thinks that neither the physical nor moral condition of the faculties at such an age can be sufficiently

developed to produce the delirium impelling to suicide, and that evasion of present consequences, without consideration of the future, alone prompts the deed. In law, the suicide of infancy appears not to have been contemplated, for the mind which is supposed to will the act of a *felo de se* not having attained maturity of judgment, cannot physically, nor perhaps legally, be pronounced capable of committing self-destruction. It is well remarked, therefore, by Dr. Burrows, that many instances which have happened of children hanging themselves in a wanton frolic, and without a thought of killing themselves, ought not to be recorded as cases of suicide.

That suicide, like other species of madness, frequently runs in the blood of particular families, there can be no doubt. M. Falret gives a very striking instance of this. A young man committed suicide at Paris, and his brother was sent for from the country to attend his funeral. On seeing the body, he was seized with great agitation, and exclaimed with melancholy foreboding, "Alas! my poor father died by his own hand, and now my brother has fallen a victim to the same fate, which awaits me also, as I have been strongly tempted when on the way hither, to follow their example, and I cannot avoid it." A similar instance is mentioned by the celebrated Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia. According to Dr. Burrows, the propensity to suicide will propagate its own type through successive races.

'I have had several members of one family under my care where this propensity declared itself through three generations: in the first, the grandfather hung himself; he left four sons: one hung himself, another cut his throat, and a third drowned himself in a most extraordinary manner, after being some months insane; the fourth died a natural death, which, from his eccentricity and unequal mind, was scarcely to be expected. Two of these sons had large families: one child of the third son died insane; two others drowned themselves; another is now insane, and has made the most determined attempts on his life. Several of the progeny of this family, being the fourth generation, who are now arrived at puberty, bear strong marks of the same fatal propensity. None, I believe, of the children of the fourth son, of the second generation, who died a natural death, have manifested this predisposition.'—*Burrows' Commentaries*, 442.

Far too much appears to have been ascribed to climate in the production of suicide, systematic authors having been misled by the specious but inaccurate conclusions of Montesquieu, in his *Esprit des Loix*. M. Falret has therefore been at some pains to prove that it has but a very slight influence as a predisposing cause. The foggy climate of England has been much blamed; but in other climates, equally gloomy—Holland for example—suicide is by no means common, and besides, it is only within the last two hundred years that it has been so frequent in England. Temperature, however, seems to have a much more decided influence than the circumstances of moisture and dryness, storms or serenity usually

understood by climate, M. Villeneuve, indeed, tells us that he observed a warm, humid, and cloudy atmosphere to produce a very marked bad effect at Paris, and that so long as the barometer indicated stormy, this effect continued. But it does not accord with this observation, nor with popular belief, that the month of November, so loudly reproached for conducing by its gloominess, to despondency, despair, and suicide, is well ascertained both at London and Paris, to produce fewer cases of self-destruction than any other month in the whole year. The Autumn and the Winter at Paris indeed, contrary to the above statement of M. Villeneuve, are very much under the Spring and Summer, viz.—

Number of suicides for 7 years, in	{ Spring	997
	{ Summer	933
	{ Autumn	627
	{ Winter	648

The average number in each month, from 1817 to 1826 was, for

January	213
February	218
March	275
April	374
May	328
June	336
July	301
August	296
September	246
October	198
November	131
December	217

Total	3133
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At Westminster, Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Rouen, the maximum number of suicides is in June and July, and the minimum in October and November. The inference, therefore, seems just, that at a high temperature, that is, when the thermometer of Fahrenheit ranges from 80° to 90° suicide is most prevalent. April, indeed, appears from the Paris returns to be the highest in number, but this excess is plausibly accounted for, from the great increase of population, especially those of the upper and middle ranks at this season. In London, Dr. Burrows estimates three-fourths more of these classes in spring, than in the other quarters—an increase sufficient to account for the greater number of suicides, without having recourse to either climate or temperature.

We must also refer to some other cause than climate or temperature, to account for the extraordinary prevalence of suicide in some of the towns in Germany. At Potsdam, for example, exclusive of the military, we have 4.99 per thousand; at Merseburgh 6.5 per thousand; and at Reichenbach no less than 16.6 per

thousand; while Paris gives 0.42, and London only 0.2. It is with much reluctance that we feel ourselves induced to ascribe this in a considerable degree to some of the popular productions of German Literature. We are reluctant and sorry to denounce as undoubted causes of suicide, the works of men of splendid talents; but in such a case it would be wrong—it would be criminal to mince the matter, and plead any excuse for so detestable a work as Werter, which has unhinged the minds, and corrupted the principles of thousands, before they were aware of its empoisoned and insidious tendency. That it is a work of genius, only makes its blackening influence the stronger, as the fascination of the style, and the intense interest of the narrative, operate like an infernal spell to smooth the road to self-destruction. Its leading theme is, that human passions, and particularly love, are immediately inspired by heaven, and that it would be wrong—nay, that it is impossible to resist them; and, consequently, if a lover meets with crosses, his only virtuous course is suicide, which is triumphantly catalogued among the virtues, as it was by the heathen morality of the ancients. This work, therefore, together with Foscolo's imitation of it, the "*Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*," and every such work deserves our strongest abhorrence, for they strike at the root of all order and of all virtue, social as well as domestic, breaking down every barrier of law and restraint, and making this visionary heaven-born passion, the only standard of right and wrong—the only test of virtue and vice. Resistance to the dictates of passion, when it prompts to crime or to suicide, is a most deadly sin against the principles of Werterism; whilst obeying the passions to the letter, if they incite to criminal love or to self murder, gives to its disciple the stamp of one of the virtuous who have courageously braved the laws of good order, and fearlessly dared to trample under foot all the commands of God and man, and stood forth as the redoubted champions of human passions and the glorious rights of self-destruction. Such are the principles, and such is the language of those miscreants who wish to prove that suicide is a virtue, and, with the assertion in their mouths, that

. "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong,"

they rush headlong and unthinkingly into a dark and awful futurity.

Combined with these dire consequences of deleterious books, we partly agree with the shrewd remark of Dr. Burrows, that one of the influential, though hitherto unnoticed causes of suicide, is the rapid and immense increase of periodical journals. There are few persons comparatively in those places where suicide most prevails, who cannot read, and the means of doing so is amply supplied by a teeming and cheap press. As the eagerness for this species of gratification has augmented, the public taste has become in many

respects vitiated and debased, and hence, nothing is found more attractive than tales of horror and of wonder, and every coroner's inquest on an unhappy being who has destroyed himself, is read with the utmost avidity. Not content with domestic horrors, we see our most respectable diurnal papers industriously selecting from every foreign source these lamentable proofs of the degradation of humanity, and dressing them in colours such as excite pity, rather than abhorrence. It can scarcely be doubted that the frequency and general diffusion of these reports familiarise the minds of the readers with suicide, and thus diminish the detestation in which it ought to be held. Were this and other crimes to be less noticed, it is highly probable they would be less frequent. The reasoning of a young woman, who was rescued from a desperate attempt at suicide, serves to confirm this opinion: upon being questioned how she came to think of committing so dreadful an act, she replied, "that she knew other people killed themselves when they were miserable, and she did not know why she should be prevented from terminating her existence." (*Times Newspaper*, Dec. 3d, 1827). The daily circulation of the accounts of suicides through the medium of the daily papers, appears to operate also in another way in producing their repetition; for no sooner is the mind disturbed by any moral cause, than the thoughts are at once directed through these channels, to meditate an act which, otherwise, neither predisposition, despair, nor the nature of their insanity might have suggested. Thus it happens, that when the mind is observed to be falling into aberration, it is a very important precaution to prevent those who manifest any propensity to suicide, from reading newspaper reports, lest the idea of suicide may be suggested, and the means of self-destruction pointed out.

M. Falret has stated several extraordinary facts, which prove, incontestably, that suicide has appeared as an epidemic, particularly in times of great public distress, and when the constitution of the air has been very hot and moist. In 1806, sixty suicides occurred at Rouen during the heats of June and July: and at Copenhagen, in the same year, more than three hundred. In 1793, about 1,300 occurred in Versailles alone. In 1813, in the small village of St. Pierre Nonjou, in the Valais, one woman hung herself, and many others followed her example, when the civil authorities took measures to prevent the contagion from spreading. At Lyons, Primrose tells us, that the women were seized with a propensity to epidemic suicide, by throwing themselves down the wells of the city. A gentleman informed Dr. Burrows, that when he was at Malta, a few years after the island was taken possession of by the British, suicides became so alarmingly common that every means was tried to put a stop to it, but nothing succeeded till the commandant resolved to deny the bodies of suicides Christian burial, and to treat them with every indignity. This had the desired effect. In another instance, mentioned by

M. Castel, at a sitting of the *Academie Royale de Medicine*, the inmates of the *Hôtel des Invalides* were seized with a propensity to hang themselves on a particular post; twelve instances of this occurred within a very short period; but upon the post being removed, the suicidal epidemic ceased.

Looking upon suicide as a disease, we are led, from these striking facts, to infer the close analogy between it and other epidemics, of which we recollect having met with the following remarkable instance recorded in the *Edinburgh Medical Transactions*, by Professor Hamilton. "In the *Magdalen Asylum* at *Edinburgh*, a girl was seized with fever at the time that typhus was raging in the city, and though she was instantly removed, as well as all her bed-clothes, &c., two more were seized next day, and an alarm and panic soon spread over the whole house. Next day no fewer than sixteen more were in the sick-room, and in the course of four days, out of a community of less than fifty individuals, twenty-two were apparently labouring under decided fever. It now struck Dr. Hamilton that there was much delusion in all this, arising from panic and irritation; and, acting on this belief, he went to the sick-room, and told the poor girls that such a rapid spread of disease was quite unknown—that they were under the delusion of yielding to their fears, and of imitating others who were now undergoing all the tortures of bleeding, blistering, and purging, in *Queensbury Hospital*. He assured them that the fumigation and other precautions must have destroyed the contagion; and that if they would only keep a good heart, and dismiss their fears, he would pledge himself the fever would soon disappear. The effect of the Doctor's speech was like magic. The minds of all in the house were instantly reassured. The tide of opinion set in a contrary direction, and several of the patients, then in the sick-room, recovered before night, and seven out of eight were quite well in a day or two. Not one of the other inmates of the house, from this day, fell ill for nearly a month afterwards. The patients who had previously been removed to the *Hospital*, went through a regular fever, some of them severely; and Dr. Hamilton had no doubt that all the girls in the sick-room, when he addressed them, would have gone through the same course."

Threatenings, however, of bleeding, blistering, and purging, would seldom, we are afraid; have much influence in preventing suicide; but the terrors of an unknown state of futurity might, no doubt, be made to operate powerfully; while on the other hand; as M. Falret justly remarks, the religious systems of the *Druids*, *Odin*, and *Mahomet*, by inspiring a contempt for death, have made many suicides. The man who believes that death is an eternal sleep, scorns to hold up against calamity, and prefers annihilation: the Sceptic also often frees himself by self-destruction from the agony of doubting. The maxim of the *Stoics*, that

man should live only so long as he ought, not so long as he is able, is, we may say, the very parent of suicide. The Brahmin, looking on death as the real entrance into life, and thinking a natural death dishonourable, is eager at all times to get rid of life. The Epicureans and Peripatetics ridiculed suicide, as being death caused by the fear of death. M. Falret, however, goes perhaps too far when he pretends that the noble manner in which the gladiators died in public, not only familiarized the Romans with death, but rendered the thoughts of it rather agreeable than otherwise.

Misinterpretations of passages of Scripture will sometimes lead those who are piously inclined to commit suicide, such as M. Gillet, who hung himself at the age of seventy-five, having left in his own hand-writing the following apology: "Jesus Christ has said, that when a tree is old and can no longer bear fruit, it is good that it should be destroyed." He had more than once attempted his life before the fatal act. Dr. Burrows attended a nobleman, aged thirty, who from fear of poison, though he pretended it was in imitation of our Saviour's fast, took nothing but strawberries and water for three weeks, and these in very moderate quantities. He never voluntarily abandoned his resolution to fast; but though he was at length compelled to take nutriment, inanition had gone too far, and he died completely extenuated. When sound religious principles produce a struggle in the mind, which is beginning to aberrate, the contest generally terminates in suicide.

"I knew a woman," says M. Falret, "who was convinced that the idea of suicide was contrary to her principles of religion; yet she destroyed herself in the persuasion that every rule has its exceptions, and that her's was a case exactly in point. Some murder themselves to get rid of the horrid thoughts of suicide; whilst others brood over them, like J. J. Rousseau, for months and for years, and at length perpetrate the very action which they dread."

The most extraordinary instance of the latter case, with which we recollect of meeting, was in a countryman of Rousseau's, who advocated suicide as a duty, and spent the greater part of a long life in writing a large folio volume to prove the soundness of his doctrine. After he had completed his work, he thought it was time to give a practical illustration of his principles, and at the age of seventy or eighty, (we do not precisely recollect which), he threw himself into the lake of Geneva, and was drowned.

Instances of mutual suicide are by no means uncommon on the continent, and were not unknown in ancient times. Such incidents, it is remarked by Dr. Burrows, are rarely met with in England: its inhabitants are not romantic enough for these exhibitions. An attempted case of this kind, however, occurred within our own knowledge last November, in a village about five

miles from London. A young couple, the wife aged sixteen and the husband nineteen, a few months after marriage having discovered that money is much more easily spent than procured, and being unable to live as they could have wished, held a serious consultation on the subject, and came to the conclusion that their best and only remedy was at once to put an end to their wants by mutual suicide. After dining over this determination, the husband attended to his usual business during the afternoon, but took home with him at tea-time about a quarter of a pound of sugar of lead, for the purpose of executing their design. The whole of this poison was accordingly dissolved in a pot of coffee, and carefully strained and sweetened, to render it more palatable. The young man then deliberately wrote a letter, explaining the circumstances to his father, to whom he had previously sent a message requesting him to call in the evening, and laid it on the table. Between four and five o'clock, each of the parties drank off half of the poisoned liquor, and in less than an hour the young man's father having called, found them lying in one another's arms, nearly speechless. All that he could make out from either, was an indistinct muttering of the word "poison." Medical aid was instantly procured, but no persuasion could induce them to take any antidote, both heroically resolving to die, and remaining so fast locked in each others arms, that it required the united strength of several persons to separate them. The young woman at length began to relax in her obstinacy; but retaining "strong in death" her feelings of obedience, as in duty bound, she imploringly said to her husband, "shall I take it, dear?" To this he gave a direct negative, enforced with an oath; but her love of life prevailed: she disobeyed him, and took the medicine. The husband was not so easily managed; for the surgeon had to administer the medicine by main force. By persevering in these means, the deleterious effects of the poison were (though with considerable difficulty) successfully combated in both cases.

M. Falret is of opinion that suicide, as well as madness, is extremely rare in despotic governments, except, perhaps, during the awful crisis when free states pass into despotism; or in horrid tyrannies like that of Japan, where the slightest crime, or even an attempt at crime, is punished with death—death becoming in consequence so familiarized to the people, that a Japanese rips up his belly with all imaginable coolness. The profession of a soldier naturally leads to a contempt of life; but it is only in the idleness of peace that he commits suicide, or becomes a duellist. In active warfare he hardly ever seeks death voluntarily, not even in the greatest reverses: in the disastrous Russian campaign, suicide was scarcely known in the French army. With some exceptions, Republics, on the other hand, seem to be favourable to suicide. It is not during the heat of civil commotions, according to M. Falret, that suicide is most prevalent; it is either immediately

before their commencement, or when they are subsiding into a state of calmness; in the second, the uncertainty of domestic losses appal the mind and drive it to destruction. In a state of civilization, when almost every person has acquired a certain degree of knowledge, the mind is often called to exertions greater than it can bear; the passions are more violently agitated, and the desires are more craving in proportion to the difficulty of satisfying them: it is then that suicide is common: in Russia it is almost unknown.

The tendency of refined sensibility to become wound up into a paroxysm, terminating in suicidal attempts, is strikingly illustrated in the following remarkable case, recorded by Dr. Burrows in his *Commentaries*.

"A gentleman of a family of rank, and distinguished for talent, married, early in life, the object of his most ardent affections. He possesses extreme susceptibility, with a most highly cultivated and refined mind. It may be remarked as a constitutional peculiarity, that his natural pulse does not exceed forty strokes in a minute. When any thing suddenly occurs to agitate him, it produces an attack of fever, and his pulse is accelerated in an astonishing manner. He is then, as he describes, all over pulses.

"Though in ordinary affairs a man of firm resolution and great spirit, yet when this paroxysm happens, he is seized with such a panic or impulse that he knows not what he does, and he is unnerved for days.

"His lady being well acquainted with the infirmities of his constitution, by her good sense and soothing, rendered him a happier man than he ever had been. Most unfortunately she died in the first year of her marriage. His grief was excessive; and even when time had abated its poignancy, he remained very miserable. His thoughts were always reverting to the virtues of her whom he had lost, and the comparative happiness he had enjoyed in her society.

"He tried every thing to divert his melancholy; but these impulses would follow reflection, and then his ideas adverted to self-destruction. He reasoned with himself upon the subject, till, he confessed, he had become an infidel in religion, and could no longer view the act as wicked.

"I had an opportunity of knowing the exact state of his mind during this struggle, from perusing some notes which he had written describing it. He expressed himself with the utmost tenderness and affection in respect to his departed wife, and of his intention of soon joining her by a voluntary death; not, however, in heaven, but in Elysium.

"One night, after having been occupied in reading to some dear relations, and apparently much enjoying the subject, he retired to his chamber. He undressed and dismissed his valet. His gloomy reflections recurred. One of these strange impulses came over him; he seized a pistol, and discharged it: It failed of effect. He fired another; he wounded himself severely, but not mortally; neither was the effusion of blood great. He then called for assistance. Little constitutional disturbance followed, and the wound readily healed.

"It was while confined from the effect of his wound that I was consulted. I could not in conversation detect the slightest aberration of mind, nor

was there a trait in his countenance of a propensity to suicide. He freely conversed on his past and present situation and opinions; was perfectly willing to submit to any supervision I might advise, or plan I could suggest, that might divert his reflections, and bring him into a better and happier frame of mind.

“By degrees he acquired more composure. He afterwards travelled on the continent for a year and a half. Upon his return he seemed much improved in general appearance, and I thought more so in spirits than he was willing to admit. Nothing, however, has conquered his constitutional susceptibility. The only means of reconciling this gentleman to himself and life is, to be constantly engaged in some active occupation suitable to his talents; or, if he could be as fortunate as before, again to enter into the marriage state.”

Ennui or spleen, indeed, is not the malady of the labourer or the artisan, but of the refined and luxurious; although it is found even in the artist, if he applies himself to an art which is contrary to his choice, or the bent of his genius. If the objects round us are disagreeable, or even though every way delightful, if they fail to interest our senses, ennui, spleen, or weariness of life, is intermingled with all our actions, and the consequence, too often, is suicide. The lover, though surrounded by the most delightful landscape, though in the midst of society at once agreeable and refined, if at the same time deprived of the tender object of his love, pines away and languishes, and is the prey of spleen. So it is also with the ambitious man, when stopped short in his career. In the spring of life too, when there is no variety but one dull round of insipid inactivity, melancholy becomes very powerful. If the mind also, that in a foreign country still hopes to revisit the scenes of its earliest pastimes, and of all its fond remembrances, be deprived of that hope, it languishes and withers like a flower that has been planted in an ungenial soil.

An interesting comparison of the causes which produce suicide, may be made by means of the tables published by Professor Casper, of Berlin, with respect to the suicides in the Prussian capital within six years and a half, since 1817, though it may be remarked that a very large number are not accounted for. The tables are as follows:—

Offended honour	14
Mental alienation	61
Drunkenness and dissipation	54
Dread of punishment	32
Debts and domestic trouble	18
Love	12
Matrimonial strife	11
Disgust of life	3
Disease and pain	12
Religious excitement	1
Unknown causes	282

As regards the different modes in which these Prussian suicides took their leave of life, out of five hundred and twenty-five, there were who made choice of—

Hanging	234
Shooting	163
Drowning	60
Cutting their Throats	17
Stabbing	20
Throwing themselves out of Windows	19
Poison	10
Opening an Artery	2

525

The number of suicides in each sex is not specified ; but in other cases, the crime is much less frequent among females than males. It seems remarkable, out of so great a number who destroyed themselves, that only one should have been led to the act by religious excitements. That thirty-two should have destroyed themselves from fear of impending punishment, either argues a dreadful system of punishment in Prussia, or a certain fashion in the prisoners. Hanging seems to have a decided preference among the Prussian suicides, as it is supposed to have in England. The French prefer the notoriety of throwing themselves off a house, a bridge, or, what is still more striking, off a column, or monument.

We only recollect of two cases in which fire was made choice of as the instrument of self-destruction,—that of the Philosopher Empedocles, who threw himself into the crater of Mount *Ætna*, for which he is unmercifully ridiculed by Lucian ; and that of a woman, whom we recollect, about twenty years ago, to have thrown herself into the furnace of an iron work.

In perusing M. Falret's work, we met with the following anecdote of Napoleon, which may, perhaps, give some solution of the question started at the period of his reverses, Why he did not commit suicide ? When he was first consul, two suicides occurred in a single week in a regiment of the line, and, being apprehensive of the delusion spreading, he issued the following general order :—

“ A soldier should be able to subdue his passions, as the man who suffers mental pain without shrinking, shows as much real courage as he who stands firm under the fire of a battery ; for, to become the prey of melancholy, or to commit suicide to escape from it, is like flying from the field of battle before the contest is decided.”

This was completely successful : Buonaparte's soldiers could not endure the notion of being accounted cowards.

The very striking relation which a suicidal disposition bears to other forms of mania, and particularly in the very common characteristic of cunning, is so well illustrated by the termination of the following case, recorded by Dr. Burrows, that we cannot more appropriately conclude this article than by quoting it.

"A medical friend, travelling over Shooter's Hill, observed a gentleman walking up it, his carriage following him. When opposite to each other, the stranger suddenly fell on his knees in the dirt, and lifted up his hands as if in earnest prayer. My friend stopped his post-chaise at so extraordinary a sight, and soon found, by his looks and manners, that the poor gentleman was insane. He immediately accompanied him back to London, and placed him under my care till his relations were informed of his state. I afterwards continued my attendance.

"The history of the case was this:—The patient was a cavalry officer of rank, aged thirty-five, and had particularly distinguished himself at the then recent battle of Waterloo. On that occasion he had had two horses killed under him, and was himself wounded in four places: he was first struck on the crown of his helmet by the splinter of a shell, which wounded the scalp and stunned him; he was next shot in the fleshy part of the thigh by a grape shot, which, at the same time, killed his first horse: from these two wounds he lost much blood. While lying under his second horse, he was pierced in the groin by a lance; and in this helpless condition, he received from a French drummer, who was rifling the dead and dying, a violent blow on the temple from the butt-end of a musket, from the effects of which he remained some time insensible. He was afterwards conveyed, in a most deplorable state, as a prisoner within the French lines; and though released the same evening by the victorious allies, a long while elapsed before his wounds and exhausted condition received any attention.

"He inherited a predisposition to insanity, and was naturally reserved, diffident, and taciturn, but affectionate and generous.

"When he recovered from his wounds, he often complained of pains in his head; and it was observed that his temper became fretful and suspicious, that he slept ill, was depressed in spirits, and courted solitude. These symptoms increased latterly. At length he imagined himself the sport of his brother officers, and many other delusions arose.

"There was a moral cause likewise operating, which, on a constitution that had recently received so severe a shock, no doubt greatly influenced his disorder. He had applied for promotion, in consequence of his sufferings in the service. This was withheld, as he thought, ungraciously, and too long; and when he was raised a step, his mind was already too much disturbed duly to appreciate it. The anniversary of the glorious battle of Waterloo was just passed, and the recollection of it was painful to him.

"In this state he came to town, as I have described.

"He was exceedingly sober and temperate by habit; but dining the day before with a brother officer, he was persuaded to commit an unusual excess in wine, with the hope of raising his spirits.

"This proved a match to the mine. It exploded, and his intellects became completely deranged.

"I found him with his countenance very wild, his eyes injected, and pupils contracted, pulse quick and weak, tongue white, and great thirst. He had had no sleep for five nights. Sometimes exalted, violent, and loquacious; sometimes depressed and taciturn. He was rather languid, which I imputed to his having, within the last hour, lost full twenty ounces of blood from the rupture of an hæmorrhoidal vessel.

" It is not necessary to detail the medical treatment adopted, but I will proceed to those points in the case which are relevant.

" He was placed in lodgings with a careful attendant. In about three weeks, he was quite well, when, unluckily, a whitlow formed on his finger, and as one of his delusions was that he was rotten in every part, it was the cause, besides pain, of considerable irritations, and it broke his rest. Others of his delusions returned, but subsided with the pain of the whitlow, and he again greatly improved.

" In six weeks he was so well that I took my leave, advising him to travel during the remainder of the autumn. The next day some domestic occurrence occasioned violent irritation, and he again relapsed into despondency, unattended by paroxysms of violence; but he shortly recovered.

" However, instead of going into the country and varying the scene, his lady brought him into town, and permitted unrestrained intercourse with his relations, &c. He grew worse, quarrelsome, and suspicious, and very low-spirited, and began to accuse his wife. I then earnestly recommended that he should be completely separated from all intercourse with her and his connections; but my advice was disregarded.

" A boil now formed *juxta anum*. This irritated him more than the whitlow, and his delusions about his rottenness were more prominent than ever; but when the boil suppurated and discharged, his mind again improved.

" No persuasion could induce his friends to give him exercise or diversion, to change the scene. He therefore sat all day brooding over his fantasies, and reading religious books; for now there was added to his delusions, an impression that he was very wicked, and had neglected his religious duties. His face, too, assumed the suicidal expression.

" A month afterwards, a consultation with two eminent physicians confirmed my opinion of the treatment to be pursued. But notwithstanding this consultation, all remedial aid was neglected, and he was allowed to follow all his inclinations, both in religious matters, and totally secluded himself. In about three weeks, all the symptoms were so much exasperated, that he was sent to a private asylum.

" A few days afterwards, while walking out, he tried to drown himself, but was rescued by his keeper. He continued this desponding state some months, when rather suddenly he appeared much better; and continuing to improve, his physician thought him well, and he returned home. Two days only had passed, when he called on the same physician, acknowledged that he was as bad as ever, and entreated earnestly that he might again be received into his house. He was so on that day. The next he poisoned himself and died.

" It proved that he had never abandoned the desire of committing suicide, but he so well concealed it, and otherwise conducted himself, as to lead to the conclusion that he was recovered. It was, in fact, a scheme the real object of which was to get out and buy laudanum. Having procured a sufficient quantity, but anxious to save his wife the agony of witnessing the act he meditated, he preferred returning to the asylum to execute it!"

ART. II.—*Histoire de Pierre Terrail Seigneur de Bayart.* Par Alfred de Terrebasse. Paris: Ladvocat. 8vo. 1828.

THE days of chivalry, if little adapted to the general improvement of society, were highly favourable to the development of many good qualities in individual character. Great and splendid actions were sure to excite attention, though humble and useful virtues could not. The few, therefore, who had an opportunity of signaling themselves, had incitements to the boldest exercise of courage, to the most patient self denial, and the employment of whatever talents they might possess, in the cause that was considered most just and honourable. In this struggle for fame, many excellences could hardly fail of being elicited. Reputation in those times supplied every argument to virtuous exertion, and the incitement was of sufficient strength to bend the most obstinate natures to the law of honour. Every attention to self thus became regarded as unworthy of a knight devoted to the defence of public innocence; every breach of word was an indelible stain on one who it was to be supposed could feel no fear, and whatever act could bring additional praise to his name, that it was necessary he should perform at the risk of his existence. We are, therefore, repeatedly surprised with the appearance of the most noble characters in times of great general ignorance; with the occasional splendour of individual history, while that of nations is wrapped in darkness: and there are accounts of men who lived in periods when almost every principle of civil and religious law was perverted, who manifested a nobleness of nature formed and strengthened in the school of chivalry, that puts the training of modern seminaries to the blush.

Among the most noble of the chevaliers with whom the history of knighthood has made us acquainted, is the celebrated Pierre Terrail de Bayart, the good Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. This renowned hero was born in the year 1473, in the Castle of Bayart, from which seignorie he took his title. His family was one of the oldest in France, and had been made honourable by a long line of celebrated soldiers. At the time of his birth, his uncle was Bishop of Alleman, and under his superintendence he received an education superior to that which was commonly received by the gentlemen of that period. On returning to his paternal home, he became distinguished for his skill in all the accomplishments which were taught as preparatory to the profession of arms. In the most ardent thirst after reputation he was led on by the perusal of the old chronicles of his country, and especially of those which recorded the deeds of his noble ancestors: when his father, therefore, assembled him and his brothers to hear their determination as to the profession they desired to follow, he replied, "Monseigneur, my father, although filial love would persuade me to remain here to attend upon your old age, yet the desire with which the history of

the great men of past ages inspires me, and, especially those of my own house, induces me to follow the track which you and your ancestors have pursued, and in which I trust I shall do you no dishonour." The Seigneur Bayart, delighted with the determination of his eldest son, and with the expression of his sentiments, immediately conceded to his wishes, and the young representative of a long line of distinguished warriors was directed to hasten his preparations for the execution of his design. In the mean time, his father gathered together his different friends and relatives, in order to acquaint them with the determination of his son, and to ask their advice as to the best manner of proceeding in their settlement. Among the rest was the Bishop of Alleman, to whom Pierre had been intrusted for his education. This prelate possessed considerable influence, and as the first thing to be done for a gentleman in those times was to procure him an appointment as page to some prince, he recommended that his nephew should be sent to the court of Charles Duke of Savoy, to whom he promised to give him an introduction. The proposal was accepted with great satisfaction, and the good bishop took upon himself the charge of providing Pierre with every thing necessary for his equipment. On the next day accordingly he appeared before the company mounted on a beautiful little horse, and in a splendid costume of the period, made of velvet and ribbons, and shining with embroidery. Having taken an affectionate farewell of his parents, he set forth with his uncle, who immediately carried him to the Duke, at whose court he was received with marks of great satisfaction.

Bayart distinguished himself in his new situation by his amiable disposition as well as by his accomplishments, and he acquired the affections of both the prince and the courtiers. But he had not been at the court of Savoy more than six months, when Charles, determining to visit the French king, Charles VIII., took him in his suite. Before they arrived at the royal residence, they were met by the Duke de Ligny, whose attention was instantly fixed on the young page. The consequence was, that Bayart was removed to the court of France, where he became a pupil of Ligny.

A page, according to established custom, was to remain as such for seven years, after which he was to be admitted to the rank of a man of arms, which was even considered so honourable a degree that many noblemen were contented to receive it. To this, however, Bayart attained in the third year of his apprenticeship, and when Charles VIII. returned to Lyons, he found him ready to support the character which had been formerly given him. A fortunate opportunity occurred to establish his reputation at once. During the residence of Charles at Lyons, a gentleman named Claude de Vaudrey, of great reputation for skill in arms, asked permission of the king to proclaim a tourney. The request was granted without delay, and the chevalier made known his intention of meeting any gentleman who would venture to oppose him in

combat. Nothing could have been more to the taste of Pierre, and he only wanted the means of appearing properly accoutred to determine at once upon being present in the lists. But how to provide himself with horse and armour fit for the occasion, was a difficult question, and he was almost despairing of being able to accomplish his object, when he was met by his friend Bellabre, who was equally desirous of being at the tourney, and equally in want of means. After duly considering the matter, it was decided that instant application should be made to an uncle of Bayart, the fat Abbé of Ainay. At first, however, they met with a sharp repulse, and it was only after a long struggle they brought the abbé to the determination of giving him a hundred crowns for a horse, and an order upon his tailor for fit accoutrements. Fortunately for the friends, the order was couched in general terms, and hastening with all speed to the merchant, they provided themselves with just as much silk, &c. as might be necessary to give them both a noble appearance. The Abbé, on relating the circumstance of the interview with his nephew, happened to mention the order he had given upon the tailor, when to his great terror he was told that it was most likely he would find himself charged a thousand crowns, instead of a hundred, as he supposed. This was in fact the case, and his only consolation was, that as he saw no chance of Pierre's escaping the strong arm of de Vaudrey, he stood little risk of being again called on to assist his necessities. But the nephew was more fortunate than his angry uncle expected. He was successful in the combat beyond all expectation, and he received the congratulations of the monarch and his whole court.

Immediately after this event Bayart was sent by de Ligny to join the company in which he had been enrolled, and which was in garrison at Artois. The following is the account of his departure:

"Piquet, my friend," said the Count, "you have had excellent success in your tourney, but the occupation of a chevalier must be practical. I have continued you a gentleman of my household, with the allowance of three hundred francs a year, and three horses, by making you a man of arms in my company. It is time for you to go and join your comrades in garrison. In hearing some sound of war, you will have a better occasion for acquiring honor than in these quarters." This was to complete the desire of Bayart, who, after having thanked the count for this new mark of kindness, as the greatest he had received from him, requested permission to depart the next day. "Willingly, replied the Count de Ligny; but it is necessary before you go, to take leave of the king, and I will conduct you to his hotel." "Sire," said the Count, presenting him to the monarch, "here is your Piquet, who before joining his company in Artois, comes to take farewell of you." The king regarded Bayart for some time with pleasure, and appeared delighted with the noble and serious air with which he knelt before him. "Bayart," said he, "may God, my young friend, preserve you in the career in which you have commenced, and you will be a great and excellent man. You are going into a country where the dames are lovely, endeavour to acquire their

good graces. Adieu my friend." "Great thanks, Sire," said Bayart. The princes and courtiers all embraced him, testifying their regret at his departure; as for himself, he had long desired to join his company. The king sent him three hundred crowns by the valet de chambre, who kept his private purse, and added to this present a superb horse from his own stud. Bayart gave thirty crowns to the valet de chambre, and ten to the man who brought the horse, a generosity which obtained him the greatest honour. The count kept him all the evening at his hotel, and after giving him advice, as if he had been his own son, and recommending him *de férir haut, de parler bas, et de ne jamais forligner*, "Piquet, my friend," continued he, "I suppose you will set out to-morrow morning before I rise; may God preserve you in your journey. He then embraced him with tears in his eyes. Bayart, with one knee on the ground, took his leave, and returned to his residence followed by his companions, who contended with each other in the tenderness of their adieus.

On returning, he found in his apartment the count's tailor, who brought him two complete suits, and he further learnt that in his absence he had sent by his equerry a superb horse, which he himself had been in the habit of riding. Bayart gave twenty crowns to the tailor, desired him to give ten more to the equerry, and to salute, on his account, all the members of the Count de Ligny's household. He then completed the preparations for his journey, took a short repose, and rose with the first dawn of day. He sent off before him his *grands chevaux* to the number of six, and then his baggage, which he soon followed with six other horses, "*beaux et triomphans courtauds*. His comrade, Bellabre, accompanied him to La Bresle, where they separated after having dined together; but their separation was to be very short, as Bellabre only waited the arrival of two horses from Spain to rejoin his friend, which he expected to do in three or four days.

Bayart travelled by short stages, for the convenience of his *grands chevaux*, and being within three leagues of the town of Aire, he sent one of his suite to prepare his lodging. When the gentlemen of de Ligny's company knew that their new comrade Piquet had arrived, they mounted horses to the number of a hundred and twenty to meet him. Each desired to know this young man, so dear to their king and captain. We leave the reader to guess the appearance they made, and having placed Bayart in the midst of them, they entered in triumph into the city, where the greater part of the ladies were at their windows, curious to see this gentleman of eighteen, of whom so much had been said. His comrades accompanied him to his house, where, according to the orders given, supper awaited him. A part of the company remained at the repast, which was of the gayest kind, intermixed with talk of love and war, without forgetting, as might be expected, Piquet's success at the late tourney.—pp. 41—45.

Moved by the hospitality and attention which was shown in this place, he determined on giving a tourney for the amusement of the ladies, who were said to be as beautiful as any in the whole of France. To this tourney came about fifty gentlemen, and among others Bayart's friend, Bellabre. The day arrived, and Louis d'Ars and the Scotch nobleman, Saint Quentin, were appointed judges of the combat. The combatants then ranged themselves in two

companies, each consisting of twenty-three champions. The trumpet sounded and the lists were opened. After a long contest of rival aspirants after fame, in which Bayart was chiefly distinguished, the assembled company retired to his lodgings, where a splendid banquet was provided them. Thus terminated each day of the tourney, and Pierre obtained as much praise for his gallantry and courteous bearing as for his valour.

But a more important scene was now to occupy his attention, Charles VIII., who having renewed his claims upon Naples, had imprudently spent the time of his residence there in thoughtless amusement, saw himself, when endeavouring to return to his own country, surrounded by a numerous army of hostile confederates. On the 6th of July, 1495, an engagement took place. In this battle Bayart had two horses killed under him, and it is supposed that it was for his conduct on the occasion he received the honour of knighthood.

Having thus shared in the principal scenes which the times presented, he determined upon paying a visit to his family and the friends by whom he had been first introduced to the world. Having wept over the tomb of his father, and remained a short time with his mother, he proceeded to the court of the Duke of Savoy. A curious incident is here given in the Memoirs, which strongly marks the character of the age, and the confidence and high refinement of manners to which the maxims of chivalry gave birth. Bayart, while a page to the Duke, became enamoured with a lady in the retinue of the Duchess, and his passion was met by one as ardent as his own. Soon after his departure, however, his mistress was induced by the intreaties of her relatives to become the wife of the Count Fruzazque, a nobleman of great rank and fortune. When he returned he was met by this lady with the liveliest demonstrations of continued regard. They talked over the events of former times, recollected the various little circumstances attending the discovery of their love, and amused themselves in many a long conversation with repainting the ardour of their attachment. The lady Fruzazque then told him that nothing would so gratify her as his giving a tourney, which she said was due to his regard for his early home. Bayart could not resist this appeal, and he promised to accede to the request if the dame would endow him with one of her bracelets. This was immediately done, and the next day a proclamation was made, announcing that Pierre Bayart challenged the gentlemen of the neighbourhood to combat, and that he would give as a prize a ruby with a hundred ducats, and the bracelet of his mistress, to whoever should be the victor with lance or sword. The day appointed for the festival came, and Bayart was, as usual, the most distinguished of the combatants. Accordingly, when it was inquired to whom the prizes should be awarded, all voices were in his favour, and they were about to be given him, when, blushing and declaring he did not

merit them, he observed, that it was to the bracelet which had been lent him by the Lady Fruzasque he owed the victory, and that it was she, therefore, who must dispose of the prize. The count, says the biographer, took no umbrage at this declaration of his wife's lover, confiding in the strict honour of knighthood. The lady herself expressed her gratitude for the distinction given her, and replied to the compliments of Bayart by saying, "since Monseigneur has had the goodness to say that my bracelet has gained him the victory, I wish, for love of him, to keep it all my life; for the ruby, I give it to Seigneur de Mondragon, who is next to him in desert."

Not long after this he was engaged in the contest of the French king with the Duke of Milan, and was taken prisoner in a too ardent pursuit of the retreating enemy. Animated by the encouragements of the Bon Chevalier the French,—

'Repeating their war cry, charged the Lombards with so much fury, that they began to lose ground. Cazachio, seeing that the French were too near him, and fearing that they would enter Binasco with him, made his retreat in good order on the side of Milan. Being arrived at a short distance from that city, the Italians disbanded, and flew at full speed, pursued by the French, even to the cannon of the fortification. Then one of the seniors of the company perceiving their danger, cried, "turn, soldiers, turn." All obeyed and stopped, with the exception of Bayart, who was too eager in the pursuit of the fugitives to hear any thing, and thus led away by his ardour, he entered pell mell with them into Milan, chasing them even to the ducal palace. Being soon recognized by his white crosses, and surrounded on all sides by the populace, who shouted, *Piglia! piglia!* he was forced to surrender himself to the Captain Bernardino Cazachio, who took him with him to his abode, but after that Bayart was disarmed, he could not recognise the terrible *gend'arme* in the person of a young man of a gentle and almost feminine figure. Ludovic, who had heard the tumult, demanded the cause of it, and desirous to see this rash archer, ordered him before him. Cazachio, a warrior full of honour, on hearing this order, and fearing that Ludovic, giving way to his habitual fury, might have conceived some fatal project, determined to accompany his prisoner himself. "My gentleman," said Sforza, astonished at seeing so much valour and youth united, "approach and tell me what led you into our city. Did you think of taking Milan by yourself?" "By my faith my lord," replied Bayart, without confusion, "I did not expect to enter quite alone, and thought of being followed by my companions, who, more au fait in war, have avoided my fate. But independent of my disgrace, I only congratulate myself that I have fallen into the hands of this good and valiant captain." Ludovic then asked him, upon his honour, what was the number of the French troops. "Upon my soul, my Lord, they are little less than fourteen or fifteen hundred men of arms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand foot soldiers; but all choice men, who are determined from this time for ever to subject the Duchy of Milan to the king our master: excuse my frankness, but it appears to me, my Lord, that you would be as safe in Germany as here, for your people cannot stand before ours."

'The Duke pretended to be amused at the proposition of the young Frenchman. "Upon my word, my gentleman," said he in a tone of raillery and indifference, "I shall be glad for the troops of the king of France and mine to decide, at the earliest period, by a battle, to whom the inheritance belongs, for I find there is no other way of settling it." "May it please God," said Bayart, "that it be to-morrow, provided I am out of prison." "You are free," answered Ludovic, in a transport of generosity unusual to him, "and I will grant to you, moreover, whatever you may ask."

'The Chevalier, placing one knee on the ground to thank him, begged him to have the kindness to restore to him his arms and horse, and to send him back to his garrison. "I feel so grateful to you, my Lord, that beyond the service of the king my master, and my own honour, I shall always be at your command." "Captain Cazachio," said Ludovic, "let his horse and all belonging to him be restored." "Nothing more easy," said the former, "for all is at my house." And he sent for his horse and arms. Ludovic wished Bayart to arm before him, who leaped on the saddle without touching the stirrups. He then took his lance, and closing his vizier, flew across the vast court of the palace, and broke the shaft of his lance upon the ground into five or six pieces. Ludovic, who was not more delighted with this spectacle than he had reason to be, could not help confessing, that if all the men of the French army resembled this one, he had much to fear. However, he gave him a trumpeter to reconduct him to his garrison, who went not so far, for the French army was already but ten or twelve miles from the city.

'All had pitied the young warrior, whose courage was an excuse for his imprudence. His unexpected return surprised his comrades, who joyfully accompanied him to his good master, the Count de Ligny. "How, Picquet, my friend," said he, smiling, "you here! Who has taken you out of prison and paid your ransom? I was, at this instant, about to send a trumpeter to do this for you." "My Lord, I thank you very humbly for your good wishes, but the Lord Ludovic has generously sent me back without ransom," and he related in detail his adventure. Trivulzio asked him, "if he thought, from the countenance of Sforza, that he was a man likely to give them battle." "My Lord," answered Bayart, "he has not placed me so much in his confidence; all that I can tell you is, that he has not the appearance of being easily intimidated; and most probably it will not be long before you hear news from him. All that I have been able to learn is, that the greatest part of his troops are in Novare, and that he ought either to call them to Milan, or to go himself and join them."—pp. 74—78.

But we must tarry no longer in these details of Bayart's early exploits; and it will be sufficient to mention, that he soon enlarged the sphere of his reputation by his conduct in a war with Spain, and by several single combats, especially in one in which eleven Frenchmen were pitted against eleven Spaniards; and in another, in which he equalled the most celebrated deeds of the knights of old, by defending a bridge against two hundred Spaniards. In the year 1509, when Louis XII. sent a strong force into the Milanese, Bayart was put at the head of thirty men

of arms and a company of infantry. At the head of this little band he performed wonders, and contributed greatly to the celebrated victory of Agrandel. At the siege of Padua, which shortly followed, he again distinguished himself by a similar display of conduct and bravery, and France and Italy rung with the fame of his several actions. But there is one account in this part of the Memoirs which we must not pass over, as it shows the barbarity which degraded the lower classes of the people in the age of Bayart.

‘The population of Vicentia, in an attack being made upon their town by Chaumont d’Ambrise, had fled for security to the mountains which environed the city. A large tract of these hills had been undermined, partly by nature and partly by man, and the immense cave which had been thus formed, was called the Grotto of Masano. Into this subterranean retreat the miserable fugitives plunged themselves, in the hope that they might continue there in safety, till succours should arrive to relieve the town. No immediate danger, it seemed, could possibly befall them; for the entrance to the cave was so narrow, that only one person could pass in at a time; and they were well defended with pikes and arquebuses. Their place of concealment, however, being discovered by some of the stragglers belonging to the French army, they were terrified by hearing themselves threatened with destruction, unless they instantly delivered up their valuables as a ransom. They in vain replied that they had saved nothing, and, therefore, had nothing to offer; the abandoned wretches immediately collected a quantity of hay and stubble, which they brought to the mouth of the cave, and set fire to. The victims of this horrid barbarity had no chance of escape, and the whole population of Vicentia perished, crowded together in their suffocating hold.’

About the year 1511, Bayart was sent with the French army under Nemours, to the succour of the Emperor Maximilian. A curious circumstance happened while the commander and his officers were staying at Carpi, which is worth relating, as it is another of the many anecdotes with which these Memoirs abound, calculated to illustrate the state of manners and learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Alberti Pio, the lord of the place, who entertained the party, had under his protection an astrologer, whose fame was celebrated through the neighbourhood. Curiosity induced Nemours to request a sight of this man, and he was accordingly introduced when the company was assembled at the evening banquet. After several compliments had been paid the philosopher, he was asked if the Spaniards would come to battle? “Yes,” was the answer, “and on Ash-Wednesday.” “And who will conquer?” “The field will remain to the French, and the Spaniards will suffer loss: but the French will pay dearly for their victory.” “Shall I be among the dead,” asked Le Seigneur de la Palice.” “No, you have at least twelve years to live, but you will die in another battle.” In the same manner

every one in the party received some prediction of his fate. Bayart was persuaded to ask the Astrologer whether he should ever be a great and rich personage? The answer was, that he would be as rich in honour and virtue as any captain in France; but that the good things of fortune he would not possess, because he did not value or seek them. "You will serve," continued the Astrologer, "another monarch, after him who now reigns in France, who will esteem and love you much, but envious men will hinder your receiving those rewards and honours which you merit." "And shall I escape the perils of the deadly battle about to be fought?" "Yes, but you will die in war about twelve years hence, and by a cannon ball; for you are too well loved by your companions to let them suffer any other weapon to reach you." After some further conversation of the same kind, a wild fellow of the name of Jacquin Caumont entered the apartment. He demanded his fate of the wise man, and not finding his questions readily answered, proceeded at once to abuse and ridicule. "You wish then to know your fortune?" "Yes! yes!" "Well then, take care of your soul, for you will be hung and strangled in less than three months." This prophecy was strangely fulfilled by the poor Capitaine being carried by a runaway horse into the river, from which he was extricated with difficulty, and afterwards hung up by the legs to dry, or rather drain.

In the year 1512, the French evacuated Italy. In defending a bridge over the Tesin, Bayart received a severe wound in the neck, and as soon as the army had completed its retreat, he hastened to Grenoble, where his uncle, the Bishop Laurent des Alleman, resided, and who received him with every demonstration of regard. Here he was seized with a violent fever, which was brought on by the united effects of fatigue and the pain of the wound he had lately received. There is something picturesque and simple in the account given of his sickness and recovery. We extract the passage.

"The good Chevalier went straight to Grenoble to visit his kind uncle, the bishop, whom he had not seen for a very long time. *Laurent des Alleman* received his nephew with a satisfaction difficult to be described, and had him remain at the palace, where the greatest care and attention was lavished on him. The gentlemen and ladies of the town and surrounding neighbourhood, went to visit this warrior, who was not only an honour to his family, but to all Dauphiné. They were never tired of expressing their admiration, and loading him with praises, which his modesty scarcely allowed him to accept.

"But whether it was the consequence of his fatigues during the war, or the effects of his lute wound, the good Chevalier was seized with a violent fever, which lasted, at its height, seventeen days, and which weakened him so much that his life was despaired of. The sick man, distressed at the idea of dying in his bed, addressed such prayers and complaints to heaven, as brought tears in the eyes of all around him.

"With that sincere faith, and pious familiarity of the Christians of the

sixteen century, "Alas!" said he, "my God, if it is thy pleasure to take me so soon from this world, why didst thou not let me die in company with that noble prince, the Duke of Nemours, and my other comrades, at the battle of Ravennes; why not rather have let me perished on the ramparts of Brescia, when I was so greivously wounded? Indeed! I should have died happier, for I should have died like my ancestors, who all fell on fields of battle. Great God, why didst thou shelter me from the dangers of artillery, battle, rencountres, and assaults, to let me die in my bed like a woman. However, thy will be done; I am a great sinner, but I trust in thy infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, I have greatly offended Thee by the past; but if thou hadst granted me a short time longer to live, It was my firm intention, with thy assistance, to have amended my past life."

'During the raging of the fever, it was to *Monseigneur Saint Antoine*, so renowned in Vienna, that the good Chevalier addressed his most melancholy cries: "Ah! glorious confessor and true friend of God, *Saint Antoine*, thou whom I have honoured all my life, and served with so much affection, thou permittest me to burn with such heat, that death would be preferable to me. Alas! dost thou not remember, that during the wars with Italy, being at Rubiera in one of thy monasteries, I kept it from being burned, and prevented the German foot soldiers from setting fire to it? In commemoration of thy holy name I lodged in it, though it was out of the city, and night and day exposed to the attacks of the enemy, and preferred dwelling there, in so much danger, a whole month, rather than let thy house be destroyed. I beg thee to cool this burning heat, or to supplicate the Almighty to take me from this world, if it is not his will to restore me to health."

'The pious Bishop only left the pillow of his nephew to enter his oratory, there to offer up prayers and tears to God. Gentlemen, citizens, merchants, priests, and nuns, filled the churches of Grenoble day and night, offering up prayers and the nine days' devotion for his preservation. Their prayers were at length granted; the fever abated by degrees, and began to give Bayart some respite. At length it left him altogether, and his appetite returned, so that in less than three weeks, with care and discretion, he was completely recovered. He was able to ride his horse round Grenoble, and visit his friends and the ladies from house to house, and even to join the feasts and banquets given on account of his cure.'—pp. 345—348.

Almost immediately after his recovery, he was engaged to take part in the war of Navarre, which then broke out. Bayart received a joint command with La Palice; and his courage and address proved of considerable advantage to the cause in which he was engaged. It was at the commencement of the military operations, that an occasion occurred for his showing the generous and amiable character of his disposition. Having begun the siege of a castle, which was strongly defended by some Spanish veterans, he found it necessary to promise the lasquenets, who demanded double pay during a siege, that if they took the place he would grant their desire. Not a lasquenet, however, helped to pull a stone from the fortress; but the valiant corps, notwithstanding,

sent a bold deputation to the general to demand the performance of his promise, and to intimate that the consequences would be terrible if they met with a refusal. *Le bon Chevalier*, nothing daunted by this threat, would not give a single sous to the malcontents; and they retired, breathing destruction. The story was a matter of merriment to the different captains when they assembled at supper; but what was their amazement, when in the midst of their laughter, a drunken lasquenet reeled into the saloon, and hiccoughing, declared he came to seek the life of the Chevalier Bayart. The latter, rejoiced at the opportunity of merriment which was thus offered, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "who seeks the life of the Chevalier Bayart? let him defend himself." The poor fellow, not a little terrified at such a summons, just recollected himself enough to discover his situation, and answered in a most piteous tone, "'tis not I myself who seek the life of the Captain Bayart, but all the lasquenets." "Ah! *ma foi!*" cried the Chevalier, "I dare not fight with seven thousand lasquenets, and I demand quarter." So saying, he led the terrified fellow to the table, made him sit by his side, and plied him with the best wine there was, till the party broke up, and the lasquenet returned to his comrades with a full determination that not a hair of the good Captain should ever be harmed.'

After this, Bayart was employed with the army in the defence of Calais, when attacked by our Henry the Eighth. Unfortunately, the commander under whom he fought was far less valiant than himself, and when the king was almost in his hands, suffered him to escape, and treat his force with contempt. The Emperor of Germany then joined the English army, which now amounted to fifty-five thousand men. Louis ordered a relief to be thrown into Terouenne, which was closely besieged. The attempt was made, but without success, and Bayart was among the discomfited party. When he was nearly overtaken by the pursuing enemy, he turned and made a desperate stand upon a little wooden bridge, on which he defended himself with a few men till his antagonists hailed the archers of the English army, who it appears were the terror of the most valiant. Bayart then found it necessary to yield; but before he was taken and disarmed, seeing some officer of the enemy reclining under a tree, he had the presence of mind to make up to him, take him prisoner, and thus secure himself a protection against the chances of inconvenience to which he might be exposed in the camp of the English. He was conducted by the Bourguignon officer to his tent, and was there treated with the greatest hospitality; but, two or three days after, having grown weary of inactivity, he said to his host, 'I wish you would send me back to the king my master, for I am tired of doing nothing.' 'How,' said the other, 'we have not yet received your ransom.' 'Nor I yours,' replied Bayart, 'for you were already my prisoner when I surrendered to you in order to save my life.' The officer

was utterly stupefied on hearing this, and the conversation ended by a determination to appeal to the decision of the captains. The Emperor Maximilian received Bayart, who had been long known to him, with every demonstration of regard, and told him if he had but a few such chevaliers as him, he would soon revenge himself on his master. While they were conversing, the King of England entered. 'My brother,' said the emperor, 'do you know this French gentleman?' 'No,' was the answer. 'But you have heard enough mention of him, for he has been long the terror of the Italians and Spaniards.' 'Then he is neither a *Ronan* nor a *Grison*,* but a Bayart of France.' Henry then took Bayart by the hand, and embraced him as an equal. After some conversation, he observed that he considered it a most fortunate circumstance that Bayart was his prisoner, when the latter replied, 'Sire, I am only your voluntary prisoner.' The emperor laughed at hearing this, and said, 'Truly, captain, you take pleasure in laughing at both the king and the emperor.' 'It is, however, as I say,' replied Bayart, 'and if it please your majesties, I will make you my judges.' The officer was then called, who allowed that it was as the good chevalier had said, and after consulting for some time, it was decreed by Henry that he should be retained on his parole for six weeks, and then restored to freedom. Bayart thanked him for his kindness, and received a secret intimation that the King of England would gladly receive him into his service. The offer of course was nobly rejected.

But we approach the conclusion of this celebrated man's Memoirs. Having been in danger of suffering some degree of neglect from the enmity of the courtiers, who hated his frankness, and dreaded the influence of his fame on the mind of their master, he applied immediately to Francis, and he was soon after employed against the Constable de Bourbon. It was in the desperate battle of the Sesia that he received his mortal wound, but we extract the account as one of interest.

'Towards ten in the morning, he rejoined his troop: after a new charge, turning round to observe the Spaniards, he was struck violently by an arquebuse, which wounded his right side, and broke the spine of his back. "Jesus! Oh, my God! I am dead!" cried he, lifting the hilt of his sword to his lips like a cross: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam*" He could not finish, and became pale as death, and would have fallen from his horse, if he had not had the resolution to retain himself on the saddle. Jacques Joffrey, a young gentleman, his Maitre d' Hotel, ran and received him in his arms. "Let me descend," said the good chevalier, "to the foot of that tree, and let me be placed with my face towards the enemy, never having turned my back, I will not now begin to do so."

* There is a play upon words here, the three terms signifying the different colours of horses then in request.

'Joffrey executed his wishes by the assistance of some Swiss soldiers, and Jean de Diesback caused the pikes of some of his people to be crossed, and would actually have carried him into the midst of his battalion. Bayart thanked him, saying, "Leave me, I pray you, to examine my conscience a little; for, to take me from hence, would only cruelly abridge my life, for, since I was removed, I feel all the pain that I can possibly feel, except death, which will take me soon." Seeing the enemy advanced, he ordered them to be repulsed, during which time, for want of a priest, he confessed to his Maitred' Hotel. The young gentleman melted into tears on seeing his master mortally wounded, and Bayart had to console him. "Jacques, my friend," said he, "cease thy deuil, it is the will of God to take me from this world, where I have had more days and blessings than I have merited." pp. 471—473.

He then gave his last testament to one of his friends: by this, he made his brother, George Terrail, his sole heir, or in case of his leaving no issue, Gaspard Terrail, his cousin. It was with the greatest difficulty he could persuade his friends to retire, even on the approach of the enemy, and when all the rest were compelled to leave him, his faithful servant still remained lamenting over him. But we continue:—

'A general grief spread with this news throughout the French army; but it did not equal the despair of the gentlemen under his command, who could in no way be consoled for his loss. "Alas!" said they, "under what shepherd shall we go henceforth to the field? Where shall we find for the future a captain who will redeem us when we are prisoners, who will reinstate us when we are dismounted, and who will keep us as he has done? Ah, cruel death, in striking him, we have all received a blow!" But how could Bayart be otherwise than wept for by his own, when his death drew tears even from his enemies? Scarcely had his people left him, when the Marquis de Pescaire arrived, and threw himself from his horse: "Would to God, Seigneur de Bayart," said he, "that it had cost me a quart of my blood, so that I had held you in good health my prisoner, for by the treatment that you would have received from me, you would have known the high esteem that I have always had for your singular prowess. Since I have been in the army, I have never heard of a chevalier like you, and men of my nation have given you this praise—*Muchos Grisonos y pocos Bayardos*." The generous Pescaire, on saying this, ordered his tent to be spread under the tree, and then assisted to place the good chevalier upon his bed, and kissed his hands. He would have had his surgeons see his wounds, but Bayart answered, that he no longer wanted medicines for the body, but for his soul, and begged for an almoner, to whom he might devoutly renew his confessions. "France," said Pescaire, with tears in his eyes, "knows not all she has lost this day in this good chevalier." Not being able to remain any longer with him, he replaced himself at the head of his light horse, leaving with Bayart two of his gentlemen, to prevent his being offended or pilfered by any soldier. But of that there was no need, the humanity and generosity of the Captain Bayart towards prisoners, was not less known than his valour, and there were not six men in all the Spanish army who did not, one after the other, visit and pity this noble enemy.

“ Bourbon, who was eager in the pursuit of the French, saw him as he passed. Heaven stopped him to receive from the dying lips of Bayart a reproach more terrible than all that the king and parliament had hurled against him. “ Ah, Captain Bayart,” said he, placing his foot on the ground, “ I have always loved you for your great prowess and loyalty, and am greatly grieved to see you in this state !” The worthy chevalier gathering together his spirits, replied in a firm voice, “ My Lord, I thank you; but it is not for me, who die a good man, serving my king, that your pity is necessary, it is for you who carry arms against your prince, your country, and your faith !” Charles de Bourbon, without answering, mounted his horse, and rode to stifle his remorse in the pursuit of Bonnavet.

‘ The good chevalier remained alone, thinking only of his soul, and after having received the holy viaticum, he began in an intelligible voice this prayer : “ Lord God, unworthy as I am, I have confidence in the promise that thou hast made, to receive with mercy the greatest sinner, if his heart shall have returned to Thee. Alas ! my Creator and Redeemer, if I have grievously offended Thee during my life, I feel the most lively repentance. I well know that though I should have but bread and water for a thousand years, it would not suffice to enter into Paradise, if, through thy great and infinite goodness, thou didst not please to receive me there. My Father and my Saviour, I beg Thee to forget the faults I have committed, and to listen to me in thy great mercy: pardon me according to the merits of the Holy Passion of thy Son Jesus” He could not finish: his first exclamation, when he was wounded, was the name of Jesus, and in articulating that name, the good chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, breathed his last sigh, the 30th of April, 1524, about six o’clock in the evening.

As soon as he was dead, the gentlemen who were left to protect him, carried him, according to the orders they had received from Pescaire, into the church of the neighbouring town, where a service was performed over him, in which the principal Spanish officers and a part of the army assisted. His body was afterwards given to Jacques Joffrey, his faithful servant, with a safe conduct to carry it into France. In its passage through the territories of Savoy, the Duke rendered it the same honours as would have been given to the remains of a prince of the blood. When it arrived in Dauphiné, the regrets and tears which the news of his death had caused, were renewed with the most lively expression of sorrow. Never in the memory of man had the province exhibited so vehement and universal a grief as that which for many months followed the death of the good chevalier. Prelates and their clergy, nobles and peasants, rich and poor, seemed each to have lost a father or a child.

‘ His relations and friends went to receive the corpse on the frontier, and carried it from the church to within half a league of Grenoble. There they found the clergy, the parliament, the *Cour des Comptes*, and an immense concourse of people.

‘ They accompanied the convoy to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where for a day and night, services were celebrated with as much grandeur and pomp as if Bayart had been, not the governor, but the sovereign of Dauphine. The good chevalier in dying had directed that his body should be buried at Grenion, in the tomb of his father and mother; but his assembled relations judged it more fit for his station as Lieutenant-General of the

country, to bury him in the Convent of the *Minimes de la plaine-lez-Grenoble*, of which his uncle, the Bishop Laurent Alleman, was the founder. His body, therefore, was carried thither with the same ceremony with which its entrance into the city had been honoured, and placed under a simple stone, which, in default of any other epitaph, received not even his name.'—pp. 474—478.

This is a highly amusing volume, and we shall be glad to see it followed, as we believe it is intended to be, by the Memoirs of the other great ornaments of chivalry. Unfortunately, however, the life of Bayart was, from the first few years of his career, passed almost entirely in active warfare, and war must always be the same when carried on between kingdoms, whether the times be more or less refined. It would have delighted us to see such a man as the *bon chevalier* more alone in the picture, defending the cause of virtue and truth with his strong right arm, and appearing as their champion when they were comparatively deserted by all others. But he is here one of a crowd, and the cause for which he fought righteous only by chance. His loyalty and valour were always glowing, but we see no determination to truth and holiness, independent of common soldier-like bravery. He was, however, a man of considerable worth as well as courage, and his life contains many admirable instances of noble self-denial, as well as fortitude and resolution. The shadow even of chivalry has now long passed away, and we are little accustomed to meet with men like Bayart, and the other distinguished chevaliers. They were raised for the age in which they lived. Their humanity shone brightly amid much barbarity; but we should be sorry to see the times come when warriors could be again regarded with the honour they once received, be their supposed humanity great as that of the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*.

ART. III.—*Chemical Re-Agents, or Tests; and their Application in Analysing Waters, Earths, Soils, Metalliferous Ores, Metallic Alloys.* &c. &c. Originally by F. Accum; improved and brought down to the present state of Chemical Science. By WILLIAM MAUGHAM, Surgeon, Lecturer on Chemistry and Materia Medica, &c. &c. pp. 452. 12mo. London: Tilt. 1828.

THE extensive ramifications of chemical agency through every department of nature and of art, render some knowledge of its principles extremely interesting, if not indispensable, to almost every individual. In the air, in the earth, in the waters, chemical changes are in continual fluctuation, and are manifested in the various phenomena of the weather; the germination, growth, and final decay of vegetables; and in every mouthful we eat or drink, and every breath which we draw. As it regards the arts, on the other hand, chemistry may be looked upon as a magnificent Pharos erected by

the ingenuity of man in the sanctuary of the operations of nature, in order to throw a light over all their details. In this point of view, chemistry is not confined to the elucidation of what is already known, or to the improvement of what is already practised. It daily creates new arts; and within a few years there were pointed out by its means new methods of bleaching cloths; of manufacturing ammoniacal salt, alum, and copperas; of de-composing sea salt for the purpose of extracting soda; of enriching the art of dyeing with new mordants; of forming salt-petre and refining it: of composing gunpowder by methods the most certain and expeditious; of reducing the tanning of hides to its genuine principles, and greatly abridging its operations; of improving the extraction and the working of metals; of simplifying the distillation of vinous spirits; of economizing the means of producing and diffusing heat; of establishing the combustion of oil and of gas, and thereby illuminating our streets and our habitations upon new principles; and of furnishing us with expedients to soar aloft in the air, and to consult nature three or four thousand fathoms above the surface of the earth.

Previous to the recent progress of chemistry in reducing the numerous operations of industry to general principles, the arts and manufactures were in some degree the appanage of certain nations, and the property of a few individuals; the most impenetrable secrecy covered every process with the veil of mystery; forms and practices were transmitted as an inheritance from one generation to another. Chemistry has revealed every thing: it has rendered the arts the patrimony of all; and within a short period we have seen the nations by whom this science has been cultivated, enriching themselves by discovering and even improving upon the secret manufactures of their neighbours. The preparations of lead, copper, and mercury, the works in iron, the fabrication of acids and alkalis, the manufacture of stuffs, the printing of colours upon cloths, the composition of crystals, of baked earths, of porcelains, and numerous other arts, have all been unveiled, and are now common property. In this manner, within the last thirty or forty years, has chemistry created numerous branches of industry, improved a still greater number, and made public almost all the processes of the arts.

While we admit, however, that chemistry has rendered such important services—while we hope that it will perform still greater, when its researches, enlightened by the progress of science, shall be more particularly devoted to the details of individual processes,—we must also admit that the term *Chemistry* is but too frequently applied to a spurious sort of knowledge, and *Chemist* to empirics who cannot explain their own processes. Trusting to such, manufacturers have sometimes ruined their fortunes and reputations.

The manufacturer, indeed, ought to be extremely cautious in regulating his conduct, or in grounding his speculations on the

petty results of the laboratory, or on specious but delusive estimates. Innovations, how advantageous soever they appear, should not be introduced into manufactures, except with the greatest circumspection. Before what exists is changed—before what prospers is altered—before a course of operations is deranged under the idea of improving them, experience ought to have decided the superior advantages of the projected change, and the process should have received the sanction of practice, and even the approbation of the consumers or purchasers. If these prudent and indispensable precautions, which the theorist is pleased to term obstinacy, prejudice, and ignorance, be neglected, the fairest establishment may soon be ruined. The manufacturer wavers for some time in doubt, darkness, and uncertainty; and after expensive trials, he is glad to return to his original method, and to re-establish his reputation on its former basis.

On the other hand, though cautious prudence is commendable, yet we must blame the obstinacy of the manufacturer who rejects, without examination, all the improvements of recent discovery; he who does not endeavour to keep pace with the arts will soon be left behind,—his productions will gradually come to be disliked,—he can no longer afford to compete in lowness of price with the adopters of chemical improvement, though, instead of imitating them, he has recourse to censuring their new processes as dangerous innovations.

As a consequence of such fatal blindness, we have recently witnessed the decay and ruin of establishments which had flourished for ages; and from the same cause we daily witness chemical manufactures emigrating from city to city, and from nation to nation. The manufacturer, it would appear, is therefore placed between two rocks—blind credulity on the one side, tempting him to risk his fortune in hazardous speculations; obstinate mistrust on the other, inciting him to undermine the foundation of his establishment by preventing the introduction of genuine improvements. True wisdom, accordingly, will consist in bestowing due attention on all discoveries, and in making trial of every thing that has the sanction of experience, or the testimony of respectable professional men in its favour.*

The little work before us is well calculated to aid those who are connected with any species of chemical operations, in coming to just practical decisions on a great number of important questions of daily occurrence. It furnishes tests of easy application to detect impurities and adulterations, as well as the per centages of any material, such as pot-ash or soda, in the compound or crude articles of commerce. By the application of the knowledge here afforded, the manufacturer may often make profitable bargains, or be prevented from laying in a worthless supply of materials, and the

* Fourcroy, *Chimie appliquée aux Arts*.

merchant may in the same way turn the chemistry of tests to the most important advantages. In certain departments of the excise also, a work of easy reference like this must greatly facilitate the investigation of the value or genuineness of goods, and be the means of leading to just decisions, in cases where considerable property as well as respectability of character is involved.

Upon another subject highly important to all—that of *poisons* and *poisoning*, little can be effected in the way of discovery without an intimate and accurate knowledge of chemical tests; and we cannot select from a more interesting portion of the volume as a specimen of the improvements introduced by Mr. Maugham from recent discovery. We accordingly look up for the most powerful and instantaneous of all poisons, the Prussic acid; but to our utter astonishment we can find no trace of its common appellation, of its more recent name of hydrocyanic acid. Of its compounds we find a few in the contents, but not in the index; but the old and new names are jumbled together with careless negligence. Prussic acid we must therefore abandon, and try whether we may not be more successful with *oralic acid*; but though we find a chapter thus headed, it only exhibits the acid as a test for other substances, and no process is given by which itself may be detected. No doubt we may infer, that as it forms a good test for lime, reciprocally, lime may be supposed to furnish a test for this acid, though such inferences will not always hold, and in the hands of a young chemist might lead to serious error. *Arsenic*, he could not possibly omit, though we are by no means satisfied or pleased with the mode in which the tests for this metallic poison are exhibited, as we have to consult four or five places, all distant and dis severed from one another, before we can obtain all the information which the author has thought fit to give us on the subject. From these *disjecta membra* we shall now quote.

‘The test, (sulphate of copper and ammonia, or, ammoniacal sulphate of copper), which is of a very fine azure blue colour, has long been applied for discovering arsenic, when contained in a liquid. It produces with it a yellowish green precipitate, which, after being separated from the supernatant fluid, dried, and tested with the black flux, yields metallic arsenic. The precipitate is not soluble in water, nor in a solution of arsenious acid, unless added largely in excess; but it is soluble in liquid ammonia, and in nitric and most other acids. The test is now considered as very objectionable, as it has been proved, by Dr. Christeson, to produce a greenish precipitate, with certain animal and vegetable infusions which do not contain arsenic. On the other hand, when arsenious acid has been added, in a small quantity, to tea, porter, and other mixed fluids, this test occasions no precipitate, the arsenite of copper being soluble in tannin, and in some other vegetable as well as animal principles. Examples:—

‘Into half a wine-glassfull of distilled water, let fall a few drops of the solution of arsenious acid, and add to it a few drops of solution of sulphate of copper and ammonia, a yellowish or pea-green precipitate will ensue,

which, if collected and dried will diffuse the peculiar garlic odour, which characterizes arsenic when heated with combustible bodies.

'Divide the whole of the fluid, together with the above precipitate, into four parts, and add to one a little distilled water only; to the second, a few drops of solution of arsenious acid; and to the fourth, acetic, nitric, or any other acid. On the addition of water, no alteration will be perceived, any more than from the solution of arsenious acid; but if the latter be added in great quantity, the precipitate becomes re-dissolved; a few drops of liquid ammonia will also immediately dissolve the precipitate, and a blue transparent fluid will be obtained; and a little nitric acid added to the fourth part, will, in a like manner, dissolve the precipitate, and form with it a colourless solution.'—p. 144.

'To detect the presence of arsenic by means of the *black flux*, put a little of any substance suspected to contain it into a test-tube, with a little of the flux; stop the mouth of the tube with a bit of paper, put it in rather loosely; hold that part of the tube which contains the materials in the flame of a spirit lamp, and the arsenic will sublime, and collect in the metallic state in the cool part of the tube, having a steel-coloured lustre. The precipitates thrown down by the different tests for arsenic in fluid, may be treated in the same way, after being properly dried. The way which the black flux acts when thus applied, is in consequence of the charcoal in the flux abstracting oxygen from the arsenious acid: and the potash of the carbonate of potash, contained in the flux, serves to retain the arsenious acid until the temperature is sufficient for this to take place. The steel-coloured coating placed on a hot iron, will give the smell of garlic peculiar to arsenic. It is stated by some authors, that white arsenic will give the same smell when put upon hot iron; but if this should be the case, it must be in consequence of reduction of the metal, because the garlic smell arises only from metallic arsenic.'—p. 417.

The adulteration of the common necessities (and luxuries now become necessities) of life, is undoubtedly a serious evil in the instances of bread, beer, wine, and tea; but we cannot persuade ourselves that the adulteration of drugs is of much inferior importance, when we consider that to at least one half, if not two-thirds of our population, they are almost as much necessities of life as common food and drink. We mean, that one-half or two-thirds, if not more, of all the men, women, and children in the empire, actually take (perhaps they *may require to take*) more or less medicine every week, month, or year of their lives; and if the fact be so, and they, in nine cases out of ten, or five cases out of ten, swallow poison (slow poison it may be) instead of genuine drugs; or if they take inert and useless stuff, when active medicines are requisite, the evil is serious and alarming, and it is high time that the public should be made aware of the iniquitous traffic by which the lives of thousands are thus endangered.

This evil is the more atrocious also in proportion as it is insidious, and seldom suspected. We purchase our rhubarb, and our laudanum, and our pills, at the shop of a respectable chemist, or an honourable and upright apothecary, and we suspect not

that such men would dabble in corruption, or lend themselves to adulteration, for the sake of gain. It is charitable to suppose that they are ignorant of the frauds which we have alluded to, and have been, no less than ourselves, duped by the original manufacturer, the wholesale dealer, or their agents and underlings. But however this may be, the purchaser is the ultimate and immediate sufferer. The chemist or the apothecary loses nothing by the fraud, for we pay him in full for the articles as if they were good and genuine. The delinquent—the adulterator—in the mean time has pocketed his fraudulent gains, and escaped all blame or suspicion. Even our friend, the chemist or apothecary, is seldom suspected; for if our dose produce not the expected effect, the blame is laid on the state of the stomach, or any thing rather than the adulteration of the drug. If we should chance to entertain doubts of the genuineness of the article, and procure a second quantity from another shop, it is a hundred to one but we are served with some from the very same cargo of the original adulterator, in which case we are confirmed in the opinion that the fault rests with our stomach and bowels, and not at all with the drug to which we had given so apparently fair a trial.

From the immense importance of this subject to every individual in the empire, we anticipated that it would be amply investigated in a work bearing the title of ‘*Chemical Tests*,’ but upon this Mr. Maugham has added very little indeed to his original. Many of the most important chemical drugs are not mentioned at all, particularly the new vegetable alkalies, which are deservedly rising in the confidence of the most intelligent practitioners. We may instance, for example, the sulphate of quinine, an alkaline salt, prepared from Peruvian bark, and decidedly one of the most important tonic preparations ever discovered. Mr. Maugham, so far as we can perceive, has not even hinted at its existence. We shall, therefore, supply his omission, by giving the tests for ascertaining its purity as laid down by Mr. Phillips; and these become the more interesting, from the high price of the drug tempting to its extensive adulteration.

‘Pure sulphate of quinine has the form of minute fibrous crystals, it is inodorous, and its taste is bitter. If certain vegetable products, such as starch and sugar, be mechanically mixed with it, they may possibly be observed by merely inspecting the preparation with a glass.

‘1st. If the sulphate of quinine be mixed with a considerable proportion of foreign matter, it may probably be detected by dissolving the salt in question in about three hundred times its weight of water; say one grain in about five fluid drams of boiling distilled water. On cooling, pure sulphate of quinine will be deposited in feathery crystals in twenty-four hours, if there be no adulteration.

‘2nd. As indirect, but as good collateral evidence, the taste of sulphate of quinine, of known good quality, may be compared with that of another

sample. Thus, when pure, a grain of sulphate of quinine will render nearly a pound and a half of water, or 10,500 grains sensibly bitter.

'3rd. The alkalies, either pure or their carbonate, if but slightly in excess, always occasion precipitation at ordinary temperatures, in a solution of sulphate of quinine containing 1-1000th of its weight, or less than one grain in two fluid ounces of water.

'4th. A solution of tannin occasions a very sensible precipitate in an aqueous solution of sulphate of quinine, containing only 1-10,000th of its weight of the salt, provided there be no acid in excess. Kino is that form of tannin which best answers the purpose. It is, however, to be observed, that the salts of morphine, cinchonine, strychnine, &c., are similarly affected by tannin, but they are not likely to be mixed with sulphate of quinine.

'5th. Sulphate of quinine, suspected to contain sugar, gum, or other substances, insoluble in cold water, may be tried by digesting the same portion of the salt in small and successive portions of water, to saturation. If the sulphate of quinine be pure, and the solutions all properly saturated, they will have the same taste and specific gravity, and similar portions will yield, by evaporation, equal quantities of solid residuum.

'6th. A repetition of the above process, substituting alcohol for water, answers for extracting resin and such other substances, because sulphate of quinine is soluble in alcohol to only a limited extent.

'7th. If a white substance, insoluble in cold water, be found in the sulphate of quinine, heat the mixture to about 170 of Fahrenheit. This will render starch soluble, and its presence may be determined by the addition of an aqueous solution of iodine, which will immediately occasion a blue colour, and eventually a blue precipitate. The iodine should be added in very small quantity.

'8th. Sulphate of quinine has been adulterated with ammoniacal salts. These are rendered obvious by adding a little of the suspected salt to a solution of potash. If any ammoniacal salt be present, ammoniacal gas will be readily detected, either by the smell, or by holding over the mixture a piece of turmeric paper, or a bit of glass moistened with deelic acid.

'9th. To ascertain whether sulphate of quinine contains any earthy salts, such as sulphate of magnesia or sulphate of lime, burn a portion of it in a silver or platina crucible, or even in a clean tobacco-pipe. Any earthy salt, or matter, indestructible by heat, will of course remain in the vessel.

'10th. To ascertain that the sulphate of quinine contains the proper quantity of sulphuric acid and quinine, dissolve a little in pure muriatic or nitric acid, and add a solution of muriate or nitrate of barytes; sixty parts should give about 17.3 to 17.4 of sulphate of barytes, or the method may be varied without the trouble of drying the precipitate. Dissolve sixty grains of sulphate of quinine in water slightly acidulated with muriatic or nitric acid; add a solution of eighteen grains of nitrate of barytes, and separate the precipitated sulphate of barytes by filtering. If nitrate of barytes be now added to the clear solution, it should still occasion slight precipitation; for sixty of sulphate of quinine contain 5.8gr. of sulphuric acid, equivalent to 19.1 of nitrate of barytes.

‘ This test is only to determine that there is no crystallized vegetable matter, uncombined with sulphuric acid, in the sulphate of quinine, the detection of earthy or alkaline sulphates has already been provided for.

‘ 11th. Sulphate of quinine should lose not more than from 8 to 10 per cent. of water by being heated, till deprived of its water of crystallization. Mr. Barry informs me, that he once examined a sample which contained more than 40 per cent. of water in excess diffused through it.’

Water, it will be admitted, requires a more careful investigation as to purity and wholesomeness, than even drugs; and when any specimen of water may, without a very profound knowledge of chemistry be tested with sufficient accuracy for common domestic purposes, we look to such a work as the present for plain and easy directions for this purpose. Upon the subject of mineral waters, we find indeed a copious abstract of Dr. Murray’s admirable paper; but Mr. Maugham might have met with valuable additions to this in many works and papers of subsequent date. We shall here give one of the methods which is laid down for the analysis of water, preferring it not because it is the best but the shortest, and referring to the volume itself for the more detailed processes.

‘ The water being partially evaporated, and the sulphuric and carbonic acids, if they are present, being removed by the addition of barytes, and the conversion of the whole salts into muriate effected in the manner already described, the liquor may be evaporated to dryness, avoiding an excess of heat by which the muriate of magnesia, if present, might be decomposed; then add to the dry mass six times its weight of rectified alcohol, (of the specified gravity at least of 835) and agitate them occasionally during twenty-four hours, without applying heat. The muriates of lime and magnesia will thus be dissolved, while any muriate of soda will remain undissolved. To remove the former more completely when the solution is poured off, add to the residue about twice its weight of the same alcohol, and allow them to stand for some hours, agitating frequently. And when the liquor is poured off, wash the undissolved matter with a small portion of alcohol, which add to the former liquors.

‘ Although muriate of soda by itself is insoluble, or rarely so, in alcohol of this strength, yet, when submitted to its action along with muriate of lime or of magnesia, a little of it is dissolved. To guard against error from this, therefore, evaporate or distil the alcoholic solution to dryness, and submit the dry mass again to the action of alcohol in smaller quantity than before; any muriate of soda which had been dissolved will now remain undissolved, and may be added to the other portion, or at least any quantity of it dissolved must be extremely minute. A slight trace of muriate of lime, or of magnesia, may adhere to the muriate of soda, but when a sufficient quantity of alcohol has been employed, the quantity is scarcely appreciable; and the trivial errors from these two circumstances counteract each other, and so far serve to give the result more nearly accurate.

‘ Evaporate the alcohol of the solution, or draw it off by distillation. To the solid matter add sulphuric acid, so as to expel the whole muriatic acid; and expose the residue to a heat approaching to redness to remove

any excess of sulphuric acid. By lixiviations with a small portion of water the sulphate of magnesia will be dissolved, the sulphate of lime remaining undissolved, and the quantities of each, after exposure to a low red heat, will give proportions of lime and magnesia. The quantity of soda will be found from the weight of the muriate of soda, heated to redness, and the quantities of the acids will be determined in the same manner as in the general formula.

‘This method is equally proper to discover other ingredients which are more rarely present in mineral waters. This alumine will remain in the state of sulphate of alumine, along with the sulphate of magnesia, and may be detected by precipitation, by bicarbonate of ammonia. Silica will remain with the muriate of soda after the action of the alcohol, and will be obtained on dissolving that salt in water, and iron will be discovered by the colour it will give to the concentrated liquors, or the dry residues, in one or other of the steps of the operation.’—p. 275.

That Mr. Maugham has made some improvements on the original work we most willingly testify; but that he has done all that was requisite to bring it, as the title page states, “down to the present state of chemical science,” we flatly deny. The extremely defective arrangement in the original work, he could not well have improved without entirely recomposing the book, but he might at least have obviated much of the inconvenience by a good index, or an intelligible table of contents, both of which are extremely deficient and inaccurate. Mr. Maugham indeed, to make room, it may be presumed, for his additions, has left out the very useful enumeration of the tests in the original. Were the work our property, we should not hesitate a moment to recall the copies already issued, and add a new index with the original enumeration of the tests, as of the utmost consequence to its character and sale.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord John Russell. Vol. 2. 4to. London: Murray. 1829.

THE dignity as well as usefulness of history, depends on the superiority which each succeeding age assumes over that which preceded it. This idea of increased power to judge rightly, by a certain law of succession is common to every period. It matters not whether science have retrograded or advanced; whether men have or have not become greater lovers of truth, the mere circumstance of looking back upon an age, gives the confidence of a superior wisdom, and when men think at all upon past occurrences, they generally regard them as the results of actions which proceeded from beings less enlightened than themselves. Unless, in fact, this be virtually the case, experience loses her worth, and history its office. No record is of much value which is not contemporaneous with the event recorded. Chronicles are plain simple statements of facts, and they lose their importance in pro-

portion to the distance of time between their composition and the occurrences they relate. History, considered as distinct from the bare chronicling of facts, is employed in observing them in their connection, in deriving from them new truths of political wisdom, or additional proofs of old ones. There is, hence, an assumption of philosophy in its composition, a *bona fide* assurance on the part of the writer, that the learning of the age, and his own faculty of reasoning, have enabled him to set the traditions which have come to his knowledge, in their most striking and useful light. We are, therefore, bound to conclude, that to render history of actual value, both the historian and the period in which he lives, must possess some singular advantages. The qualifications necessary for the writer of history, have been often discussed, and the subject has been already so fully considered, that it offers little opportunity for novel remark. But this is not the case with respect to the character which should distinguish the age in which the history of any past and interesting period is written. It has almost escaped observation, that the truth and philosophical justness of this valuable species of composition depend, in a very important degree, on the state of national manners and public thought. Of so great weight are these things on historical literature, that unless we can suppose men in an extraordinary manner free from the common influences of habit and circumstance, we must be assured that not a chapter in a history is written which has not been modified by the prevailing genius of the times. It may be easily conceived, that it is not the bare fact of living after the occurrence of certain events, that will enable an author, as is commonly supposed, to write their history. It will be believed with equal facility, that in the succession of ages, there is no metaphysical necessity for the progressive increase of mental light. Both theory and experience are against such a supposition. But it is also further to be observed, that as no one period resembles, in the character of either its occurrences or its notions, those which nearest preceded it, so the men of that particular generation will be, more or less, fitted rightly to estimate the state of a nation or the world during those periods. Thus, an age which follows one of great political dejection, and in which people are just rejoicing in the fervency of emancipation, will produce few men capable of writing with calm, unprejudiced, and philosophical minds, the history of a monarchy. In the same manner a time famous for bold enterprise and many wars, will be found an unfavourable reporter of one distinguished only by the flourishing state of literature and the arts. It would be easy to enumerate a vast variety of similar instances, and some of a less obvious kind, but it is not necessary, as the truth is too clear to need illustration. But while it is thus evident that there are periods in which, so far as history is a species of popular literature, it is not likely to

flourish, it is also equally true, that there are times peculiarly well fitted for its composition. In the revolutions of ages we discover a sort of cycle in the appearance and disappearance of great, social, and political phenomena, or rather, perhaps, we may trace a species of parallelism between one age and another. It most generally happens, that these corresponding periods are very distant from each other, and their resemblance, consequently, is not to be traced at first sight. But we believe that the attentive study of history would lay open many curious particulars in this respect, and that their discovery would lead to some valuable principles for our guidance, in estimating the nature and validity of historical evidence. There can be little doubt, however, that the same ruling spirit frequently appears in the character of two far separated ages. We are able to discover under the thin veil of external customs, the same stern or licentious feeling, the same eager and earnest desire after improvement or relaxation of moral vigour—we can see on each side the wide gaping chasm of time, the same foundation rocks, the same overshadowing trees, and the same soil. Or there appears to us looking from the eminence of advanced ages, an original sameness in the view, and we feel inclined to determine that, by some mysterious operation of events, the character of past times is given to the present.

An historian may find an important help in a proper attention to this circumstance. Whether his mind be or be not open to prejudice, he cannot fail of seeing events with a clearer eye, if he be assisted by the peculiar genius of his own age. He will have a better general notion of how incidents follow each other; how they are influenced in their occurrence; what were the motives which directed the principal actors in the scene; and what were the general causes of failure or success in particular undertakings: if the historian be a man of talent, it is evident he will be able to convert all this into useful principles of reasoning; if he should be under the influence of popular feeling and prejudice, it is equally certain that he will have, in the prevailing spirit of the times, his greatest and best safeguard. But it is not necessary to confine this idea to ages, in which a positive similarity of character can be traced. There may be some one striking circumstance attending two periods, which may render the history of the earlier remarkably interesting to the later, and which may be a guiding string to the writer, through the most difficult portions of his undertaking. To turn now to the valuable and talented work before us, we think we discover a real and important appropriateness in its contents to the present times, and that it has been composed at a period when the historian possessed many of the greatest advantages for executing his undertaking with ability. To institute a full illustration of our meaning, would lead us far into the depths of political discussion, which it is not our purpose here to introduce. But, taking a single glance at the subject

which lay before the author when he commenced his work, we can hardly remember a theme of more importance than that which has employed his pen.

Modern Europe has exhibited, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time, a true epitome of the history of the world. Ravaging wars, mighty revolutions, the ruin of kingdoms, the establishment of new dynasties, and a rapid succession of almost every system of religious belief and philosophical theory, these have all left a broad dark line on the chart of public history. Having happened near our own times, the various events to which we refer, have, it is true, no mystery about them. We see them in substance, not shadow; and they hence lose something of the grandeur in which, otherwise, the whole tremendous scene would appear involved. At the time from which the narrative of Lord John Russell commences, the seed was sown which was to produce such a plentiful harvest of destruction. Louis XIV. was, we might almost say, the last of the old kings of the earth, for he was the last European monarch whom men regarded with the feelings of courtiers; the last who was venerated and served with adulation that proceeded, not from a manly loyalty, but from the love and admiration of kingly adornments, and the pomp and splendour of his palace. But there was even in the most brilliant period of his reign, signs of approaching decay. There was a fiction in the sentiments and opinions of the times. Literature accommodated itself by a forced complacency to the formality of the court. Religion was introduced with pomp into the royal chapel, and the altar and the cross were set up between the trophies of generals on one side, and the flattery-fumed throne on the other. Politicians and economists reasoned with vigour, great armies were raised and gained mighty victories; the nation heard a song of triumph continually resounding, and everything which could render a monarch illustrious, or a people proud, was, to all appearance, the possession of Louis XIV. and France. But never was glory more evidently evanescent to the eye of a careful observer. The French literature of this age was itself a proof that some great change would soon take place; it was servilely elegant, but it was sedate and calm. It dared not employ the clear voice of unincumbered truth, but both preacher and poets spoke as if they would willingly utter sentiments which, as courtiers, they might not. The genius of war and politics were, in the same manner, obliged to submit to the glozing spirit of the age; every thing was to be triumphant to please the taste of the monarch, and generals and ministers described battles, planned campaigns, and calculated accordingly.

Whenever a king thus wishes to be flattered, or a great nation is amused with a show of glory, of whatever kind it may be, it is a sure sign of the ruin of either the one or the other. If this ruin be averted, it must be by one of those terrible revolutions which convulse and change the whole system, and which instantly bring

men back to that only real state of nature—social life, in which natural wants are satisfied more certainly and pleasantly by the institution of government, but in which, to have every thing right, no want or good must be supplied by an imaginary greatness. When it is so, corruption is in the very breast of the state, for the support of men and nations must be substantial, and though a supposititious good may, for a short period, be found sufficient to keep the human fabric standing, it will soon be found a vain and inadequate foundation.

The other great countries of Europe presented a different aspect to that of France. Commerce had been like a sea changing its basin, and had left the shores deserted which it once strewed with riches. Small independent states had become tributary to the more powerful ones, and thus given a different appearance to the whole political map. Fixed notions respecting the balance of power, were strongly influencing the diplomatists of every court, and affecting the fate of whatever countries had not the means of preserving their individual independence. There were, therefore, some nations rising with full strength into new consequence: others in an equilibrium of internal decay and present good fortune, while the remainder were fast sinking into total insignificance. Lord John Russell has devoted the early part of this second volume of his history to a survey of the states of Europe about the period to which we are alluding; and he has executed his design with great truth and ability. Passing over the introductory observations, in which he mentions two or three of the principal causes to which he would attribute the decline of nations, he thus proceeds:—

‘The republic of Venice, the link between ancient and modern history, was declining rapidly at this period. The order and regularity of her government giving force and effect to the activity of her commerce, had caused this singular city to flourish, when the benefits of justice and internal peace were unknown to the feudal monarchies of Europe. The same advantages had for a long time made her sway popular on the continent of Italy, where the people rallied to the cry of St. Mark, against the tyranny of their provincial nobles. When, however, the benefits of order and commerce became more general, Venice sunk in importance: the discovery of a new passage to India, and the increase of the maritime force of England, France, and Spain, at length reduced her to insignificance. In this position, the cautious statesmen of Venice sought safety in a passive neutrality. Her timid policy, however, did not preserve her from the most flagrant insults during the great war which signalled the commencement of the eighteenth century. On the one side, Prince Eugene did not scruple to take by assault a fort guarded by Venetian troops; on the other hand, the French paid little respect to the flag of the republic. In this humiliating situation, the despotic aristocracy of the Lagoon shewed no resentment; and the descent of the republic grew more rapid as it proceeded. The public creditor was left unpaid for six or seven years together; morals, never very virtuous, sunk to the vilest degree; and the Venetian nobles, once famed for their wisdom and

their fortitude, now planned nothing further than a love intrigue, and shewed no spirit but in taking vengeance on a rival.

Holland, though less advanced in her descent, was in a similar position. The expenses of the Succession War, amounting to three hundred and fifty millions of florins, and the large accumulations of her public debt, induced her principal statesmen to exchange the activity and enterprise which, ever since her separation from Spain, had characterised her policy, for a more sober and less splendid system of inoffensive moderation. "But this moderation itself," says a modern writer, "might become a source of great danger to a state which had voluntarily placed herself in the first rank: from the time that she ceased to keep up her military force, she declined insensibly, and lost, little by little, her importance in the eyes of the sovereigns and nations of Europe." Thus we see an example of the progress of decline in Europe;—over-exertion in war leads to private distress and public inaction;—a long peace and a consciousness of timidity relax all the fibres of courage and patriotism, till by degrees the nation loses, as it were, its vital energy,—the cohesion of its parts ceases, and the mass crumbles to pieces.

A question here occurs to an observer of the rise and decline of nations. Holland, by the freedom of her institutions, and by commerce, which is the attendant of freedom, had gained a station in Europe far above her physical and geographical importance. She had enjoyed this power to the utmost. Spain, her old tyrant, was reduced to subject herself to many hard conditions in favour of Dutch commerce. The minister of foreign affairs of Lewis the Fourteenth had knocked at the door of the Dutch pensionary to implore peace for his master. She had burdened her finances by these efforts, and made herself unequal to carry on a similar contest in a similar manner. At this point a doubt arises, whether it would not have been better for her independence, to have asserted herself at all hazards, rather than to have fallen insensibly into a state of contempt. The worst that could have happened to her in the struggle could not have been more painful, and would have been less degrading, than the slow and gradual extinction of her energies. Why did she not take this spirited course? The answer is, that any violent effort to maintain her influence abroad would have brought on a convulsion at home. The increase of taxes would have led to a bankruptcy, and, with the credit of the state, the ancient aristocratical authorities would probably have been overturned. It was, therefore, the interest of the governors of Holland to keep things quiet, to temporise with every difficulty, and to elude any bold resolution.

Of the northern powers, Denmark and Sweden must likewise be placed among those whose importance was on the decline. The Danish navy was still remarkable for the skilful construction of its ships, and the hardy valour of its sailors; but the king received a subsidy from England, on condition of furnishing 6000 troops when required, which reduced him, so long as he received it, to a political dependence on Great Britain.

Sweden had lost the best portion of her power by the rash ambition of Charles the Twelfth. Upon his death the nobles having gained the ascendancy, excluded the Duke of Holstein, and conferred the crown on Ulrica Eleonora, the youngest sister of Charles: she immediately re-

signed it to her husband, Frederic, prince of Hesse Cassel, who was not allowed to reign till he had ratified the new institutions, which converted the government into an aristocracy. The diet was to meet only every three years; but a permanent and secret committee, consisting of one hundred members, always subsisted. The disposal of all employments was given to the senate, where, as well as in the states, the grossest corruption prevailed. In 1721 Sweden signed the treaty of Nystadt, which formally reduced her to insignificance. By this peace she yielded Livonia and Esthonia, with part of Ingria and Finland, to Russia; Stettin and a great part of Pomerania, to Prussia; the duchies of Bremen and Werden, to Hanover. The loss of Livonia especially, the province from which she drew her supplies of corn, made the subsistence of her people precarious.

‘Among the powers which at this time were sinking, or at best, stationary, we may place Spain. The lowest point of her decline, indeed, had been during the indolent reign of Charles the Second. It is true, likewise, that from the commencement of the Succession War she had begun to improve, both in wealth and in the discipline of her military and naval force; but she moved at so very dignified a pace, that, in comparison with the rest of Europe, her progress was imperceptible, and she appeared to be standing still. So low, indeed, had she been brought by the religious tyranny to which she had been subjected, and the consequent degradation of her kings, that she could descend no further; nor would it have been difficult, by removing the trammels which obstructed all thought and action, to have made a title to the gratitude of future ages. But Philip the Fifth, though he came of a more stirring race, and from a less bigoted country, brought none of the qualities that men expected to find in him: he was grave, cold, melancholy, and silent, without imagination, without energy, meanly and timidly superstitious. Brave in the field of battle, kind and generous to those about him, with considerable powers of conversation:—all these qualities were rendered useless by his indifference, his extreme shyness, and his implicit obedience to his wife. His days were past in the most regular monotony; with no society but that of the queen, and nothing like diversion but the regular ceremony of shooting the tame animals which the peasantry drove before him. He was vain and fond of praise, indeed; but all his notions of government were a servile copy of what he had seen in France. In pursuance of these ideas, he fancied, when he had increased the army and navy, founded an academy of the Spanish language, and talked in lofty terms of his power, that he had acquired the glory of Lewis the Fourteenth. Another notion, still more fatal, which he borrowed from others, was, that by excluding the commerce and manufactures of England, he should bring commerce and manufactures to Spain. Even these schemes, narrow as they were, he had not strength of mind to follow out. Except when he was in the hands of some projector, who promised to cure all the evils of the state with a nostrum, he was liable to fall into fits of melancholy, amounting almost to insanity. He would remain for weeks together without reading a paper, without shaving his beard, almost without speaking. Suddenly, upon the prospect of the death of his nephew, he would dress, resume his cheerfulness, and dream of inheriting the crown of France. To the day of his death, his affections, his hopes, his objects, were all in the country of his birth. In such hands were

placed, without limit, without control, the fortunes of ten millions of people in Spain, and the greater portion of the New World. On his dominions the sun never set,—in his mind a ray of understanding scarcely ever beamed.

'Austria, under the ancient house of Hapsburg, was at this time stationary, if not stagnant. The vigour of the race appeared to be worn out, and the reigning princes were like modern Romans,—proud from a tradition of greatness, but destitute of the qualities by which that greatness had been acquired. A want of talent and energy in the successors of Charles the Fifth, the sleep and sloth of a confirmed despotism, with much of that bigotry which infected the councils of Spain, gave an air of listlessness and languor to the fair inheritance of the second monarchy of Europe. Her finances laboured, her army scarcely exceeded 60,000 men; and while France, England, and the north of Germany, glittered with constellations of scientific and literary genius, Austria lay buried in darkness. The inert force, however, of her large and fertile dominions, with the warlike spirit of her peasantry, contributed to maintain a great power, which might at a future time be called forth.'—vol. ii. pp. 5—11.

Of France we have already spoken. The author has not, we apprehend, paused sufficiently in his view of that country. Neither had Louis XIV. placed her at the head of Europe, nor were the general circumstances of overburdened finances, and an imbecile prince, the principal features which characterized the departing grandeur of the French empire. None of these are sufficient to shake an old established monarchy to the foundations as that of this great kingdom was shaken. A deficient revenue may oppress a government for a while; but not overthrow it. A weak and vicious ruler may enrage a people against himself, but not annihilate their principles of loyalty. For some time before the death of the late king, France was in fact a fallen country. Its pretended glory had been in reality a shadow, and when the successor of that celebrated monarch came to the throne, he found the crown already shorn of its honours. But in relation to the other states of Europe, France was in a situation of important interest. It was not more by her own internal weakness than by the powerful and active spirit of other governments, that her condition was so deplorable. All the agents which confer strength, importance, and freedom upon nations were abroad; while other countries bent them to their purposes and interests, she lay dormant; the principle of self renovation had been left too long buried to be ever again called into action, and she was thus suffering not only from decay, but from an incapacity to struggle amid other and more healthy states.

England was, as is represented by the author, the most firmly settled on its basis of all the great European powers. Though she had been torn by as many contests, both domestic and foreign, as chequer the history of any nation in the world, she had never lost that freedom of character which distinguished her even in the worst times of her monarchy. There may be traced a striking contrast between the state of England in all periods, and that of

France in the time of Louis. The reign of that king was remarkable, as we have already observed, for a splendour which was made to supply the real requisites of national prosperity; which was for a time regarded by the people as a sure and substantial good, and was permitted to lure them so long from the straight forward path of peace and freedom, that the whole body became sick, and the only true principles on which social happiness can be established lost. England was never in this condition. There was never a time when the nation had not some great object of practical worth before it, or when the people forgot their rights as citizens, or their duties as subjects, for an artificial species of refinement. The occasions for war have always been a real or supposed necessity; pride has been felt in the success of arms; but the rejoicing for a victory is always accompanied with a recollection of the advantages to be expected. Rebellions, revolutions, and all the variety of plots and conspiracies, except that of the 5th of November, have been for some right or privilege which concerned the houses or property of the subject. The character of all the public institutions has in the same manner been always formed on the principles of strict utility; and, long before other kingdoms regarded any profession but that of a warrior fit for a man of honour, England had learnt to regard her merchants and manufacturers as worthy of equal esteem with her highest nobles. Had Louis XIV. had this country instead of France, on which to employ his genius and his love of display and pomp, he could not have succeeded in his projects without making the nation at the same time powerful and opulent. But the difference of character in the two countries had led to equally opposite results, and at the time to which the retrospect of our author refers, it was practically shown how important are the sentiments of a people—their plain correct estimate of national glory—to the establishment of their government, and domestic institutions on the firmest basis.

The victories of Blenheim and Ramillies had given terror to the name of England in the different courts where any opposition might be made to her interests; the system of public credit, which Montague first, and Walpole afterwards, supported, established its commercial prosperity; and, as the author further observes, the Whig party, by the resolution and abilities of its members, made the political struggles attendant on the situation of the newly established royal family, a means of strengthening the country.

Next to Great Britain is mentioned the scarcely recognized empire of Russia. There is something well worthy the attention of the historian, in the progress of this nation to its present condition. The change from barbarism to comparative refinement, has been rapid to an almost unparalleled degree, and there is hardly a nation in the world which presents a more remarkable scene to the political speculator. Never did history more eloquently appeal to sovereigns than she does in her record of Peter the Great;

never was it demonstrated so clearly, of what mighty benefit one monarch may be to almost countless generations of men. Lord John Russell has observed on the character and policy of Peter, with great justness and ingenuity. He has rightly remarked, that he united in himself the most opposite qualities, and by that union alone was enabled to effect the extraordinary designs he formed. Though it was, undoubtedly, a wonderful sight to see a man accomplished in all the arts of life, yet retaining the violent and cruel passions of a barbarian, there is every reason to expect that such will always be the case with men rising at once above the spirit of the age or country in which they have their birth. But however this may be, the great Emperor of the Russians was, of all others, the best adapted to raise such a people as those over whom he reigned, to the highest point of civilization they were then capable of reaching. His active mind made him inquiring; his determination enabled him to overcome the difficulties of his situation; and his ambition and love of experiment, led him to devote whatever knowledge he gained to practical uses. He had not been softened in his manners by an acquaintance with the arts, and he had not learned to love them sufficiently for their own sake, to seek to introduce them among his subjects. He desired to see his country well defended, well supplied with resources, and likely to rise gradually to the first rank among the other European states. These objects he effected, and, as our author observes, had he only possessed genius, and been deficient in that stern and savage resolution which tinged his character with cruelty, but gave steadiness to his purpose, he would have obtained a place among the worthies of past times, but would most probably never have succeeded, as he did, in setting Russia on her present powerful basis.

Prussia was also rising in importance, and like the last-mentioned state, owed her rank and prosperity to the boldness and ability of one man. Were the taste of the day given to parallels, we do not know what two characters would afford the subject of a more interesting one, than Peter the Great and Frederick of Prussia. They were both men of the highest talents; both had difficulties of the worst kind to contend with in their rise; neither of them was born to a kingdom which had before their birth possessed any considerable importance among the other nations of Europe, and they had each to exert themselves, in a way which would have daunted any men but those of great originality, as well as strength, of intellect.

The Pontifical states were among those whom the author ranks as on the decline. They had been yearly losing their political consideration. A variety of causes had contributed to this circumstance, the detail of which is not entered into, and we pass with the author, to the commencement of his narrative. The point of time from which it again starts in this second volume of the

history, is, when the Duke of Bourbon obtained the first place in the French ministry, in room of the Duke of Orleans. Circumstances had recommended this man to a situation from which his character and manners would have for ever kept him; and he made such a use of his power, as might have been expected by a minister of his character. He was entirely under the power of Madame de Prie, a woman of the most abandoned morals, but who had so completely blinded him, that he resigned himself willingly to her directions. It was not likely that France would improve in its circumstances, or that the government would acquire any additional strength, with a man like this at the head of her councils. Corruption took a stronger hold of every part of the state, uncertainty and bad policy entered into the negotiations on which the external defence of the nation depended, and the country took another long stride towards that abyss of ruin into which she was shortly after to fall.

Many and various were the conflicting interests which continued in full play after Philip V. had become a member of the quadruple alliance. The demands of that monarch on the emperor, were such as the latter was not at all likely, or, perhaps, in a situation to grant. He was desired to obtain the ratification of his resignation of the Spanish sovereignty from the states of the empire, and to cease from conferring the order of the Golden Fleece. The emperor, on the other hand, desired Philip to obtain a ratification of his resignation of the Italian dominions belonging to his crown, by the Cortes, which he would not do. Philip also had reason for complaint against England. Her possession of Gibraltar and Minorca was a grievous offence to him. George I. had given him to understand, that he would satisfy his wishes in this respect, and had actually written him a letter, promising him that on the first favourable opportunity, he would, with the consent of the parliament, make the proposed resignations. Philip, it is said, concluded peace in full expectation of finding this letter acted upon: and when he found himself disappointed, lost no occasion for venting his displeasure. It appears, however, that there was more virulence than justice in these complaints. The English king had said, *with consent of my parliament*; and the question is, whether Philip or George I. had given too much or too little force to this all-important limitation of the general and otherwise decided promise. Philip, it is certain, would not have acceded to the alliance of which he had lately become a member, had he not fully believed there would be no longer a bar to his wishes, in regard to Gibraltar and Minorca, and had, therefore, sufficient cause to complain, if it can be supposed that he had reason given him to believe that the parliament would make no opposition to the monarch on the subject. The affair was warmly disputed both at home and abroad, and the English people took the warmest interest in the debate; violently opposing popular

opinion to the resignation of places of such importance, at the conclusion of a war in which their arms had been successful, and which had had its commencement in an unjust cause. The dispute, however, was shortly to be put an end to by one of those strange circumstances which give a singular variety to the pages of history, by showing the influence of human caprice, even over minds with whom power was, at one time, the greatest good. But we turn to the words of our author, as it is one of the best passages of a general nature in the history:—

‘In the beginning of the year 1724, Philip the Fifth suddenly declared his intention to resign his crown, and in a few days completed his purpose. Taking with him only a small part of his household, so small that even his hunting establishment was omitted, he retired to San Ildefonso, otherwise known by the name of La Granja. This palace is situated on the north side of the mountains which divide Old from New Castile, forming a strong contrast to the Escorial, which is on the south side of the same mountains. While the Escorial, in gloomy grandeur, frowns over an arid territory, the cheerful aspect of San Ildefonso rises among low hills covered with trees, and refreshed by numerous streams of water. In the immediate neighbourhood are the succulent pastures where the Merino sheep feed, and are shorn; at a short distance is the city of Segovia, renowned for its admirable Roman aqueduct, and its Gothic castle, better known to romance than to history. Here Philip had expended immense sums, not only in building a palace, but likewise in making fountains to imitate Versailles; and it must be confessed, that La Granja, inferior in size and grandeur, far surpassed its model in beauty and agreeable variety. Here the king retired, at the age of thirty-nine, with an ambitious and worldly queen of thirty-one, leaving the throne to a son in his seventeenth, and a daughter-in-law in her sixteenth year. His renunciation of greatness was, to all appearance, total and unqualified; in the act of abdication he required nothing more than the regular payment of a pension of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds yearly. A letter which he wrote to his son, contained pious exhortations on the duties of a Christian, and some directions for the worship of the Virgin, but none for the government of a kingdom.

‘This singular act naturally excited astonishment, and politicians wearied themselves in conjectures upon the cause of it. Some attributed it to the imbecility, others to the deep policy, of the king; some to the ambitious jealousy of the grandees, some to the culpable advice of the confessor. Facts which have since come to light, enable us, in some degree, to clear up the mystery. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of the best-informed persons, that Philip, subject to a constitutional melancholy, was tormented by scruples with respect to his right to the crown; that he had even meditated abandoning the throne to his competitor, the archduke; that these scruples had been combated and overcome by his former confessors, Robinet and D’Aubenton; but that their successor, Bermudez, had indulged him in the notion, that the title, which was faulty in him, would be valid in his son. It appears, likewise, that Philip, at once scrupulous and indolent, was much harassed by the details of daily business; and that, far from intending to retire altogether

from power, he dictated from Valsain not only the principal measures of government, but likewise the distribution of places and rewards. For this purpose, Grimaldo, his most trusty minister, retired with him to San Ildefonso; and the office of secretary for foreign affairs was given to Don Juan Bautista Orendayn, the principal clerk of the office. When Marshal Tessé, the new ambassador from the court of France, stopped at San Ildefonso on his way to Madrid, Grimaldo said to him, "The king is not dead, nor am I."

'This mode of government could not fail to be highly inconvenient. Accordingly, the new ministers soon began to resent the interference of Philip; they even went so far as to propose a diminution of his pension; and although Lewis would not listen to so harsh a measure, yet, in other matters, he was glad to shew that he wore the crown. Marshal Tessé himself declared, that this farce of "king and no king" could not long continue; and probably these dissensions might have led to some public rupture, had not the young king died of the small-pox, after a reign of eight months. During this time he had made himself greatly acceptable to the grandees by his popular manners; and to the ministry by his attention to business, combined with a proper deference for their opinion. Indeed, during his short reign, he had committed no fault of importance; unless it be reckoned one, that, with the vivacity of a school-boy, he had sallied forth at night to see the town, and had stolen fruit from his own gardens, that he might enjoy the surprise of the gardeners the next morning. His chief anxiety arose from the conduct of his wife, who, without any decided gallantry, was more gay and frolicsome than became a queen of Spain. But what girl of fifteen would submit, unless by force, to the tiresome ceremonial of the Spanish court?

'The conduct of Philip, upon hearing of the danger of his son, was marked by his usual weakness. He ordered a will to be presented to Lewis for his signature, restoring the crown to himself; this will was signed by the prince when in a delirium; and, upon his death, Philip entered Madrid with the insignia and guards of royalty. Thinking it necessary, however, to consult a junta of divines on the propriety of his resuming the crown, they replied, to his great surprise and mortification, that he could not violate the vow he had made; but that he might exercise the regency in the name of his son Ferdinand. Philip was so confounded, that he determined to return to San Ildefonso; but the queen, of a more manly temper, burst forth in invectives against the Jesuit Bermudez, to whom she imputed the decision. She called him a traitor, a Judas, and declared that, were she in the agonies of death, she would rather die without sacraments than receive them from so wicked a man. The *assafeta*, improving upon the passion of the queen, made a violent apostrophe to the king himself, which made him turn pale with fear or anger. "Hold your tongue," exclaimed the queen, "you will kill the king." "What does that signify?" answered the virago, "if he dies, it is only one man the less; but if he quits the throne, his people, his children, and his kingdom, are ruined." To complete the effect of these domestic scenes, the queen brought into play, first, the council of Castile, who spoke in behalf of the public safety; and, secondly, the papal nuncio, who, with a hardy conscience, told Philip he would take upon himself, before God, all the guilt incurred by the violation of his vow. Upon this, the scrupulous

monarch no longer hesitated, and, much to the displeasure of the nobility, resumed the crown.

'The first consequences of his resumed authority were curious and important. The Congress of Cambray, after many delays, had at length met; but their discussions seemed interminable, and the time was consumed between futile proposals and mutual feasting. In the long-pending disputes on the subject of Italy, the King of Spain required that Mantua, Mirandola, and other places, which had been united to his dominion by the emperor, should be restored to their former masters, and that the boundary between the Austrian territory and the Duchy of Parma should be strictly defined. The Austrian court had very different views: no longer valuing the sovereignty of the Netherlands, cramped as it was by the barrier treaty, the attention of the emperor was turned towards the aggrandisement of his family in Italy, from which country he drew large and seemingly inexhaustible supplies. At the same time, he developed two other projects, which caused much speculation and alarm. By the first of these, with a view to compensate for the restrictions on commerce, to which he had been obliged to submit by the barrier treaty, he created a company at Ostend, with the exclusive privilege of trading to the East and West Indies. The maritime powers, especially Holland, exclaimed against this act, as a violation of the most solemn engagements. By the fifth article of the treaty of Munster, the trade to the Indies was granted to Holland, to the exclusion of the Netherlands; and it was laid down in the treaty of Utrecht, that the possessor of the Netherlands should abide by the obligations of the King of Spain. Although right in the argument, however, and justified by the letter of treaties, the maritime powers would have done better if they had renounced advantages which could not be carried into effect without exciting a hostile spirit in the nation which submitted to them. Indeed, it frequently happens, that the positive advantages of a treaty are more than counterbalanced by the animosity they provoke in the party which is bound by unjust or humiliating conditions.'—vol. ii. pp. 19—25.

But we must pass from this interesting and agitating period of modern European history, to that portion of the work which more particularly relates to our own country. There are several passages, however, which we pass over with regret, as we should have had pleasure, did our space allow it, in giving the noble author's view of many of the most important events with which the story of the last hundred years has been chequered. Modern history, and that especially of the period of which we are speaking, has an interest peculiar to itself as distinguished from that of remoter times. Since the introduction of new theories of political power, of the relation of one country to another, and of the advantages of commercial intercourse, the whole face of Europe has not been more changed than the nature and spirit of history. In past ages, the narrative of the fortunes of one nation might be written without more than a bare allusion to those of others, and the mind of a reader could never for a moment lose sight of that small distinct part of the human family, in the general interests of the world at large. A striking change has taken place in this

respect, and the work of Lord John Russell affords an excellent illustration of our remark. It is a great picture of the world, changed into one mighty battle-field, where one part of the warring host is engaged, another reposing under shelter, and another heaped together in indiscriminate ruin, but all forming a part of the same great army.

The reign of George I. forms an epoch in the history of this country, which deserves a more than ordinary attention from the political student. The most important of the opinions which have for the last few years occupied men's consideration, had then their origin, and were not mere questions of party interest, but the absolute and essential principles of right policy. There is also something curious in the appearance of the king and his ministers. George was, as the author represents him, a German prince, with much of the rudeness, and greatly addicted to, the habits of the princes of his native country. His three ministers, Baron Bothman, Count Bernsdorf and Bohethan, were all almost equally unadapted to have been the counsellors of the monarch of a country like England. The ministers Townshend and Walpole, had to contend with difficulties of the worst kind; they had a strong party to oppose, secret enemies under the disguise of friends, and a master exposed to his own jealous feelings, and the insidious attacks of parasites. The author has given an excellent view of the important affairs of this period. The narrative is temperate and philosophical in its spirit, and may be read with satisfaction by readers of all parties. There are also some passages in it in which the author has put forth all his strength as an historian, and shown considerable talent in that difficult but excellent task for an historical writer, the delineation of character. Of these sketches we shall give a specimen in the portrait he has drawn of Sir Robert Walpole, a statesman, who has met with a warm admirer and excellent advocate in Lord John Russell. We must pass over the consideration of his political career and measures into which the author has entered at length, and take that part only which refers to the general or private character of Sir Robert.

'Walpole's manner of speaking was plain, direct, and forcible: he never evaded an attack by misrepresenting it, nor concealed an error in reasoning amid a glare of declamation. Pursued by rancorous hostility, he shewed no bitterness of disposition, and bore with calumny as a natural infirmity of power. In private life he was warmly loved by his friends, and excited a good-will among his acquaintance, which even political animosity could not wholly destroy. Those who had seen him "in his happier hour" remembered with pleasure the openness of his manners, the playfulness of his conversation, and the kindness which bespoke a heart in charity with mankind. Sir Charles Hanbury bears testimony to the heartiness of his laugh:

"Great Orford's self I've seen, while I have read,
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod the approving head."

His son said to Mr. Cox, "It would have done you good to hear him laugh." A good laughter may be a corrupt man, but is seldom a very malignant one. Indeed, the placability of Walpole's temper was such, that Pulteney said, he believed he never remembered an invective against him for half an hour. He was not equally distinguished for refinement. He had the weakness to think himself gifted with a happy turn for gallantry, in which he shone less than most men; and his conversation, when meant to be sprightly, was often coarse and licentious. He shewed, however, considerable taste for the fine arts at Houghton, where he built a magnificent house. The noble style of architecture, the bronze statues, the collection of pictures, the rich and splendid hall, the mahogany doors and casements, all denote that Walpole possessed that love of the magnificent and the beautiful which distinguished the orators of Rome. The expense of Houghton must have been enormous; and it was one of the main subjects of reproach against its founder, that a private gentleman, with an estate of 4000*l.* a-year, should have raised so costly a structure. The answer given by his advocates is, that he made a large sum by the South Sea stock; and they might add, that he received two gifts of 10,000*l.* each, from George the First: but until the building accounts of Houghton are produced, it will always be suspected that he dipped his hand in the public purse. His style of living at Houghton was that of profuse hospitality; he had always two parties in the year: in the spring he assembled his chief political friends; in the autumn, during two months, he received all his acquaintance and neighbours who chose to come, and kept up what Lord Townshend, with some spleen, called the bacchanalian orgies of Houghton. Prodigality, however, is a more popular vice than avarice. It is fair to say, that he spent 14,000*l.* in the lodge in Richmond Park, which belongs to the crown; and that when the king offered to give him the house in Downing Street, which had been inhabited by Bothmar, he declined it for himself, but accepted it as attached to the office which he held. On the other hand, he gave very lucrative offices to his sons. At the end of his administration, his eldest son, Lord Walpole, received more than 12,000*l.*, and his youngest son, Horace, about 3000*l.* a-year, from the public.

'Sir Robert was methodical in his manner of doing business, and, according to the remark of Lord Chesterfield, did it so easily that he never appeared in a hurry. He slept well, and, as he said himself, "put off his cares with his clothes." He was fond of country sports, and when in town, opened directly the letters of his gamekeeper, while he put by others to a more convenient time. He used to hunt with beagles in Richmond Park.

'Upon his retirement he went immediately to Houghton. But, accustomed all his life to political excitement, having never been fond of reading, and much of his old company failing, his time must have hung heavy upon his hands. It is recorded, that his son having one day proposed to read to him, and taking down a book of history, he exclaimed, "Oh! don't read history; that, I know, must be false:"—the judgment of a man better acquainted with pamphleteers than with historians.

'Yet Lord Orford, after his retirement, was not, as is too often the case, neglected by the master to whom he had rendered such essential services. George the Second often consulted him, and sometimes sent his confidential page to receive his advice. It was in consequence of one

of these secret communications that, upon the death of Lord Wilmington, Pelham was appointed to the head of the treasury instead of the Earl of Bath, who, too late, had seen his error in refusing office upon Walpole's resignation. Lord Orford's death was accelerated, if not actually caused, by a journey from Houghton to London, in obedience to a summons from the king. He was at the time in excruciating pain from the stone; and the medicines which he took, with a view to dissolve it, aggravated both his pain and his danger. To the last, however, he bore his sufferings with fortitude; and his intellect, when he was not in a state of lethargy, retained its former clearness. A few days before he died, the Duke of Cumberland sent to consult him how he could best avoid a marriage proposed for him by the king with a deformed princess of Denmark. "Tell him," said Lord Orford, "to give his consent on condition of receiving immediately an ample establishment." Orford expired on the 18th of March, 1746, and was buried at Houghton without monument or inscription. He left an estate deeply mortgaged, and debts, which, with some trifling legacies, amounted to 50,000*l*.—vol. ii. pp. 472—475.

We now turn from the contemplation of kings and statesmen to that of the men of letters who flourished about this time. It is never for the interests of literature that its professors should be greatly involved in the disputes of politics. There are some minds to whom the agitation of public debate may give excitement and activity, but there are none to whom it can give depth of thought, or beauty of sentiment. We accordingly find, that in periods when literature has been principally pursued by men who have enjoyed public situations, it has been distinguished by more wit than genius, more refinement than strength or impressiveness. This was particularly the case with the age of which we are speaking. There was scarcely a man of letters, whether poet, philosopher, or divine, who had not some deep interest at stake in the political debates of the court. They were all ranged in one or another party; were known to the people as advocating or resisting some of their claims, and hardly wrote or thought without having in the back ground of their minds, their party-principles in full operation. Scholars and authors were no longer men of retired and contemplative habits. Their cloistered leisure had been broken in upon, and it is a question of the greatest doubt, whether the world obtained more good by their mixture with men of business, than it lost by their change of style from that of a severe commanding wisdom, to one of courtly and persuasive elegance. But our author has scarcely glanced at what may be strictly called the literature of England at this time, and has devoted himself to the consideration of the different distinguished religious writers with whom the age abounded. He has made sketches of all the principal men whose names are in any way remembered, either for their works or influence; and we cannot but admire the excellent manner in which this accomplished nobleman has given his abstract of their various opinions and characters. The first half of the eighteenth century was

conspicuous for its controversial spirit. The state of the public mind, and of learning, were fitted for keeping it up. Persecution was no longer to be thought of, but there was a sufficient degree of energy in the leaders of the different sects to keep them from slumbering. Clarke, Hoadly, Warburton, Middleton, Wesley, were all men of great natural powers, and they and their followers were admirably adapted to inflame each other, or to attract the attention of multitudes of curious inquirers. We shall extract part of the conclusion to the excellent sketch of the life of Warburton.

‘No wonder if, with such an exaggerated notion of his own merits, and so low a one of his opponents, Warburton’s correspondence is in a tone of alternate presumption and complaint. What he writes is perfect; the side which he espouses is without any doubt the right one; men are blind or envious, not to be aware of his superiority over all other writers; and, in the last resort, he constantly appeals from his own age to posterity to crown him with unmingled glory. He has not succeeded in this appeal. He is, indeed, esteemed a great writer; but few adopt him as a teacher of theology, and the majority are contented to take his character from hearsay.

‘Yet there is one of his complaints which, if not just, is natural. The clergy, surprised by the novelty of his propositions, resenting, perhaps, that such prodigality of learning should have been acquired out of the university, awed by the freedom of his language, and, above all, suspicious of the aid of a new paradox as the support of an ancient religion, feared and disliked him. This he felt acutely. “I am still condemned,” he says, “to drudge in the mines of antiquity. I may well give it that slavish appellation, while I am so used by my masters, the clergy, for whose ease and profit I am working.” And again, when the “View of Bolingbroke’s Works” was coming out: “You will see, there is a continued apology for the clergy; yet they will neither love me the more, nor forgive me the sooner, for all I can say in their behalf.” To the censures of the enemies of religion he could be indifferent; “But that my brethren, the established clergy, the friends of religion, and fellow-members of that society whose cause I am pleading; that these should set themselves against me with so much rancour, is what I cannot well bear.”

‘Warburton, though a dogmatic writer, had too much force and originality in his own manner of writing, not to value the freedom of discussion. He was not one of those slavish and despicable men who employ the resources of eloquence and learning to recommend a prostration of the mind, which would soon be fatal to all eloquence and all learning. He perceived and taught how favourable is the liberty of discussion to the interests of truth. “Nor less friendly,” he continues, “is this liberty to the generous advocate of religion: for how could such a one, when in earnest convinced by the evidence of his cause, desire an adversary whom the laws had before disarmed, or value a victory where the magistrate must triumph with him? Even I, the meanest in this controversy, which should have been ashamed of projecting the defence of the great Jewish lawgiver, did not I know that the same liberty of thinking was impartially indulged to all.” Bishop Hoadly had said, that a more extended uniformity might justly be thought an advantage to a

Christian nation. Warburton, speaking of the church, affirms, "that the wider the bottom is made, (consistent with the peace of society and the being of a Christian church), the wiser and juster is that religious institution."

His way of writing was put down, in a small pocket almanack, notes of any thing remarkable that his reading or reflection furnished. At the end of the year he arranged these notes under general heads; and when he came to write from them, he did it with so much facility, that in his best days he did not keep in his hands two sheets together, but sent the manuscript to the printer as fast as it was composed, and that without correcting the press. This method led necessarily to long digressions, and a want of proportion between the parts and the whole. When he finally revised his works, he was become very fastidious in style, and reviewed the same sheet several times; on which Mr. Bowyer, the learned printer, said to him, "Those were fine times, when you never blotted a line, but allowed me to print your copy as fast as it came to hand, and without interruption."—vol. ii. pp. 532—535.

We cannot close this second volume of the *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*, without expressing our high opinion of the author's qualifications for the arduous task he has undertaken. Possessing extensive knowledge, a clear understanding, and an unprejudiced mind, he has set before the reader of history, one of the most useful abstracts with which his library can be furnished. In a work of such importance, we feel little inclined to point out the trifling errors of phraseology, which, for a second edition, the writer will, we doubt not, discover and correct himself. In general the language is pure, and the style excellently adapted to history, as well for its ease as its occasional elevation. But much yet remains to be fulfilled of Lord John Russell's task; and though we cannot but consider the present volume to embrace the most interesting portion of the period he has undertaken to illustrate, we look forward with considerable pleasure to the completion of the other volumes which are to finish the work.

ART. V.—*Journal of a Second Expedition into the interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Soccatoo.* By the late Commander Clapperton, of the Royal Navy. To which is added, *The Journal of Richard Lander from Kano to the Sea Coast, partly by a more Eastern route. With a portrait of Captain Clapperton, and a map of the route, chiefly laid down from actual observations for latitude and longitude.* 4to. pp. 355. London: Murray. 1829.

It is melancholy to reflect on the number of intelligent and enterprising men who have fallen victims to the severity of the African climate, while engaged in seeking to extend our acquaintance with the population and productions of that untamed but highly interesting portion of the globe. They have died indeed

in the service of their country, and their memoirs will be ever held precious in the annals of our science and literature. But the manner of their deaths, caused in most cases by diseases that waste the mind as well as the frame, is inglorious. It is not the death of the soldier. An ague or a dysentery meets the adventurous traveller the moment he sets his foot upon the fatal coast, or permits him to enter the country and to perform a part of the task which he has undertaken. Rarely, as in the case of Clapperton's first expedition, robust health and an active spirit, enable him to resist its ravages. But sooner or later, it marks him for its own. He perishes in a foreign land, far away from kindred and friends; no monument is erected to his name; his grave is dug in earth not consecrated, nor set apart for the purpose of burial; the rains of one winter render it undistinguishable from the surface around it, and leave no mark whereby love, or friendship, or patriotism, may discover the spot where his relics have been interred.

This miserable end of a useful and honourable life, it is the duty of our country to redeem as far as in it lies. Men who thus fall in its service should have monuments at Westminster. Their names should also be emblazoned on tablets, and fixed in some conspicuous part of the British Museum; and their families, if families they leave behind them, should be decently provided for at the expence of the public. Military and naval exploits obtain for the achievers of them the gratitude of the country which they defend. There is no tribute of respect which they receive, that is not more than equally due to those intrepid men who explore unknown lands, who carry the name and the manufactures of England to a new people, thus not only extending our geographical knowledge, but opening new markets for our industry, and enlarging the sphere of human civilization.

Taken in this point of view, the services rendered to his country by the late Captain Clapperton, are of a distinguished character. In his first expedition, he succeeded in penetrating a portion of Africa, of which we had no previous knowledge whatever, consisting of the kingdoms of Bornou and Houssa. The account furnished by him, jointly with Denham, of those countries, and of the races by which they are inhabited, threw altogether a new light upon the interior of the African continent. Conjecture had usually peopled it with tribes of negroes, of whom our West India slaves were held to be most favourable specimens. Clapperton and Denham's report altogether altered our ideas upon this subject, by informing us that there are Africans gifted with as fine figures as any to be found in Europe; that they are initiated in many of the arts of civilized life; build towns, manufacture cloths; acknowledge fixed laws, and obey regular governments. Our travellers having been most kindly received by all the chieftains whom they visited during their first journey, it was very properly

thought that no time should be lost in improving the advantages which they had gained. Their first route was from Tripoli to the extremity of Bornou to the southward, and to Soccatoo, the capital of Houssa, to the westward. The reception which Clapperton experienced (1824) in the latter place, from Bello, the Sultan of the tribe of Fellatahs, induced him to hope that a permanent and friendly intercourse might be established between England and that portion of Africa. Bello expressed himself strongly on this subject. He wished that certain articles of English manufacture should be sent to him, that an English consul should reside in one of his ports, and that an English physician should be added to his own household. Independently of the desire which actuated our government in causing Africa to be explored, with a view to the solution of the doubts existing as to the course of the Niger, and for the purpose of improving our knowledge of the tribes who inhabit the interior of that continent, it is highly to the honour of the then Colonial Secretary, Lord Bathurst, that he anxiously contemplated the formation of an alliance with the powerful Sultan of the Fellatahs, under the hope that it would ultimately lead to the total suppression of the slave trade, which is actively carried on in his dominions. Upon this subject also, Bello communicated with Clapperton in the most unreserved manner, and declared his readiness to adopt measures for putting an end to the traffick, so far as his subjects were concerned.

Indeed it may now perhaps be safely avowed, that this latter purpose has principally led to the various attempts which have been made from time to time, on the part of our government, to open an intercourse with chieftains in the interior of Africa. The Portuguese and Dutch traders on the coast, who are engaged in the slave trade, were enabled by the unerring instinct of interest to discover this purpose at a very early period, and we entertain very little doubt that it is to their emissaries and false reports, we are, in a great measure, to attribute the suspicions which have uniformly haunted the steps of our countrymen in that quarter. During Clapperton's first expedition these suspicions were sufficiently apparent. But during his second journey they were stronger than ever. At first the object of the strangers was supposed to be the discovery of treasures which they expected to find in some unknown part of the country. But a more important and alarming, as well as to him, personally, a more dangerous purpose was attributed to Captain Clapperton during his second expedition—originating, probably, in the same sordid source. He was represented to be a spy sent out from England with a view to obtain a footing in the country; he was to be followed at intervals by others, in ones, and twos, and threes, until at length the Englishmen should be powerful enough in numbers to take possession of the whole continent, in the same manner as they had acquired the dominion of India.

With such prepossessions against him, the wonder is that Clapperton was suffered to visit so large a portion of the interior of Africa, as he appears to have added to our maps on this occasion. His success is chiefly to be attributed to the frank and popular manners for which he was distinguished. Though a man of no education, and deficient even in the common accomplishment of orthography, he knew when to conciliate, and when to threaten, with the best effect. Wherever he went he made friends. His open and cheerful demeanour, if it did not prevent, ultimately dissipated all suspicion. He was warm-hearted and generous, and his presents were well-timed. He had spells for the superstitious, and medicine for the sick, and gew-gaws for the women, and he appears to have traversed a populous territory, where a white man had never been seen before, with as much facility, except so far as gravel roads and travelling conveniences were concerned, as if he had been in North or South America. This is a most important step gained towards the establishment of our intercourse with the Africans. If it be judiciously followed up, as we have every reason to hope it will be, by the Colonial Office, there is no doubt that a few years will make a vast improvement in the condition of that people, and that the Bight of Benin, which is at present the resort, almost exclusively, of the inhuman slave traders, will in a little time be crowded with the legitimate commerce of England.

We have already mentioned the amicable dispositions which had been expressed towards this country, by Bello, the Sultan of the Fellatahs. Profiting by those dispositions, Clapperton, on his first visit to Soccatoo, made arrangements with the chieftain for the prohibition of the slave-trade, and the establishment of commercial intercourse with England. Upon Clapperton's return to London, these arrangements were adopted by Lord Bathurst, and a second expedition was immediately fitted out for the purpose of carrying them into effect. Two companions were selected for Clapperton, Captain Pearce, of the Navy, an accomplished draughtsman, and Dr. Morrison, an eminent naturalist, who after reaching Soccatoo, were to explore the country of Soudan, (including Houssa and Bornou), in various directions. Clapperton was also allowed to take with him a fellow-countryman, (a Scotchman) named Dickson, who had served as a surgeon in the West Indies, but had latterly applied to the law. He was supposed to be sufficiently skilled in medicine to take care of the whole party. Suitable presents were prepared for the Sultan of the Houssa, as well as for the Sheik of Bornou; and all the necessary preliminaries having been completed, the four gentlemen, with their servants, embarked in his Majesty's ship *Brazen*, on the 27th of August, 1825, and arrived at the Bight of Benin, on the 26th of November in the same year. The fate of Dickson is involved in mystery. On reaching the Bight he desired, for what reason remains unexplained, to be landed at

Whidah, as he had resolved to proceed, before his companions, to Soccato. At Whidah a Portuguese gentleman of the name of De Sousa, who had been in the employ of the king, at Dahomey, offered to accompany him as far as that place on his way to Soccato. It appears that he arrived safe at Dahomey, was well received, and sent from thence under a suitable escort on his intended journey. But since he quitted Dahomey no intelligence has been received concerning him. The other travellers wished to proceed into the interior, by ascending the river Benin; but being advised by an English merchant, whom they encountered there, of the name of Houtson, (engaged, we regret to say, in the slave-trade) against that course, as a dangerous one, from the known hostility of the king of that country to the English, on account of their exertions in suppressing a traffick, which was the principal source of his revenue, they changed their intentions, and under the guidance of Houtson, whom Clapperton prevailed on to accompany them, they steered for the more northerly part of Badagry, where they landed on the 29th of November. The kings of Badagry and Yourriba were favourable to the English, and the road through their dominions to Soccato was as short as any other that could be taken. At Badagry they were necessarily detained for some days in order to get their baggage and presents on shore, and as Clapperton expresses it, 'after a great deal of palavering and drinking with their African friends,' they embarked on the 7th of December, in canoes, which were provided for their accommodation, and proceeded up a branch of the Lagos river, as far as the junction of the Gazie creek, on the left bank of which they landed. Clapperton and Houtson walked on to the town of Puka, where they halted under a tree, and were immediately surrounded by immense crowds of people, who behaved to them with the greatest civility. One of the war chiefs visited them in state, mounted on a small horse gaily caparisoned. Though his apparel was not of the best, consisting of a ragged red coat with yellow facings, nankeen trowsers, and a Portuguese military cap and feather, yet he was not a little vain of his appearance. In the course of his speech he observed, pointing to the various parts of his dress, "this cloth is not made in my country, this cap is of white man's velvet, these trowsers are of white man's nankeen, this is a white man's shawl; we get all good things from white man, and we must therefore be glad when white man come to visit our country." Puka was once a large town, surrounded by a wall and deep ditch, but the houses are now in ruins.

From Puka, Clapperton and Houtson bent their course northward. They had between them a small horse, without a saddle, which they agreed to ride and tie. They made their way through very thick woods, which, except on the narrow footpath, were impenetrable to man or beast. They occasionally passed several people, chiefly women, who were going to the market of Puka,

heavily laden with cloth, plantains, and a paste made for food, from pounded Indian corn. They invariably saluted the strangers in the most civil manner, and gave them the road. They were joined at Numba, by Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison. The latter was soon after taken very unwell, and exhibited symptoms of fever; the former also became indisposed, but they were still able to move on.

The next place of any importance which the travellers reached was Laboo. 'The approach to the town appeared by the moonlight quite enchanting, being through an avenue of tall majestic trees, with fetish houses placed here and there, and solitary lights burning by each.' The Caboceer, or chief man of this town, had no fewer than four hundred wives and concubines. Two hundred of these were with him at Laboo, the remainder were at his house, in Eyeo. He could not understand how an Englishman could be contented with one wife. When they were told that such was the fact, he and his numerous "other halves," laughed immoderately, so ridiculous did this limitation appear in their eyes. Upon quitting Laboo, the Caboceer attended the travellers some distance out of the town, with the whole population of Laboo around him, the women singing in chorus, and holding up their hands as the strangers passed. Groups also knelt down, apparently wishing them a safe journey. Assuredly these are circumstances of a cheering kind to any minister who is desirous of improving British intercourse with Africa. The country around Laboo is, moreover, represented as highly cultivated and beautiful, varied by hill and dale.

For some days it had become necessary to convey Messrs. Pearce and Morrison, and also Clapperton's estimable and faithful servant, Richard Lander, who was also on the sick list, from town to town, in hammocks, borne by carriers. This circumstance considerably retarded their progress. On arriving at Jannah, in the territory of the King of Eyeo, they had besides the great pleasure of learning that a report had been transmitted to the king from the coast, that it was their object to kill his sable majesty. This report, however, did not prevent the people of Jannah from treating them with the most cordial hospitality and kindness. Clapperton and Houtson walked through the town, and were followed by an immense crowd. The men took off their caps, and the women 'knelt on their knees and one elbow, the other resting upon the hand,' in order to shew their respect for the strangers. 'In returning,' says our author, 'we came through the market, which, though nearly sun-set, was well supplied with raw cotton, country cloths, provision, and fruit, such as oranges, limes, plantains, bananas, and vegetables, such as small onions, chalotes, pepper, and gums for soups; also boiled yams and *accassons*,' (pieces of Indian corn paste). 'Here the crowd rolled on like a sea, the men jumping over the provision baskets, the

boys dancing under the stalls, the women bawling, and saluting those who were looking after their scattered goods, yet no word, or look of disrespect to us.'

The town of Jannah is prettily situated on the side of a gentle hill. The inhabitants amount to between eight and ten thousand. They are very industrious, and are particularly fond of carving. Every thing which they possess in wood is decorated by this art. It is a singular thing that Jannah was the only place in Africa, in which Clapperton saw the poor dog treated with attention. There he was looked upon as the useful and affectionate companion of man, whereas, in no other part of the country visited by Clapperton, was that docile animal tolerated with common humanity.

At Jannah, the travellers had occasion to observe preparations which were making for a *slaving expedition* into the country, in consequence of the arrival at Badagry, of a Brazilian brig, for the purpose of taking on board a cargo of that commodity! Yet, although this infamous occupation is keenly pursued throughout the country which Clapperton and his companions had already traversed, he mentions, that, with a numerous and heavy baggage, and about ten different relays of carriers, they had not, hitherto, lost so much as the value of one shilling. Such a circumstance, as he justly observes, evinces 'not only somewhat more than common honesty in the inhabitants, but a degree of subordination and regular government which could not have been supposed among a people hitherto considered barbarous.' We have been rather surprised at the burst of ungallantry which follows this remark. 'Humanity, however,' adds the author, 'is the same in every land; government may restrain the vicious principles of our nature, but it is beyond the power, even of African despotism, to silence a woman's tongue! In sickness and in health, and at every stage, we have been obliged to endure their eternal loquacity!!'

At Jannah several looms were observed at work; in one house there were no fewer than eight or ten. Their cloth is of good texture, and some very fine. Their indigo is said to be of a capital quality, and to form a most beautiful and durable dye. The women are the dyers, the boys the weavers. They also manufacture earthenware, though it seems that they sometimes vary from our ideas in the appropriation of their vessels. In short, they are an ingenious and industrious people, and we trust that no time will be lost in establishing an intercourse with them. Clapperton and Houtson completely won their hearts by dancing an African dance with their chief, who appears to have made rather too free with the rum on this occasion, as, in the evening, when a message was dispatched to him to ascertain if horses, which he had promised, would be ready the next day for the travellers, an answer was returned, that 'his highness was drunk to night.' However, in his sober moments, he paid every possible attention to the mission, and dismissed them in the most friendly manner.

The sick, with great difficulty, proceeded on their journey; neither Pearce nor Morrison would, at first, hear of any arrangement for sending them back to Badagry, where the Brazen still remained. The latter, however, got so ill during the first day's journey that he was obliged to stop, and arrangements were made for conveying him to Badagry, under the care of Houtson. The others continued, for four days, through a tract of country pleasantly varied by hill and dale, and partially cultivated. On the morning of the fifth day, Captain Pearce, after becoming much worse, and quite insensible, breathed his last—an event, says Captain Clapperton, which 'has caused me much concern, for, independently of his amiable qualities as a friend and companion, he was eminently qualified by his talents, his perseverance, and his fortitude, to be of singular service to the mission, and on these accounts, I deplore his loss as the greatest I could have sustained, both as regards my private feelings and the public service.' By a singular coincidence Dr. Morrison died at Jannah, on the same day as Captain Pearce.

Clapperton was now left to pursue his journey, deprived of the three companions who had set out with him from England. He was himself far from being in a state of good health, and his servant Lander, was still very weak. These circumstances, however, did not prevent our enterprising traveller from resuming the task which he had undertaken. On his way to Soccatoo he was anxious to visit Boussa, on the Niger, the place where Mungo Park perished, under the hope that he might learn the true particulars of his fate, and, if possible, recover any books or manuscripts, which might have been taken from him by the natives. Mr. Houtson had returned from Jannah, after seeing Dr. Morrison's remains decently interred; and Captain Clapperton having performed the same melancholy office for his friend Pearce, they recommenced their journey on the 3d of January, 1826, Mr. Houtson intending to go as far Katunga, the capital of the kingdom of Eyeo, or Yourriba, as it is indiscriminately called.

Their way lay over mountains, table land, and vallies, the country being, for the most part, beautiful in a high degree. It is unnecessary here to detail the particulars of their reception in all the towns and villages through which they passed. It will be sufficient to say that they were every where treated with the utmost respect and kindness. Our author speaks of the natives in the most cordial terms. They appeared to him to be 'kind to their wives and children, and to one another,' a description which embraces all the charities of life. On the 22d of January they approached Katunga, and were met by a caboceer, with a numerous suite, sent forward by the king to greet them. Nothing could have been more friendly than the attentions which they received from the king during their stay in his capital. He repeatedly, and in an energetic manner, assured them that "they were truly welcome to his country; that he had frequently heard of white

men; but that neither himself, nor his father, nor any of his ancestors had ever seen one. He was glad that white men had come at this time; and now he trusted his country would be put right, his enemies brought to submission, and he would be enabled to build up his father's house, which war had destroyed." During their stay at Katunga his hospitality was unremitting, and in short the whole time was spent like a festival, a great number of caboceers having come to the capital from adjacent provinces. Pantomimes were acted, which though rude in their conception were of the most amusing description. The author gives an account of one of these performances, in which among other things, a white man was burlesqued capitally. The kingdom of Yourriba is very extensive, and capable of being rendered highly productive. At present, unhappily, its chief trade is in slaves, one of whom of the best class sells at Jannah for about three or four pounds of our money. The government is hereditary, and strictly despotic, every subject being considered the slave of the king; yet it is administered with great mildness. The king has so many wives that he said he did not know the number of them, but he was sure that if they joined hand in hand, they would reach from Katunga to Jannah! The capital is built in a singular manner, 'on the sloping side and round the base of a small range of granite hills,' the summit of which forms as it were the citadel. These hills consist of 'stupendous blocks of gray granite of the softest kind, some of which are seen hanging from the summits, in the most frightful manner,' and appear as if the least touch would send them into the town beneath. Its extent may be imagined when it is added that the walls are fifteen miles in circumference. The king became so attached to the white men, that it was with great difficulty he was prevailed on to allow Clapperton, after a sojourn of more than six weeks, to pursue his journey, accompanied by Pascoe and Lander.

After quitting the kingdom of Yourriba, our travellers entered that of Borgoo, and proceeded to its capital, which is called Kiama. On their approach to it, the sultan as he is styled, sent out an escort to meet them, 'mounted,' says the author, 'on as fine horses as I ever saw.' They were, however, a 'despicable and lawless set of fellows,' plundering the villages as they went along. The sultan, however, offered no exception to the respect and hospitality which the travellers had hitherto every where experienced. He assigned a large and excellent house for their quarters, and on the evening of their arrival paid them a visit.

'He came mounted on a beautiful red roan, attended by a number of armed men, on horseback and on foot; and six young female slaves, naked as they were born, except a stripe of narrow white cloth tied round their heads, about six inches of the ends flying out behind; each carrying a light spear in the right hand. He was dressed in a red silk damask robe, and booted. He dismounted, and came into my house, attended by the

six girls, who laid down their spears, and put a blue cloth round their waists before they entered the door. After he was seated, he began by asking after the health of the king of Yourriba, who, I said, I had left very well. I then told him I had been sent by the king of England to visit Bornou; that I was the king of England's servant, and hoped he would assist me in proceeding on my journey; and that I intended to make him a suitable present; that I wanted thirty-six men to carry my baggage, and two horses for my servants to ride; and that I wished to stay as short a time as possible, as the rains were near at hand, which, if overtaken by them, would prevent my travelling; that the season of the rains was very sickly, and fatal to white men; that three of the white men who had left England with me had died in Yourriba, and it was more than probable that I should die also, if exposed in any of these countries to the rains. He said I was going to stay but a short time, and that he would send me to Wawa; from thence I should be forwarded to Boussa; then to cross the river Quorra to Injaskee, and thence to Bornou. On his leaving me, I attended him to the door. He mounted his horse, the young ladies undressed, and away went the most extraordinary cavalcade I ever saw in my life.'—pp. 66, 67.

It should have been observed, that generally when Clapperton encountered any chief of distinction, he made him a suitable present out of a stock which he had brought for the purpose. Of all the men whom he had gratified in this way, no one was more delighted than the Sultan of Borgoo. One of Tatham's African swords threw him into ecstasies. It is worth remarking, that milk was here sent to Clapperton in a jug of English earthenware, 'representing old Toby Philpot with a flowing jug of ale in his hand,' and that he saw more European articles, such as earthenware vessels, brass and pewter dishes, pieces of woollen and cotton cloth, within the two first days of his stay at Kiama, than he met with during the whole time he was in Yourriba. This circumstance is however to be accounted for, as Kiama has a direct trade with Dahomey, from whence all the European articles come. Kiama is also one of the towns through which a large caravan from Houssa and Bornou passes to and from Gonja, on the borders of Ashantee. The caravan was at Kiama when Clapperton visited it, and the head man told him that the Ashantees had now no king, their late ruler and his heir having died. Among the traders our traveller heard himself frequently enquired after, they having seen him on his former mission in Soudan. But they did not now know him in his English dress, and without a beard, and he did not think it necessary to undeceive them.

The kingdom of Borgoo is rather thinly inhabited, and inferior to Yourriba in many respects. Kiama, however, is a considerable town. Clapperton estimates its population at 30,000 inhabitants, who 'are looked upon by all who know them as the greatest thieves and robbers in all Africa. It is enough to call a man a native of Borgoo, to designate him as a thief and murderer.' The government is despotic, but wretchedly administered; 'very little pro-

tection is given to the subject, as one town will plunder another whenever an opportunity offers.' After spending about a week here, our traveller having been provided with every thing he desired, resumed his course on the 19th of March, and on the 21st, entered Wawa, a wealthy, an interesting, and even, it may be added, a luxurious city, considering its situation in the interior of Africa. The streets are wide, spacious, and airy, the houses of the hut form, being all circular. It contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. Outside this city, Clapperton was shown the tree, the seeds of which when boiled and made into a paste, furnish the poison which is so destructive on the tips of the African arrows. Wawa being on the direct road from Bornou and Houssa, to Dahomaey and Jannah, is enabled to obtain many articles of European luxury. The inhabitants behaved with great civility to Clapperton. They bear a very different character from their neighbours of Kiama, being honest, cheerful, and good-natured, not fond of war, but tenacious, nevertheless, in not permitting any interference with their country. They readily gave Clapperton all the information in their power about that portion of Africa, and, what is very remarkable, he did not discover amongst them a single beggar.

Boussa is scarcely a day's journey from Wawa. Though surrounded with walls, it cannot be called a regular town, as it consists only of clusters of huts scattered here and there. The sultan and his favourite wife received Clapperton in the most friendly, and we may also add, the most courteous manner. In answer to his inquiries about the papers belonging to Mungo Park, he was informed that the late Imam, a Fellata, had taken possession of them, and that he had fled from Boussa some time since.' Thus all the author's hopes on this subject vanished. The people pointed out the place in the river where Park's boat struck, and the unfortunate crew perished. Though reluctant to speak on this subject, they nevertheless gave him all the information they possessed concerning it, which agreed with that subsequently received by him from the King of Youri. Indeed, they afforded him on every occasion, abundant proof that the minds of men in that quarter, 'must be much changed for the better since the days of Park and Martin.' 'Never in my life,' says the author, 'have I been treated with more hospitality and kindness.'

The author, after remaining three days at Boussa, was obliged to return to Wawa, in order to recover his baggage, which was detained there in consequence of his supposed adherence to a rich and mutinous widow, named Zuma, who thought proper to fall in love with him. She openly threatened to pursue him and bring him back, for the purpose of making him not only her husband, but the Governor of Wawa, and with drums beating before her, and a numerous train behind her, she did all but declare war against the governor. 'It would have been,' says Clapperton, 'a

fine end to my journey indeed, if I had deposed old Mohammed, and set up for myself, with a walking tun-butt for a queen.' The occurrence, however, was sufficiently inconvenient to make Clapperton resolve never to be caught in such a foolish affair in future, and 'never to make friends of the opposition party in any place, for they were always sure to lead to trouble, if not mischief.' Proper explanations having been given on all sides, our author was again placed in possession of his baggage; he then (10th April) pursued his journey across the Niger, in a north-easterly direction, to the province of Nyffe.

The people at the borders received our traveller with more suspicion than he had been hitherto accustomed to. Here also he saw, for the first time in Africa, wooden bridges, constructed of rough branches covered with earth; long and so narrow that two horses could not pass at one time.' The brother of the King of Nyffe, was at this period at war with him for the throne, and had a camp at Sansou, which our author visited. After paying his respects to the rebel chieftain, he proceeded, on the 2nd of May, to the town of Koolfu, where he witnessed the jovial festivities of the people at the close of the fast of Rhamadan; for however the fast was kept by the Negroes, the feast they are always willing to enjoy. They drank palm wine in abundance. Their rejoicings were, unfortunately, suddenly put a stop to by a violent tornado, of which our author gives a lively description.

'In the afternoon, parties of men were seen dancing: free men and slaves all were alike; not a clouded brow was to be seen in Koolfu; but at nine in the evening the scene was changed from joy and gladness to terror and dismay; a tornado had just began, and the hum of voices and the din of people putting their things under cover from the approaching storm had ceased at once. All was silent as death, except the thunder and the wind. The clouded sky appeared as if on fire; each cloud rolling towards us as a sea of flame, and only surpassed in grandeur and brightness by the forked lightning, which constantly seemed to ascend and descend from what was now evidently the town of Bali on fire, only a short distance outside the walls of Koolfu. When this was extinguished a new scene began, if possible worse than the first. The wind had increased to a hurricane; houses were blown down; roofs of houses going along with the wind like chaff, the shady trees in the town bending and breaking; and, in the intervals between the roaring of the thunder, nothing heard but the war-cry of the men and the screams of women and children, as no one knew but that an enemy was at hand. I had the fire-arms loaded when I learned this, and stationed Richard and Pascoe at the door of each hut, and took the command of my landlady's house, securing the outer door, and putting all the fires out. One old woman roasting ground nuts, quite unconcerned, made as much noise as if she had been going to be put to death when the water was thrown over her fire. At last the rain fell: the fire in Bali had ceased by its being wholly burnt down. In our house we escaped with the roof blown off one coozie, and a shed blown down. All

was now quiet; and I went to rest with that satisfaction every man feels when his neighbour's house is burnt down and his own, thank God! has escaped.'—pp. 131, 132.

Clapperton had learned that the king of the neighbouring province, Youri, was in possession of some books belonging to Park, which were taken out of his boat after it was wrecked. He therefore despatched a messenger for them, with some presents to the king. The messenger returned while our traveller was at Koofu, bringing a letter from the king, which contained the following account of the death of Park and his companions:—'that not the least injury was done to him at Youri, or by the people of that country; that the people of Boussa had killed them, and taken all their riches; that the books in his possession were given him by the iman of Boussa; that they were lying on the top of the goods in the boat when she was taken; that not a soul was left alive belonging to the boat; that the bodies of two black men were found in the boat, chained together; that the white men jumped overboard; that the boat was made of two canoes joined fast together, with an awning or roof behind; that he, the sultan, had a gun, double barrelled, and a sword, and two books that had belonged to those in the boat, and that he would give me the books whenever I went to Youri myself for them, not until then.' This account was still farther confirmed by a man who was an eye witness of the catastrophe.

'He said that when the boat came down the river, it happened unfortunately, just at the time that the Fellatas first rose in arms, and were ravaging Gnober and Zamfra; that the sultan of Boussa, on hearing that the persons in the boat were white men, and that the boat was different from any that had ever been seen before, as she had a house at one end, called his people together from the neighbouring towns, attacked and killed them, not doubting that they were the advance guard of the Fellata army, then ravaging Soudan, under the command of Malem Danfodio, the father of the present Bello; that one of the white men was a tall man with long hair; that they fought for three days before they were all killed; that the people in the neighbourhood were very much alarmed, and great numbers fled to Nyffé and other countries, thinking that the Fellatas were certainly coming among them. The number of persons in the boat was only four, two white men and two blacks; that they found great treasure in the boat; but that the people had all died who eat of the meat that was found in her. This account I believe to be the most correct of all that I have yet got; and was told, without my putting any questions, or showing any eagerness for him to go on with his story.'—pp. 134, 135.

Koofu is a town of very considerable trade and importance. As might have been expected, slavery forms a prominent item in the commerce of that, as well as of all the populous towns in the interior of Africa. Captain Clapperton says, that he has seen slaves exposed for sale here, 'the aged, infirm, and the idiot, also children at the breast, whose mothers had either fled, died, or been

put to death.' He gives a minute and interesting description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Koolfu, who, it appears, cheated him as much as they could. Nevertheless, he says that not an article was stolen from him during the period (from the 2nd of May to the 19th of June) he was detained there by his own illness, and that of his servant, Lander, and that he was treated by them with the most perfect civility they were masters of.*

The whole tract of country which lies between Koolfu and Kano, is peopled with towns, and in many places cultivated with great industry. One portion of it 'looks like some of the finest in England, about the latter end of the month of April. Kano had been visited by Clapperton on his former journey from Tripoli to Soccato. We shall therefore pass over the details of his journal,* which are nevertheless highly interesting, until we find him again in the presence of his old friend Bello. The chief was at this time engaged not only in a war with the Sheik of Bornou; but also with one of his own rebel governors. An encampment was formed on the borders of a large lake not far from Soccato, and we must give the author's description of the scene that here presented itself to his observation.

'The appearance at this season, and at the spot where I saw it, was very beautiful; all the acacia trees were in blossom, some with white flowers, others with yellow, forming a contrast with the small dusky leaves, like gold and silver tassels on a cloak of dark green velvet. I observed some fine large fish leaping in the lake. Some of the troops were bathing; others watering their horses, bullocks, camels, and asses: the lake as smooth as glass, and flowing around the roots of the trees. The sun, on its approach to the horizon, throws the shadows of the flowery acacias along its surface, like sheets of burnished gold and silver. The smoking fires on its banks, the sounding of horns, the beating of their gongs or drums, the braying of their brass and tin trumpets, the rude huts of grass or branches of trees rising as if by magic, every where the calls on the names of Mahomed, Abdo, Mustafa, &c., with the neighing of horses and the braying of asses, gave animation to the beautiful scenery of the lake, and its sloping green and woody banks.'—p. 181.

The troops collected here were considered the best in the service, but the Captain says that they were the poorest and most inefficient he ever saw. The chief himself was stationed near Coonia, a place in possession of the rebels, which he was preparing to attack. Clapperton arrived at his camp on the 15th of October, and was immediately admitted to his presence.

'His reception of me was most kind and gratifying; he asked after the health of the king of England, and if we were still at peace, and how I had found all my friends. He was surprised when I said I had not seen

* We should observe that there is a considerable hiatus in this part of the journal, caused by the loss of the author's remark book, which was supposed to be stolen.

them, and that I had remained only four months in England. He said, he had not received either of my letters, the one from Bornou, or that which had been sent by the way of Ghadamis from Tripoli. He asked me if I had not experienced a great many difficulties in getting through Yourriba; said he had heard of me when I was at Eyeo or Katunga, and that he had sent a messenger to that place, to assist me in getting through; and had also sent another to Koofu; but neither of whom, as I told him, had I seen.—p. 184.

The author gives a ludicrous account of Bello's attack on Coonia, which was conducted in the most dastardly manner, and turned out a complete failure. A great number of his troops absolutely fled; he was obliged to shift his quarters, but after a short campaign the rebel Sultan died by an arrow wound in his side, and Bello returned to his capital Soccatoo, whither also our author repaired.

Clapperton was not long at Soccatoo before he received the following important piece of information:—

'I was visited this morning by Sidi Sheik, Bello's doctor, and one of his secretaries, who said he had a message from the sultan for me, which, on his delivery, certainly surprised me not a little, though I was cautious not to show him that I considered it as any thing but a thing of course. It was this, that the sultan had sent him to inform me that, by whatever road I might choose to return to England, he would send me, were it even by Bornou, if I should prefer that road; but that I should consider well before I decided upon that road, as he had to inform me that, when I was here two years ago, the Sheik of Bornou had written to him, advising him to put me to death; as, if the English should meet with too great encouragement, they would come into Soudan, one after another, until they got strong enough to seize on the country, and dispossess him; as they had done with regard to India, which they had wrested from the hands of the Mahometans: that Bello, however, had said, in reply; it would be a most disgraceful thing in him to cause an unprotected man to be put to death, and could only account for such conduct, on the part of the Sheik, after he himself had placed me under Bello's protection, to seek a quarrel between him and the Sultan Bello.—p. 197.

Clapperton asked for a sight of the letter containing this intelligence, as he had presents and a letter for the Sheik from the King of England. His request was at first evaded. Bello afterwards admitted that the letter was not signed by the Sheik, but said that it was certainly written with his sanction. It may well be doubted whether any such letter was received by Bello. He was at war with the Sheik, and this fiction was a *ruse*, originating partly in jealousy and partly in a desire to appropriate to himself the presents intended for his enemy by the King of England.

Clapperton at this time began to feel symptoms of illness, of which he complained in desponding language. He was much afflicted with a pain in his side. He visited the Sultan, however, occasionally; one day he found him sitting in the inner apartment of his house, with an Arabic copy of Euclid before him; which

Clapperton had given him as a present. He said that his family had a copy of Euclid, brought by one of their relations who had procured it in Mecca; that it was destroyed when part of his house was burnt down last year; and he observed that he could not but feel very much obliged to the King of England for sending him so valuable a present.' This fondness for mathematics would not have been surprising in an Arabian; but we were not prepared to meet it in the Sultan of Houssa.

From the account which our author gives of the inhabitants of Soccatoo, it would appear that they are farther advanced towards civilization than any other people whom he had hitherto visited in Africa. It is pretty clear, however, that Bello did not wish him to stay very long amongst them. He had been there scarcely two months, suffering at times from an acute pain in his side, and what he calls an enlargement of the spleen, when the Sultan sent him word that he must choose one of three roads by which he was to return, all of which carefully avoided Bornou. He insinuated that Clapperton was conveying warlike stores to his enemy, and under this pretext he desired to see the letter addressed to the Sheik by Lord Bathurst. Clapperton replied that he would never give it up; but that if they forced it from him, he could not, of course, offer any resistance. The miserable subterfuge was then resorted to, that the Sultan only wished to see the superscription! It was shown to him. He then asked permission to read the letter! Clapperton properly refused. Bello had the perfidy to retain the letter in his possession. Not satisfied with this, he ordered also that the presents should be seized for his use, which were intended for the Sheik—a proceeding which seems to have been quite unexpected by Clapperton, and seems to have affected his spirits very deeply, although his health had somewhat rallied. In the latter part of February (1827), he was laid up with an ague, and there is no note in his journal subsequently to the 11th of March.

His servant Lander, who had been left behind at Kano on account of illness, had fortunately arrived at Soccatoo in time to render his master every service in his power. That service was rendered with a fidelity and a tenderness of attachment which are equally creditable to both parties. We have never read a more affecting narrative than that which Lander gives of the last days of his master's existence. On the 12th of March he was attacked with dysentery. 'It being the fast of Rhamadan,' says Lander, in the very well written and interesting journal which he has appended to that of his master, 'I could get no one, not even our servants, to render me the least assistance. I washed the clothes, which was an arduous employment, and obliged to be done eight or nine times each day, lit and kept in the fire, and prepared the victuals myself; and the intermediate time was occupied in fanning my poor master, which was also a tedious employment.'

Poor Clapperton grew weaker every day. The weather being insufferably warm, a couch was made for him outside his hut. 'For five successive days,' says this affectionate servant, who we hope has been liberally provided for by the government, 'I took him in my arms from his bed in the hut to the couch outside, and back again at sunset, after which time he was too much debilitated to be lifted from the bed on which he lay.' He once attempted to write, but fell back in his bed overcome by the exertion. Lander fearing that he might have been poisoned, intimated his suspicions; but he at once answered, "no, my dear boy; no such thing has been done, I assure you;" he then said that he owed his present illness to a shooting excursion which he took early in the month of February, when after walking the whole of the day, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, he was fatigued, and lay down under the branches of a tree for some time. "The earth was soft and wet," he added, "and from that hour to the present I have not been free from cold: this has brought on my present disorder, from which, I believe, I shall never recover."

'For twenty days my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. He told me he felt no pain; but this was spoken only to comfort me, for he saw I was dispirited. His sufferings must have been acute. During this time he was gradually, but perceptibly, declining; his body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, and indeed was little better than a skeleton. I was the only person, with one exception, he saw in his sickness. Abderachman, an Arab from Fezzan, came to him one day, and wished to pray with him, after the manner of his countrymen, but was desired to leave the apartment instantly. His sleep was uniformly short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. In them he frequently reproached the Arabs aloud with much bitterness; but being an utter stranger to the language, I did not understand the tenor of his remarks. I read to him daily some portions of the New Testament, and the ninety-fifth Psalm, which he was never weary of listening to, and on Sundays added the church service, to which he invariably paid the profoundest attention.'—p. 273.

On the 1st of April Clapperton became much worse, and imprudently, as it seemed, took on the 9th two basins full of the decoction of green bark of the butter tree.

'Next morning he was much altered for the worse, and regretted his not having followed my advice. About twelve o'clock of the same day, he said, "Richard, I shall shortly be no more; I feel myself dying." Almost choked with grief, I replied, "God forbid, my dear master: you will live many years yet." "Don't be so much affected, my dear boy, I entreat you," said he: "it is the will of the Almighty; it cannot be helped. Take care of my journal and papers after my death; and when you arrive in London, go immediately to my agents, send for my uncle, who will accompany you to the Colonial Office, and let him see you deposit them safely into the hands of the secretary."—p. 274.

He then gave some further directions with respect to several arrangements which he wished to be made.

'I said, as well as my agitation would permit me, "If it be the will of God to take you, you may rely on my faithfully performing, as far as I am able, all that you have desired; but I trust the Almighty will spare you; and you will yet live to see your country." "I thought I should at one time, Richard," continued he; "but all is now over; I shall not be long for this world: but God's will be done." He then took my hand betwixt his, and looking me full in the face, while a tear stood glistening in his eye, said, in a low but deeply affecting tone, "My dear Richard, if you had not been with me, I should have died long ago; I can only thank you, with my latest breath, for your kindness and attachment to me, and if I could have lived to return with you, you should have been placed beyond the reach of want; but God will reward you." This conversation occupied nearly two hours, in the course of which my master fainted several times, and was distressed beyond measure. The same evening he fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard with much distinctness the tolling of an English funeral bell: I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they hear and see things which can possibly have no existence. He made no reply.'—pp. 275, 276.

On the 11th he imagined that he was getting better, and he partook of a hashed guinea fowl. This supposition was, however, but the delusion of a moment. We must give the conclusion of the narrative in Lander's language, which, from its simplicity and tenderness is so impressive, that it is difficult to read it without shedding a tear.

'On the morning of the 13th, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult: at the same instant he called out "Richard!" in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished at seeing him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms, and placing his head gently on my left shoulder, gazed a moment on his pale and altered features: some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips; he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very ill, I called out with all my strength, "O God, my master is dying!" which brought Pascoe and Mudéy into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left his body, I desired Pascoe to fetch some water, with which I washed the corpse. I then got Pascoe and Mudéy to assist me in taking it outside of the hut, laid it on a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about 12 o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing an union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we halted at Jung-

arie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Soccatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a most indecent noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master. The pit was speedily filled, and I returned to the village about thirty yards to the east of the grave, and giving the most respectable inhabitants, both male and female, a few trifling presents, entreated them to let no one disturb its sacred contents. I also gave them 2,000 cowries to build a house, four feet high, over the spot, which they promised to do. I then returned, disconsolate and oppressed, to my solitary habitation, and leaning my head on my hand, could not help being deeply affected with my lonesome and dangerous situation; a hundred and fifteen days' journey from the sea-coast, surrounded by a selfish and cruel race of strangers, my only friend and protector mouldering in his grave, and myself suffering dreadfully from fever. I felt, indeed, as if I stood alone in the world, and earnestly wished I had been laid by the side of my dear master: all the trying evils I had endured never affected me half so much as the bitter reflections of that distressing period. After a sleepless night, I went alone to the grave, and found that nothing had been done, nor did there seem the least inclination on the part of the inhabitants of the village to perform their agreement. Knowing it would be useless to remonstrate with them, I hired two slaves at Soccatoo the next day, who went immediately to work, and the house over the grave was finished on the 15th.—pp. 276—278.

Under circumstances of great difficulty, Lander effected his return to Badagry. He has given in his journal, an extremely interesting account of his route, which was frequently different from that pursued by Clapperton. If his published journal was written by himself, it does him infinite credit. We confess, we have doubts on this point, as the diction is so tastefully simple, that we suspect it to be the production of no "'prentice hand." In this respect it has often the advantage of Clapperton's composition, which is by no means remarkable for choice of expression. We must, however, add, that his journal is, in every respect, deserving of attention, and calculated to secure it. It is racy, often phlegmatically humorous, and sometimes picturesque.

It appears that the religion of most of the negro communities, whom Clapperton visited on this journey, was Pagan. Some professed to follow the precepts of the Koran, which, however, they do not seem to have very well understood, or uniformly to have practised.

We take leave to express our hope, that the Colonial Office will not lose sight of the advantages which may be derived from

Captain Clapperton's last journey. A noble field for enterprise and policy has been opened by his exertions, and we may add, notwithstanding a few incidents, under favourable circumstances. These circumstances may be, and ought to be, turned to advantage; if with no other view, at least with the hope of extinguishing the horrible traffic in slavery.

ART. VI.—*A History of British Animals; exhibiting the Descriptive Characters and Systematical Arrangement of the Genera and Species of Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Mollusca, and Radiata of the United Kingdom, including the Indigenous, Extirpated, and Extinct Kinds, together with Periodical and Occasional Visitants.* By John Fleming, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c., author of the *Philosophy of Zoology*. pp. 565. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1828.

DR. FLEMING has long been known as one of our most zealous cultivators of Natural History in all its departments, and more particularly he has devoted himself to the practical investigation of our indigenous productions; and though his clerical duties must confine him in a great measure to his parish, yet he has enjoyed opportunities of residing in or visiting some of the most interesting parts of the empire. He resided, if we recollect right, during his earlier career as a naturalist, in the Zetland and Orkney islands; and he spent some time in the South of Ireland, where he was indefatigable in exploring both land and water, studying the habits and the instincts of animals, and collecting specimens for the purposes of scientific examination and systematic arrangement. This refers to about ten or twelve years ago, and during that period Dr. Fleming has made his name well known to naturalists by the publication of his "*Philosophy of Zoology*," and numerous papers in the scientific journals. Such are a few of the qualifications which the author possesses for furnishing a history of British animals. He himself says—

'He trusts to be forgiven, if he ventures as a compensation for acknowledged defects, to prefer some claims on the confidence of the reader. He has received many valuable contributions from kind friends, whose favours he trusts he has not been reluctant to acknowledge. He has long been a practical observer of British animals, or what a friend of the Honourable Daines Barrington used to term an out-door naturalist. This circumstance has enabled him to correct the specific characters of several animals, and to point out with greater accuracy their habits and distribution, to suppress several spurious species, and to give to the synonymes, in many cases, a greater degree of precision. He trusts, the *additions* to the British Fauna which he has here contributed, will not at the same time be overlooked.'—p. 21.

The work, which, with such qualifications, Dr. Fleming has produced, is in many respects an admirable one. It is compre-

brevise, minute, and accurate, so far as accuracy can be expected in such a publication; and, what could scarcely have been anticipated, considering his plan, it is occasionally interesting and readable. To the plan, however, strong objections may be made, which the author himself may, perhaps, acknowledge to be well-founded, when he sees them stated. Be this as it may, they are here introduced with all respect for Dr. Fleming's talents, and out of a desire to see the remaining portion of his work (comprehending British insects) improved, so as to ensure it a more certain popularity and larger circulation.

A slight glance through the pages of the 'History of British Animals,' will show that the title by no means corresponds to the contents. It would, indeed, have been more correctly designated as "*Index Naturæ, Compendium, Conspectus*, or Manual of British Animals," being altogether founded, (in the details though not in the arrangement), on the model of the Linnæan school; and it is well known, that the works of this school were never intended to be read, but to be consulted as field books, or museum books. The title of "history," however, suggests the notion of a book to be read; and this, except in occasional passages, Dr. Fleming evidently could not intend. Such passages, it must be allowed, though some of them are very brief, occur more frequently and copiously than in most other works constructed on this model; but this is precisely the point where Dr. Fleming has erred. In trying to relieve the dryness of his brief Linnæan characteristics, which must have been his object, he has swelled out the volume, and rendered it expensive, without approaching the attainment of popularity by rendering it readable. His own statement is,—

'In the description of species, the author has seldom indulged in physiological details or delineations of instinct. He refers to his "*Philosophy of Zoology*," to which the present work is destined to serve as an adjunct, for ample illustrations on these subjects.'—p. 21.

With due deference to Mr. Fleming, this seems to be a very imperfect view of the matter; for his *Philosophy of Zoology* is as far from containing a History of British Animals as the work before us, though it does contain occasional sketches, delineated in a masterly manner, of some of the more interesting species. Nay, a genuine history of British Animals is still wanting, and we know few living naturalists better fitted for the undertaking than Dr. Fleming; but it must be constructed upon a very different plan from either the present work or his *Philosophy of Zoology*. There are two methods which might be advantageously adopted for executing such a work:—

The first, and perhaps the best, method would be to compress the work before us into a purely Linnæan *Index Naturæ*, somewhat after the form of "*Haworth's Lepidopteræ Britannicæ*," or rather of Sir J. E. Smith's "*Compendium Floræ Britannicæ*," retaining

only the more useful synonymes, as these tend so much to increase the size of the book. In such a form it would be excellently adapted as a manual of reference, either in the field or in the cabinet. Again, as a companion to this proposed index or manual, there ought to be one volume, or several, containing interesting details of the habits, instincts, and peculiarities, of at least as many of the species as may be of sufficient importance to require it. A better model for the execution of this second part of the plan, could not be named than the eloquent Buffon—excepting of course his glaring inaccuracies, his gross credulity, and his contempt for orderly arrangements and systems.

The second method, which will readily suggest itself, would be an amalgamation or union of the two parts of the first; introducing each genus of animals, with a compressed synopsis of all the British species, in very small type, and following it up with carefully composed readable details of habits, instincts, and peculiarities. The publications of Bewick and Pennant come the nearest to this plan of any works which we at present recollect, though their numerous deficiencies and imperfections render them unsafe to be copied or trusted to, without other authorities.

From these remarks it may be inferred, that Dr. Fleming's book is by no means such as to preclude others from entering the lists with him; and so far as sale and popularity are concerned, there can be no doubt that he has been extremely ill-advised in the adoption of his present method. This is the more surprising, as he seems to be well aware of the dryness and imperfection of the Linnæan method, and of that to which Pennant was indebted for his doubtful and short-lived popularity.

It is painful to advert to the second era of British zoology, during which the artificial method of Linnæus occupied that place which physiology had so successfully filled. We must be careful, however, to make a distinction between the precepts and examples of Linnæus himself, and the conduct of his blind admirers. Linnæus regarded the natural method, which contemplates form, structure, and function, as the ultimate object of the science of zoology. His artificial system, in which external appearances were exclusively employed, was devised as a convenient instrument of research to guide the student in attaining higher objects. Too many of the followers of the illustrious Swede in this country, seem to have viewed the artificial method, not as the instrument, but the object aimed at—overlooking results in physiology which industry had already secured, and presented the science under an aspect which a cultivated mind could not relish, and in which an ordinary observer could perceive little utility. In this retrograde movement of British naturalists, Mr. Pennant led the way, and the completion of his *British Zoology*, in four volumes, in 1777, gave a new aspect to the science in this country. This naturalist possessed favourable means for study, and no inconsiderable share of industry; but being rather deficient in a knowledge of physiology, he unfortunately seems to have undervalued all that his predecessors had gleaned in that fruitful field, and confined his labours chiefly to an acquaintance with the

external characters of animals. He succeeded in imparting to his writings a considerable degree of popularity, by avoiding all minute details, and introducing occasional remarks on the habits of particular species; and by allusions to Greek and Roman authors, he interested the classical reader.—p. 9.

Had Dr. Fleming acted upon these enlightened remarks in the construction of his own works, he would, there can be no doubt, have produced something very different from the one now under review.

In describing the sheep, for instance, he remarks, that the wool differs among individuals in colour, fineness, and length; and is in so great demand for our manufactures, that innumerable attempts have been made to establish particular breeds. Hence, our short or long woolled kinds; coarse and fine woolled kinds. Of the more ancient breeds, he mentions two as entitled to particular notice. The *mugg sheep*, in which the face and legs are short, or rarely spotted with yellow, and the forehead covered with long wool. This, he thinks, is the native breed in Scotland, to the north of the Forth and Clyde. The mugg sheep are small in size, and seldom weigh above 8 or 10lb. per quarter. Some flocks have horns, others are destitute of them, and they vary in the length of the tail. They may be considered as the stock of the numerous modern and valuable varieties which are bred in the best cultivated districts. The Shetland sheep is a variety of this kind, having fine wool next the skin, with long coarse hairs; indications of an inhabitant of an arctic climate. The wool is never shorn, but when about to be shed in summer, it is torn from the body by the hand—a process termed rowing. The *black-faced sheep* has the face and legs black, and the tail short. It is usually furnished with large horns. This is the species most prevalent in the mountainous districts of the south of Scotland.

Such are the chief remarks which Dr. Fleming has given us respecting our native sheep, and it must be confessed that they are exceedingly meagre and imperfect. It would have been well if he had given us some of the many interesting facts which he could easily have collected, respecting the influence of climate, &c. on the qualities of this useful race of animals. At a recent sitting of the French Institute, M. Roulin stated, that in South America, the lambs which are not from *merinos*, but the *tuna basta*, or *burda* of the Spaniards, are, when yearned, covered with wool; and this, if care be taken to shear it in proper time, will be reproduced successively; but when this time is allowed to elapse the wool falls off, and is succeeded by short, shining, close hair, like that of the goat in the same climate. In New South Wales, Mr. Dawson, the intelligent agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, says, that both the climate and the soil appear intended by nature to produce fine wool, and fine animals too, even. (though it seems a paradox) from the worst beginnings. The extensive range that can be afforded to every animal, keeps it in good condition, and

perhaps, the native grasses may have more good in them than their appearance indicates.

English sheep, probably from the greater richness of our pastures feed very much together, while Scots sheep are obliged to extend and scatter themselves over their hills, for the better discovery of food. Yet the English sheep, on being transferred to Scotland keep their old habit of feeding in a mass, though so little adapted to their new country: so do their descendants; and the English sheep is not thoroughly naturalized into the necessities of his place till the third generation. The same thing may be observed as to the nature of his food, which is observed in his mode of eating it. When turnips were introduced from England into Scotland, it was only the third generation which heartily adopted this diet; the first having been starved into an acquiescence in it. In the same manner, it required some years to establish the English practice of bringing up calves by hand in Scotland, the Highland beast having shown himself the worthy imitator of the Highland man, in Celtic obstinacy resisting southern improvements.

We were surely entitled to have received from Dr. Fleming some remarks upon the curious subject of crossing breeds of sheep, &c. it having been found that breeding *in* and *in*, or from animals too nearly related, injures the progeny. Mr. Bakewell, the celebrated breeder, however, found it convenient to deny this doctrine. His admirable breed of sheep, however, are fast going to decay, and are beginning to become small and what are termed *soft* sheep, or such as are liable to many complaints. The malady to which sheep are most subject, decay of the liver, attacks them very frequently, and altogether they make good the old adage of, soon ripe soon rotten; more quickly coming to maturity than any other animal we know, and as speedily going to decay. We have remarked the wonderful effects produced in renovating this breed, by crossing them with the Highland Sheep of Scotland. By this means Highland ewes, not worth from three to six shillings each, would produce lambs, for which the butcher would readily give half a guinea—all of them having the greatest tendency to get fat, and the wild wiry appearance of their Highland mothers being entirely gone, and in its place, a round fleshy animal, resting peaceably in the fields, and having no desire to break over fences. What is scarcely less remarkable, not a single lamb of this cross breed has any black either on the legs or face, and they are much more free from disease than either the Bakewell or the Highland sheep, particularly the rot of the liver. Merino sheep, again, can never be made fat; they are too narrow in the chest.

As a very favourable specimen of the author's manner of describing animals, we select his account of the *Muss ratters*, and *M. Decumanus*, in the history of which he has corrected a very common, but as it should seem a mistaken opinion.

'*M. Battus*. Black Rat.—Fur greyish-black above, paler coloured beneath; body eight, and the tail nine inches in length.

'*M. major* seu *Sorex*, *Merr.* Pin. p. 167—*Sibb.* Scot. p. 12.—*Ray.* Quad. p. 217.—*Penn.* Brit. Zool. ii. p. 113. *W. Llygodyn fferngig*; *S.* Roof rotten.—Infests houses.

'This is a voracious animal, living in houses, barns, and granaries, and devouring all sorts of provisions. I have evidence of their bringing forth eleven young ones at a litter, and of their pulling the hair off the neck of cows to line their nests. The remarks of Mr. Pennant have led to the supposition that this species is now nearly extirpated by the brown rat, which he considers as its natural enemy. He does not mention his evidence of enmity between the species. On the contrary, I know that they have lived for years under the same roof; the brown rat resides in holes of the floor, the other chiefly in the roof. The period of their extirpation is far distant. They still infest the older houses in London and Edinburgh, and in many other districts of the country they are common.'

'*M. Decumanus*.—Brown Rat.—Fur yellowish, brown above, beneath grey; body about nine inches, with a tail of equal length.

'*Penn.* Brit. Zool. i. 225.—*M. Fossor*, *Walker's* Essays, p. 497: *S.* Grundratten.

'This species is not so nimble as the former, but it is stronger and bolder; the nose is more obtuse, and the hair on the feet thinner. It burrows under the foundations of houses, but prefers being near drains of foul water. It swims with ease, and infests ships and harbours. It brings forth as many as nineteen at a litter. This species is generally believed to have been imported into this country about the last century; some say from Norway, whence it has been termed the Norway rat; others, from Antwerp, or from America. It is now, however, more generally considered as of Asiatic origin. Linnæus seems to have confounded this species with the former, in his *Syst. Nat.* 83. According to the observations of Mr. Wilson, the rats of London are very subject to urinary calculi.—*Ann. of Phil.* ix. p. 319.—p. 20.

We marvel why Dr. Fleming did not record the very singular fact of rats being wanting in Morayshire—a fact observed in very early times, as appears from the following passage in Bellenden's translation of Boetius "*Cosmographie of Albion*." Edit. Edinburgh 1541. "Na rattonis ar sene in this cuntre (Buchane.) And als sone as they are brought there they de." Shaw, in his "*History of Moray*." Edit. Edinb. 1775, confirms this, p. 160. We happen to know a remarkable instance which disproves the latter part of the assertion of old Boetius. Some years ago, a foreign vessel, much infested with rats, was stranded on the coast of Morayshire, near to a rabbit warren, which extended along the links for several miles. The rats made good their landing from the vessel, and immediately began to make war upon the rabbits, making prey of their young, and taking forcible possession of their burrows. In spite of the alleged unfavourable nature of the climate of this country to their race, they multiplied so exceedingly that they nearly depopulated the entire warren of its former possessors, the rabbits. In the same manner we have known toads thrive in Ireland when carried thither, contrary to the universal belief on this subject.

With respect to birds usually accounted natives of Britain,
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Dr. Fleming has introduced several useful distinctions, which it may not be amiss to quote, together with his notice of a straggler, not hitherto recorded as having found its way into Britain—the passenger pigeon of America.

'Birds, in reference to these islands, may be contemplated under the following divisions.

'1. *Birds* which are permanently residents are able to remain in their ordinary stations, independent of the changes of the seasons—such as the common partridge, blackbird, and sparrow.

'2. *Summer visitants*.—Birds of this class arrive in Spring and depart in Autumn. During their residence amongst us, they pair, build their nests, and bring forth their young. They retire to spend the winter in regions nearer the Equator—such as the swallow, turtle dove, nightingale, and corn crane,

'3. *Winter visitants*.—These come to us in Autumn and depart in Spring. Their breeding places are in regions nearer the pole,—such as the snow bunting, woodcock, and wild goose.

'3. *Stragglers*.—Under this division species are included, individuals of which have occurred in this country at distant and uncertain intervals. They usually appear after boisterous weather, and seem, in such circumstances, to have been driven from their ordinary haunts or course of migration, by the fury of the wind. Many birds belonging to the continent of Europe have in this manner made their appearance amongst us, and have been inconsiderately ranked as native birds by systematical writers—such as the bee-eater, the great black wood-pecker, and nut-cracker, and a host of other species. North America has furnished a few species under similar circumstances,—such as the *falco furcatus*, and the white-winged crossbill. To this division I have to add the occurrence of a single individual, of a species hitherto unknown, even as a straggler, to European ornithologists, and which I have received since the preceding sheets had passed through the press: the *passenger pigeon*, *Columba migratoria*, *Wilson's American Ornithology*; vol. v. p. 102. tab. xlv. fig. 1. It was shot, while perched on a wall in the neighbourhood of a pigeon-house at Weahall, in the parish of Monymenal, Fifeshire, 31st December, 1825. The feathers were quite fresh and entire, like those of a wild bird. I owe the possession of the specimen to the ornithological zeal and attention of the Rev. A. Esplin, schoolmaster of Monymenal.'

'Length from tip of the bill to the oil bag $8\frac{1}{10}$ inches; to the end of the tail $8=16\frac{1}{10}$ th. inches. Breadth $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight 9 ounces. Bill an inch, black, lengthened, slender; nasal scale wrinkled; a slight flexure in the line of the gape immediately under the nostrils. Upper mandible longer than the under, and bent downwards, with the rudiments of a notch; symphysis of the lower mandible, short sub ascending, slightly prominent retrally, with a shallow mesial groove; inside of the mouth livid; tongue blunt; bare space round the eyes; livid; irides reddish orange; feet reddish, paler behind than before; tarsus $1\frac{1}{10}$; the middle toe, exclusive of the nail the same; claws black, arched, and grooved below; chin, cheeks, head, beak, and rump, bluish grey; shoulders with yellowish brown side of the neck and behind, reddish purple, iridescent; foreneck deep chestnut, becoming paler on the breast, or rather salmon-coloured, and passing to white on the belly and vent; thighs like the breast; quills brownish black, the grey colour of the margin of the outer

web increasing at the base of the secondaries, and towards the ends of the inner ones. Bastard wing and greater covers of the primaries brownish black; greater covers of the secondaries grey. Lesser covers and outer scapulars tinged with yellowish brown, with black spots. The second quill the longest, the first and fourth equal, but these not at full growth. Tail of 12 feathers, the two middles produced, the rest decreasing to the exterior. The two middle dusky black, the next grey, the inner margin white towards the extremity, with a black and brown spot near the base; the fourth and third grey, with the black and brown spot; the outer web and the tip of the first white, lower half of the inner web grey, with a black and brown spot. The upper tail-covers long, produced; the larger ones white.'—p. 146.

In his introduction, Dr. Fleming has inserted a most instructive table of geological epochs, which, though it may not square well with every hypothesis, nor even with every phenomena, as it may be useful in arranging ascertained facts, it is here given, together with his remarks upon the epochs:—

Principal Epochs.	Primary Division.	Characteristic Depositions.
I. Modern Epoch.	1. Detritus . . .	Soil. Sand-drift. Peat.
	2. Silt	{ a. Lacustrine Silt. aa. Marine Silt.
	3. Diluvium . . .	{ a. Lacustrine Diluvium. aa. Marine Diluvium.
	4. Ice	{ Polar Ice. Glaciers Ice. Winter Ice.
	5. Spring Deposits	Sinter. Marl. Iron Ore.
	6. Volcanic Deposits	Lava. Ashes.
	7. Meteorolites . .	
II. Penult. Epoch.	1. Upper Lacustrine Formation	{ Argillaceous Marl. Friable Sandstone.
	2. Upper Marine Formation . .	
	3. Middle Lacustrine Formation	{ Argillaceous Marl. Gypsum Sandstone.
	4. Lower Marine Formation	
	5. Lower Lacustrine Formation	{ Plastic Clay. Lignite. Sandstone.
III. Cretaceous Epoch.	1. Upper Marine Formation	{ Chalk. Grey. Marl. Greensand.
	2. Lacustrine Formation	
	3. Lower Marine Formation	
IV. Saliferous Epoch.	1. Variegated Sandstone . . .	{ Red Marl. Gypsum. Rock Salt.
	2. Magnesian Limestone . . .	

Principal Epochs.	Primary Division.	Characteristic Depositions.
V. Carboniferous Epoch.	1. Coal	{ Bituminous Shale. Coal. Grey Limestone. Grey Sandstone. Clay Iron- stone.
	2. Red Sandstone .	{ Sandstone Conglomerate. Red Sandstone. Red Limestone. Porphyry.
	3. Grey Wacke . .	{ Grey Wacke. Alum Slate. Limestone
VI. Primitive Epoch.	1. Slate	{ Mica Slate. Clay Slate. Chlorite Slate. Graphite. Gneiss. Hornblende.
	2. Granite	{ Serpentine. Sienite. Quartz.

'VI. *Primitive Epoch*.—The strata of this group support all the others, and appear, therefore, to be of antecedent formation. They do not contain any organic remains, and have been considered as formed prior to the existence of animals and vegetables on the earth.

'V. *Carboniferous Epoch*.—During this æra, in which appear many marine and fresh water deposits, the earth seems to have been peopled with a variety of animals and vegetables, of genera similar to those of the subsequent epochs. There are some genera, which seem to be peculiar to this æra, as *Orthocera*.

'IV. *Saliferous Epoch*.—There are a few organic remains connected with this æra, and no genera peculiar to it.

'III. *Cretaceous Epoch*.—This æra is characterised by the absence of the *Producti*, shells which abound in the carboniferous, and even occur, though sparingly, in the saliferous epoch, and by the presence of the remains of the *Paddled Reptiles* and *Belemnites*, which do not exist in the strata of any anterior or subsequent epoch. Here the display commences of Ammonites, Crustacea, and the carnivorous canaliculated moluscous animals; and here, for the first time, are exhibited proofs of the existence on the earth of insects, reptiles, birds, and even quadrupeds.

'II. *Penultimate Epoch*.—In this group there are several genera of quadrupeds peculiar to it, as the *Palæotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, in forms, however, approximating to such as occur in the following group, and paving the way for the last and noblest creations over which man was destined to bear the sway.

'I. *Modern Epoch*.—This æra, in a zoological point of view, embraces man, the existing races of animals and vegetables, and the few species now extinct, as the Mammoth and Mastodon, of which there is proof that they once were the contemporaries of the yet indigenous species.

'It may be supposed, by some, that the preceding statements are at variance with the generally received interpretation of the account of the creation, as given by MOSES. Four successive creations and extinctions of animals and vegetables are represented as having taken place previous to the existing order of things, and it is assumed, that the present races of animals and vegetables, the companions of man, did not exist on the

globe during any of the antecedent epochs. But the most sincere friend of Revelation need be under no alarm, even should he be anxious to establish the authority of his Bible over a wider field than the moral history of our race. If the sacred historian be considered as referring to the earlier æras in the commencement of his narrative only, "*In the beginning, God, created the heaven, the earth,*" and to have contemplated, in what follows, the creation of the animals and vegetables of the modern epoch, it will be found that the deductions of science and the records of inspiration harmonise, as the word and works of GOD must do, if rightly interpreted. The question, indeed, lies within very narrow bonds. Are the zoological and geological epochs established as *true* in science? If those who are qualified to judge shall pronounce in the affirmative, then must every *interpretation* of that brief portion of the sacred page, inconsistent therewith, be rejected as spurious, and the advocates of error consigned to occupy a page in the History of Prejudice, along with the persecutors of Galileo.

'There is one bed occurring in England, and fruitful in the remains of animals denominated *Crag*, the relations of which seem as yet imperfectly understood. By some it is supposed to be identical with the upper marine formation of the Penult epoch; by others, as a newer deposit, but still older than any of the members of the Modern Epoch. Even in the 99th number of the Mineral Conchology, Mr. Sowerby, under the article *Pecten reconditus*, seems to view it as of the same zoological æra with the London clay. Judging from specimens of recent species of shells from the Crag, and the evidence of portions of the bones of the mammoth, an extinct quadruped of the Modern Epoch having been found associated with shells, the author is inclined to view it as a *Marine Diluvium* belonging to the present æra.'—p. 18.

It would be improper to conclude this brief review, without entering a decided protest against the numerous changes which Dr. Fleming has made, both in the general arrangement of animals, and in the names of genera and species. The Dichotomous method, which he adopts, may perhaps, if well managed, be as good as the Quinary or any other arbitrary number; but it seems not a little incongruous to find the mouse coming immediately after the seal and the walrus, and to find the hare and rabbit coming in between the rat and the field mouse. It would be an ungracious task to point out the changes which he has made in established names, for example *Balbusardus* for the Osprey the *Falco ossifragus* of Linnæus and *P. Haliaetus* of Savigny; *Arion* for the common black slug, *Limax ater*, LINN., for though he has the authority of Ferussac, it is clearly improper to bestow the same name on a slug and a butterfly; and to instance no more, he has made no fewer than five genera of owls, namely *Otus*, *Aluco*, *Bubo*, *Scops*, and *Strix*. This certainly appears to be a coining of names for no useful purpose.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, with Anecdotes of the Courts of Navarre and Malmaison.* Vol. ii. 8vo. pp. 306. London: Colburn. 1829.

WE have already noticed the first volume of these memoirs, and we now take up the second, influenced rather by a wish to complete our review of the work, than by a sense of any extraordinary merit that is to be found in it. It leaves the features of Josephine's life in pretty much the same depth of shade in which they were placed before its appearance. It scarcely makes us better acquainted with the empress or the woman, than we should have been if its pages had never come under our observation. It would not be just, however, to ascribe this fault exclusively to the author. The truth is, that Josephine's character was very artificial, and exhibited very few attractions that were capable of touching our sympathies. She had something of the dignity of the Roman matron about her. Though apparently unostentatious and fond of simplicity, she seems to have generally conducted herself, at least after she became the consort of Napoleon, as if she were conscious that she was the object of public observation. She lived under a degree of restraint which imposed upon her the necessity of measuring all her words and actions; and though there is abundant evidence that she naturally possessed the most amiable dispositions, yet she appears to have disclosed them upon system, and as if they were assumed rather than inherent in her character. This peculiarity would necessarily prevent even the most authentic memoir of her life, from taking that familiar form which is the principal charm of works of this description.

It is evident, besides, that the author was but distantly and imperfectly acquainted with the subject which she undertook to illustrate. A milliner, who occasionally attended the palace, might have gleaned all the information about Josephine which these volumes contain. The writer's employment at court was chiefly prized by her as a means of support and advancement in life; it was not congenial to her dispositions, which rendered her shy and timid; and wholly incapacitated her for making those observations which give spirit and the stamp of truth to biography. Yet she was a courtier in the literal sense of that word. With Josephine she was a Buonapartist, and at the counter Revolution she was a Bourbonite. It mattered little to her from what dynasty she received a favour, provided that it reached her hands, and she lets us know that she set about writing these memoirs, less from a desire to shine in literature, than to repair the damage which a series of adverse circumstances had caused to her finances.

She discloses a passage in the history of her own family, which throws rather an unfavourable light upon her character. Her father had a claim upon the present Duke of Orleans, and in

order to enforce it, he wrote a pamphlet, which he threatened to publish if the Duke did not comply with his demand. The affair was compromised, in what the author calls an advantageous manner; and she speaks of it in a language which shews that she looks upon a pension, whether freely given, or extorted, as the most eligible resource on which a family could depend. Accustomed to dependence on the great, she seems to think that she has a right to their protection, and that the refusal of a favour is, in her case, the perpetration of an act of injustice.

But we are analysing the character of the author, when we ought to be occupied with Josephine. We cannot but think that the following anecdote, which we meet with on opening the volume, displays the artificial demeanour to which we have already alluded.

‘It happened to us on one occasion, to request of the empress to shew us her diamonds, which were locked up in a concealed cellar, the key of which was generally confided to Madame Gazani and M. Pierlot. She yielded with the most willing compliance to the wishes of such giddy girls as we were, ordered an immense table to be brought into the saloon, upon which several of her maids in waiting laid a countless number of caskets of every form and shape. They were spread upon that spacious table, which was absolutely covered with them. On the opening of the caskets, we were perfectly dazzled with the brilliancy, the size and quantity of jewels composing the different sets. The most remarkable after those which consisted of white diamonds, were in the shape of pears, formed of pearls, perfectly regular and of the finest colour; opals, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, were encircled with large diamonds, which were, nevertheless, considered as mere *mountings*, and never taken into account in the estimation made of those jewels; they formed altogether a collection which I believe to be unique in Europe, since they consisted of the most valuable objects, of that description, that could be found in the towns conquered by our armies. Napoleon was never under the necessity of seizing upon objects, which there was always evinced the utmost anxiety to offer to his wife; the garlands and bouquets formed of such a countless number of precious stones, had the effect of verifying the truth of the descriptions hitherto so fanciful, which are to be met with in the fairy tales. None but those who have seen this splendid collection can form an adequate idea of it.

‘The empress seldom wore any other than fancy jewels; the sight therefore, of this *exhibition* of caskets, excited the wonder of most of the beholders. Her majesty greatly enjoyed our silent admiration. After having permitted us to touch, and examine every thing at our leisure;—“I had no other motive, she kindly said to us, in ordering my jewels to be opened before you, than to spoil your fancy for such ornaments. After having seen such splendid sets, you never can feel a wish for inferior ones; the less so, when you reflect how unhappy I have been, although with so rare a collection at my command. During the first days of my extraordinary elevation, I delighted in these trifles, many of which were presented to me in Italy. I grew by degrees so tired of them, that I no longer wear any, except when I am in some respects compelled

to do so by my new rank in the world ; a thousand accidents may, besides, contribute to deprive me of those brilliant, though useless objects ; do I not possess the pendants of queen Maria Antoinette ? and yet am I quite sure of retaining them ? Trust to me, ladies, and do not envy a splendour which does not constitute happiness."—vol. ii. pp. 7—9.

It is but justice, however, to the memory of Josephine, to shew that her character was capable of ascending, on proper occasions, to a very high degree of dignity. We find in this volume a letter which she addressed to the Archchancellor Cambaceres, on the answers she was to return to the senate and other public bodies, at an audience which she was to give them in the absence of the emperor. This letter contains a compendious sketch of the Imperial constitution, and defines with singular precision the functions which, according to Napoleon's plan of government, centering all things in himself, were confided to each of the departments.

"To-morrow is the day on which I am to give audience to the senate and the several public authorities in the emperor's absence. Placed in so trying a position, it behoves me, first, to acquaint you with my intention, and secondly, to ask your advice. To whom can I, with more propriety, address myself, than to the illustrious personage who possesses the unbounded confidence of the emperor, and is justly considered, by all Frenchmen, as their worthy representative.

"Having received a communication of the several speeches that are to be addressed to me, I naturally send you the replies I think it proper to give to them.

"I remind the senate, that as the fathers of the country and the conservators of its institutions, it belongs to them alone to maintain the balance between the several powers without venturing to encroach upon any. The legislative body: that its attributes consist in judging and in voting the laws, especially that of taxation, without interfering in the march of government, which any pretensions on its part would have the effect of obstructing in its course. The council of state: that the important duty devolves upon it of preparing, by preliminary discussions, a permanent system of legislation, and solid organic laws. The ministers: that they neither form a corporation, a legislative commission, an administration, nor a government; but, that in their capacity of superior agents to the latter, and first assistants to the chief of that government, they either execute its orders, or give directions to that effect; the latter being nothing more than the immediate consequence of legislative determinations. The clergy: that they form an integral part of the state, but that the state never is, nor can be, within their domain, which is wholly and exclusively extended over consciences; and that they are to exercise a control over the latter, for the mere purpose of rearing citizens for our common country, soldiers in defence of its territory, subjects for the sovereign, and respectable fathers of families. The magisterial bodies: that, whilst applying the laws without any interpretation, with singleness of purpose, and identity in the legislative system, they must evince their sagacity in adhering to the spirit of the law, so long as it combines the happiness of the governed, with the respect due to the governors. The learned bodies: that the mild ascendancy of arts, sciences, and literature,

moderates the harshness of a military life, which is unavoidable in a period of trials and changes. Manufacturing and commercial bodies : that they can have but two objects in view, which may properly be reduced to a single one—the prosperity of our own, the ruin of English produce ; and lastly, I remind agriculturists that the treasures of France lie buried in its bosom, and that the spade and the plough can alone bring them to light. To the gallant men of our military and naval services, I can adduce nothing new ; this palace is loaded with their trophies ; I shall be addressing them from under a canopy, formed of standards conquered by their valour, and sprinkled with their blood.

“Tell me, with the utmost candour, whether I am sufficiently impressed with the subject upon which I am to address the august assembly to be convened on the occasion.”—pp. 67—69.

From this letter, it appears that Josephine was quite *au fait* to public affairs. Napoleon himself could scarcely have distinguished with greater accuracy between the various authorities among which the administration of the government was divided. Yet Josephine was not a politician from ambition. The interest which she felt in public transactions arose entirely from her affection for her husband. She attended to them, because they formed the occupation of his life, and she viewed them chiefly with reference to the effect which they might produce upon his fortunes. She foresaw at a very early period, that the war in Spain would prove dangerous to his throne, of the permanence of which, indeed, she never appears to have had a very confident expectation.

‘The empress often spoke with great regret of the war in Spain. She deplored an enterprise, the result of which was likely to be fatal to France. She entertained an indifferent opinion of the prince of Asturias, in consequence of his having addressed letters to the emperor which bespoke a total absence of the dignity becoming to misfortune. She assured us of his having solicited of Napoleon that he would select a wife for him amongst the members of his family, a request which provoked the emperor’s anger. “Is it possible that any man should so debase himself? I marry him to any one belonging to me! why, madame, I would refuse him your *femme-de-chambre*, for I am convinced that she possesses sentiments of far too elevated a nature for such a husband. No princess would have him for a partner; let him amuse himself playing at proverbs at Talleyrand’s residence at Valençay; I will give his people a sovereign who will know how to reign over them.”

‘We were told by the empress that Napoleon entertained the strongest conviction of his being destined to conquer every nation of the globe. “He relies so much upon his lucky star, that if he were deserted to-morrow by his family and his allies, and became a proscribed wanderer, he would still cling to life, under the impression that he should triumph over every obstacle, and accomplish his destiny by realising his boundless projects. Fortunately,” added the empress with a smile, “we shall never have an opportunity of ascertaining whether my opinion be correct; rest assured, however, that Napoleon’s strength of mind far exceeds his physical courage. No one knows his character so thoroughly as I do; he fancies himself a

predestined being ; and would bear the frowns of fortune with as much composure as he has exhibited temerity in braving the dangers of a field of battle."—pp. 75—76.

One would think that enough had been written concerning the character of Napoleon. We imagine that there is scarcely a shade of it which is not perfectly known to us ; yet we read with avidity every new anecdote which professes in any way to illustrate his dispositions. There is, perhaps, hardly any passage in his history more extraordinary than the ease with which he not only grasped the power, but assumed the courtliness of the emperor, on ascending the throne. He was perfectly versed in all the etiquettes of the palace, and, though in the camp he appeared to love simplicity and even the *brusquerie* of military intercourse, at Paris he insisted upon receiving all the homage that was due to the crown.

'The empress frequently dwelt on the admirable flexibility of the emperor's mind, which accommodated itself with facility to all the different circumstances in which he happened to be placed. He shone with equal lustre in the camp, and in the most difficult situations of his varied life ; and his talent seemed to develope itself the more vigorously, in proportion as his duties augmented.

"The emperor's character," said she, "is perfectly unique. In the camp, and in the council, he is alike extraordinary, but in the circle of the palace he is still more remarkable. I confess, that notwithstanding all my intercourse with the world, and my knowledge of its customs, the imperial etiquette at first embarrassed me considerably. The emperor, on the contrary, fell in with it quite naturally ; it was a mere matter of amusement to him, and certainly, nobody about the court understood it better.

"Lannes, in his honest frank way, used to ridicule what he termed the hypocrisy of political worship. But the emperor, who estimated every thing justly, considered court ceremonies in a higher point of view, and he was of opinion that in the eyes of the people, they gave to the sovereign authority the dignity and ascendancy of which many years of anarchy had deprived it. He admitted that their chief influence depended upon the personal qualities of the sovereign ; but he said that pomp and etiquette without being equivalent to their qualities, nevertheless made some amends for the want of them. In maintaining such a theory, the emperor was wholly disinterested, for nobody stands less than he in need of those illusions which impose upon mankind, over whom he seems born to rule. In support of his opinions he quoted the example of many sovereigns who have reigned as it were sitting or lying, rather than standing ; but whose couches, guarded by the barriers of etiquette, were respected and held sacred. Whether these views were true or false, I will not pretend to decide. I submitted to them though I did not entirely approve of them. There was one man, who, without taking the emperor's enlarged view on the subject, practised the most rigid punctilio and precision in the observance of court etiquette : this was the Abbé de S——, who seemed formed to be a master of the ceremonies. His little prim figure looked as though he had just stepped out of a band box. In walking, he seemed almost to measure his steps : he even used his handkerchief according to some fixed rule, and spoke in the most sententious style imaginable. But the chapel was the

place to see him to advantage—there he was triumphant. It was most amusing to behold him with his great book in his hand, ordering the movements of the attentive crowd.

‘At first, all was a chaos, in which the different elements were mingled together; but on the signal of the master of the ceremonies, all these elements became divided and arranged, and order arose out of disorder. The author of these fine manœuvres congratulated himself alike on the genius which inspired them, and the docility they produced; he looked upon it as the very perfection of command. The emperor used to flatter his vanity by telling him, that he had observed in his evolutions things which he might turn to useful account at the proper time. In his moments of good humour, Napoleon liked to flatter the vanity of his servants, however ridiculous and extravagant it might be. He used to say, that it was the best way of winning their attachment and rendering them attentive to their duties.”’
pp. 89—92.

There is nothing more striking in the character of Josephine, than the tenderness with which she was devoted to her children. Her son, Eugene, the viceroy of Italy, returned her affection in the warmest manner, and indeed almost adored her. On one occasion, after he had received a mandate to proceed to Italy, the journey was deferred for some months; this circumstance afforded her the greatest gratification. “I have for a long time,” she said, “been so favoured by fortune, that I dread some great calamity. The loss of my children is the worst I can anticipate, and it is precisely that of which I am most apprehensive.” It is remarkable that Josephine never seems to have felt assured of retaining the station to which she had been exalted; and that even in the meridian of her splendour, her heart continued unchanged in its habits of simplicity and attachment. She thus expresses herself in a letter to Eugene.

“As your fortunes rise, I need not, my dear son, entreat you to raise your mind to a level with them. However high the destiny that may await you, the sentiments which I know you possess are loftier still. Such is the advantage of a man whose conduct is uniformly guided by principle. You are thus worthy to be the son of him to whom you bear so close a resemblance in person and in character. When plunged into the abyss of misfortune, your father’s courage was supported by the recollection of the unsullied honour he had preserved under happier circumstances. Virtue at once sheds a lustre over our lives, and gives us strength to meet the approach of death. You, my son, are surrounded by all the illusions of exalted rank, but they can never mislead or corrupt you. In the midst of wealth and honours you will recollect Fontainebleau where you were a poor destitute orphan, and that recollection will prompt you to extend a succouring hand to the distressed. I am gratified to learn that your young wife shares your sentiments: it is a proof that she also shares all your affections. This is a matter in which I am deeply interested; and as a mother, I rejoice at it.”—p. 100.

Our fair author, who, together with her mother, lived at Malmaison for some time, without occupying any place in the service of the empress, does not forget to mingle her own personal story

with that of her mistress. She complains of jealousies which were experienced by the regular members of the household, when they saw two persons so kindly treated by Josephine, who were unattached to the court. She complains of intrigues which were practised for the purpose of diminishing the favour which she and her mother enjoyed, and that every contrivance which envy could invent, was adopted to banish them from the recollection of her majesty, 'whose only fault was, perhaps, that of suffering herself to be swayed by those about her.' The probability is, that Josephine found out the true character of the author, which, even upon her own showing, appears to have been that of a regular court leech, and she finally got rid of the two ladies. She endeavoured, however, to make their fall as imperceptible as possible. The apartments which they occupied would be necessary for two of her ladies who wished to come and stay with her. It was greatly to be regretted that Malmaison was not more spacious; and as she was unwilling altogether to deprive herself of the company of persons whom she so sincerely esteemed, she would send a carriage for them to Paris three times a week at the least. For some months the carriage arrived regularly; it was soon however reduced to twice and once a week, and at length ceased to be sent at all. Our fair courtier, however, would not be deterred. She and her mother hired a carriage for the purpose of renewing their visits to Malmaison; the expense was greater than their means could afford. This was gently hinted in a letter which they addressed to the empress, to which letter no answer was returned, and there the matter ended. It turns out that this persevering constancy of the mother and daughter was not without an object. The empress, it is said, had frequently declared her intention of keeping the young lady about her, until she brought about for her an advantageous marriage! There was besides a calumny in circulation, that she found at Malmaison occasionally a peculiar attraction. This calumny we should be sorry to repeat; but the fair author can have no objection to our giving her refutation of it, if refutation it may be deemed, in her own words.

'The empress was informed that her son had conceived an attachment for me, which I had the presumption to return. He practised duets with me, I often accompanied him in his singing; I received presents from him, as did all the other ladies; he placed my mother next to him at table, and therefore it was affirmed, he must necessarily be in love with me. The empress at first treated this absurdity with the inattention it deserved; but it was repeated to her over and over again, and at length she began to think that it might one day or other prove true. She therefore determined on sending us away. She mentioned these circumstances to M. — who repeated them to me. He has always been a sincere friend to me, and his honourable character affords no room to doubt the correctness of his statement. In refutation of the vile slander which was directed against me, I here solemnly aver that the viceroy never addressed one word to me which could, by any possibility, be mis-

taken for gallantry. He was polite to me as he was to all ladies ; but I protest that he never entertained a thought of shewing me a preference over others who were in all respects superior to me. Even supposing he could have entertained so criminal a sentiment, he would, I am sure, have carefully concealed it rather than have endangered the happiness of a young female in whom his mother took an interest. Such an action would be at variance with the whole conduct of his life, which was free from every reproach of the kind. I was an object of indifference to the viceroy, and female vanity shall never prompt me to pretend to such a conquest. I admired him, as every one else did ; I gave him a few hints respecting his singing ; it certainly required no small degree of ill-nature and envy to discover any thing reprehensible in this.—pp. 107, 108.

After her exile from court our disappointed courtier turned musician, and pursued her studies with laudable assiduity. She tells us with the greatest naiveté, that whenever she sang in company, she fully expected to meet with universal approbation, and that she received high compliments as nothing more than her due. This piece of simplicity is however exceeded by another, quite marvellous. The Duke of Lauraguais lost his wife, to whom he was very much attached. She died of consumption, and our author informs us that the remains of the lady were not interred, 'but were by some mechanical process, reduced to a sort of small stone, which was set in a ring, which the duke always wore on his finger !' 'After this, who will say that the eighteenth century was not a romantic age ?—Who indeed !

The main object of all our author's attentions to Josephine, and to her music, was at length accomplished. After refusing to marry a man of great wealth, of distinguished talents and honourable character, whom she does not name, she confided her destinies to one who, she hoped, was calculated to secure her happiness. As usual, when such alliances are pursued with too much avidity and management, her marriage was an unhappy one. We have none of the particulars before us, the author deeming it sufficient to say that 'this illusion had been dispelled by the most fatal occurrences, and I have had to bewail my unhappy lot with tears of bitterness.'

But to return to Josephine. The author, after leaving Malmaison (about 1812-13), cannot of course speak of the empress from personal observation. She appears, however, to have collected some anecdotes of her, which we do not remember to have seen before. On the approach of the allied armies to Paris in 1814, Josephine was greatly terrified and in a manner which the following anecdote describes somewhat ludicrously.

'Josephine had been many days without receiving a letter from the emperor. She anticipated every kind of misfortune and made the most anxious enquiries of every person coming from Paris ; expecting to receive, through their means, some important information. She asked unconnected questions, gave no reply to those that were asked of herself ; her

mind was a prey to the deepest agitation, and her face was constantly bathed in tears. When she became acquainted with the preparations which were making by her brother-in-law, Joseph Napoleon, and by the empress Maria-Louisa to proceed to Blois, where it had been determined in the last council that the regency should be established, she no longer doubted that Paris was threatened with fresh calamities. She resolved to fly without further loss of time; but in her agitation of mind at the dread of being given up to the enemies of Napoleon, she was uncertain as to the choice of a retreat. She at last decided upon taking the road to Navarre.

'She precipitately departed on the 29th of March, at eight o'clock in the morning in a cold and rainy weather, after leaving directions for every one of her household to prepare to follow her to the residence of Navarre.

Josephine quitted her favourite residence at Malmaison in such a state of despair, that her attendants had every difficulty in calming her apprehensions; she had already heard the cry of alarm: *The cossacks are coming!* In fact, their arrival at any village was always a forerunner of its ruin, and of the miseries of its wretched inhabitants.

The axle-tree of her majesty's carriage broke down on the high road, at the distance of ten leagues from Malmaison; it became necessary to stop. Whilst the carriage was undergoing repair, Josephine descried in the distance a detachment of hussars, which she mistook for a column of Prussian troops; fancying that those soldiers were sent in pursuit of her, she became so much alarmed, that she fled across the fields under the impression that they would force her away with them; but *L'espérance*, one of her footmen, having discovered that the detachment wore the uniform of the third regiment of hussars, ran after his mistress and overtook her at the distance of three hundred paces from the road; he found her a prey to the deepest despair and her mind almost bewildered. The journey was however resumed, and no unpleasant accident occurred to obstruct it.'—pp. 192—194.

After this period Josephine was observed to court solitude, and frequently remained closeted in her apartment for the purpose of re-perusing a number of Napoleon's letters which she kept carefully locked up in her travelling desk. One of these, the last she received from him, which was written from Brienne, contains a very affecting passage.

"On revisiting this spot, where I passed my youthful days, and contrasting the peaceful condition I then enjoyed with the state of terror and agitation to which my mind is now a prey, often have I addressed myself in these words: 'I have sought death in numberless engagements; I can no longer dread its approach; I should now hail it as a boon....; nevertheless, I could still wish to see Josephine once more!'"—p. 194.

Another letter, dated Fontainebleau, 16th of April, 1814, breathes the same spirit of tenderness. Napoleon's heart, when bruised by adversity, returned with eagerness to all the early objects of his affection, and to none with more fervour than Josephine.

'MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

'I wrote to you on the 8th instant, (it was on a Friday); you have

perhaps not received my letter; fighting was still going on, it is possible that it may have been stopped on its way; the communications must now be re-established. My determination is taken, I have no doubt of this note coming to your hands.

‘I do not repeat what I have already told you; I then complained of my situation; I now rejoice at it; my mind and attention are relieved from an enormous weight; my downfall is great, but it is at least, said to be productive of good.

‘In my retreat, I intend to substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will gratify the cravings of curiosity; hitherto, I have only been seen in profile; I will now shew myself in full to the world. What facts have I not to disclose! How many men are incorrectly estimated! I have heaped favours upon a countless number of wretches! what have they latterly done for me?

‘They have all betrayed me, one and all, save and except the excellent Eugène, so worthy of you and of me. May he ever enjoy happiness under a sovereign fully competent to appreciate the feelings of nature and of honour!

‘Adieu, my dear Josephine; follow my example and be resigned. Never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine.

‘NAPOLÉON.

‘P.S.—I expect to hear from you when I shall have reached the island of Elba. I am far from being in good health.’—pp. 196, 196.

On this occasion too, Josephine proved that whatever of art may have been in her general character, it did not reach her bosom. Her affection for Napoleon was evidently sincere.

‘On learning the dreadful catastrophe which had just determined the future existence of the emperor, Josephine fell ill; a deep silence was maintained in her presence; her ladies, with pale and alarmed countenances, appeared to give way to grief and dejection. Gradually reviving from her state of stupor, and recalling her strength of mind: “It is not fitting that I should remain in this place,” exclaimed Josephine, “my presence is called for near the emperor; I ought to fulfil a duty which belonged much more to Maria Louisa than to me; the emperor is alone and deserted . . . well then, I will remain true to him. It was only whilst he was in the enjoyment of happiness that I could remain separated from him. I am quite certain that at this moment he expects me.” Tears now rushed from her eyes, and were a seasonable relief to a heart oppressed by such bitter recollections and cares. “Nevertheless,” said Josephine to M. de Beaumont, “you will remain with me, until the allied sovereigns shall have made me acquainted with their intentions respecting my future fate; I know them sufficiently to be satisfied that they will bestow upon the deserted consort of Napoleon those attentions which she has a right to expect from them.”

‘During her short residence at Navarre she was constantly writing, without taking any kind of relaxation; she generally rode twice a day in the park; in the morning she was always alone, and in the evening had one of her ladies to keep her company. The conversation usually turned upon the political situation of France, and upon Napoleon, of whom she

delighted to relate various anecdotes known only to herself; but towards the close of her ride she appeared exhausted by the weight of a concentrated sorrow, and always concluded the conversation by these words, uttered with a heavy sigh: "*Would that he had heard me!*"—pp. 196, 197.

Josephine was prevailed upon to return to Malmaison, where she was treated with the greatest attention by the Allied Sovereigns. She appeared to be much gratified by the distinguished marks of respect which they lavished upon her, but she never recovered the shock which the recent misfortunes of Napoleon had caused her. The history of her last moments is already well known; but it will bear repetition:

‘The emperor Alexander went to visit Josephine on the 10th of May, and dined at Malmaison. She remained in the saloon, notwithstanding her acute bodily sufferings, which she endeavoured to resist. A game at prison-bars was played after dinner on the handsome lawn before the palace; she attempted to take part in it; but her strength failed her, and she was under the necessity of sitting down. Her altered countenance was noticed by every one; to the most anxious enquiries she replied with a smile, that a little rest would restore her strength; every one, in fact, retired with the hope that she would find herself better the next morning.

‘With a view to calm the uneasiness excited by her state of health, she attempted to take her usual walk; but her illness assumed a serious turn, and she was brought back to her apartment in a condition which excited great alarm.

‘The symptoms did not improve in the course of the day; she had repeated faintings. The night was still worse; she was already attacked with a kind of delirium; her mind was much agitated; she spoke much, contrary to the physician’s express recommendation.

‘On the 24th May (it was on a Friday) she awoke with a severe pain in her throat. The king of Prussia and the emperor Alexander were expected to dine that day at Malmaison. Finding that her majesty had a slight attack of fever, M. Horeau insisted upon her remaining in bed, and avoiding the least cold, the more so as, having taken a purgative medicine, her exposure to the air might be attended with serious danger. As the empress did not seem disposed to follow his advice, he deemed it proper to appeal to Madame d’Arberg’s influence; and this lady endeavoured to obtain a promise from her majesty that she should not rise from her bed. All was in vain; Josephine insisted upon dressing as usual, and descending from her apartment in order to do the honours of her house to the allied sovereigns. She sat down to table, assisted at the court circle; but at last her sufferings increased to such a degree, that she was forced to retire, and requested of queen Hortense to supply her place.

‘From that moment her illness assumed a very serious and alarming turn. The next day, 25th of May, the emperor Alexander paid her a visit, and finding her much altered since the preceding day, he proposed to send her his private physician; she declined the offer, out of consideration for M. Horeau, in whom she reposed the utmost confidence. He had formerly been the emperor’s physician, and in quarterly attendance upon him. Ever since the divorce he was attached to the empress, who entertained the highest opinion of his character and medical skill.

‘He invariably gave his attendance to her in the morning, and as soon as the consultation was over, he took his departure for Paris. As he was lodged in a very small apartment at Boispréau, he never remained there; it was therefore doing him a manifest injustice to accuse him of neglect during that fatal 25th of May. He was anxious to remain at Malmaison; but the empress, being apprehensive lest he should prevent her from rising, as it was her intention to do, pressed him to return as usual to Paris. As her health did not yet excite any apprehension for her life, he gave way and took his departure.

‘At night, the physician of Rueil was sent for; he was greatly alarmed at the danger in which he found the empress, whose imprudent conduct was attended with such fatal consequences. He thought it would be advisable to apply immediately twenty-five leeches on the back of the neck and between the shoulders. He would not however take upon himself the responsibility of so violent a remedy; a messenger was sent to Paris in search of M. Horeau; some time elapsed before he could be found; he arrived at last, and nothing could exceed his distress of mind when he found her majesty in a condition which left but very faint hopes of her recovery. She was perfectly collected, but spoke with great difficulty. Her looks seemed to question M. Horeau, who attempted in vain to disguise his affliction. She pressed his hand to prove to him that she was fully aware of her danger; and she displayed in that dreadful moment all the courage which was to be expected from her well known character.

‘M. Horeau consulted with M. Lamoureux, the physician who had been called in; the latter stated it as his opinion that the application of leeches might have saved the empress; but he had not ventured to resort to this remedy without the previous approbation of her majesty’s regular physician. “Why, sir,” exclaimed the latter, “in a case like this you ought not to have waited for me; the loss of two hours is fatal.”

‘A blister was applied between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet; but, alas! it was too late! her dreadful malady was making rapid and frightful strides.

‘This excellent woman, always apprehensive of giving pain to those she loved, abstained from all complaint, took every remedy that was prescribed, and by her gentle and affectionate looks endeavoured to calm the fears of those who surrounded her.

‘She was informed that Redouté, the celebrated painter of flowers, whose talent she admired, was at Malmaison, where he came to paint two beautiful green-house plants: she expressed by signs her wish to see him. As soon as he appeared, she held out her hand to him, and then gently forced him back, saying that she was afraid her complaint might be contagious. “Next week,” said Josephine, “I trust I shall see you working at some fresh master-piece.”

‘During the night, from the 27th to the 28th, she fell into a lethargic sleep, which lasted five hours. At ten o’clock in the morning M. Bourdois arrived. He agreed with M. Horeau that she was past all hope, and deemed it proper to prepare queen Hortense and the viceroy, who, alarmed at the rapid inroads made upon that idolized countenance which they were contemplating with an always increasing apprehension, made her prepare for receiving the sacraments, and sent for the curate of Rueil to administer the rites of the church. He was from home; and she con-

fessed to the preceptor of the young princes of Holland, who, though a priest, had long ceased to exercise his clerical functions. She answered with great difficulty, as her tongue was gradually refusing to perform its functions; but her countenance lost none of its calm and benevolent expression.

'The emperor Alexander arrived at Malmaison; Josephine appeared to revive on seeing his majesty, and cast a look of gratitude upon him. Prince Eugène and queen Hortense knelt near their mother's bed, and received her blessing. They were both unable to address a single word to the emperor; their sobs alone gave utterance to their grief. "At least," said Josephine, with an expiring voice, "I die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France, and have done every thing in my power to promote it; I may say, with truth, in the presence of you all who now attend my dying moments, that the first wife of Napoleon has never caused a single tear to flow." These were her last words, and the next day, 29th of May, at half-past eleven in the morning, her sufferings were at an end, and those of her family past all remedy or consolation! . . .'

The author has inserted, in her concluding chapters, a few of a series of letters, written by Josephine, which she intends to collect and publish shortly in a separate work. We hope that she will furnish the world with satisfactory proofs of their authenticity. One of the specimens before us is certainly an extraordinary composition, if it can be shown to be genuine. It appears to have been addressed to Napoleon before he ascended the throne, and it shows that he had freely disclosed to her, at a very early period, the whole scope of his ambition.

'I have read over your letter, my dear, perhaps for the tenth time, and I must confess that the astonishment it caused me, has given way only to feelings of regret and alarm. You wish to raise up the throne of France, and that, not for the purpose of seating upon it those whom the revolution overthrew; but to place yourself upon it! You say, how enterprising, how grand, and above all how useful is this design! but I should say, how many obstacles oppose its execution! what sacrifices will its accomplishment demand! and when realized, how incalculable will be its results? But let us suppose that your object were already attained, would you stop at the foundation of the new empire? That new creation being opposed by neighbouring states, would stir up war with them and perhaps entail their ruin. Their neighbours, in their turn, will not behold it without alarm, or without endeavouring to gratify their revenge by checking it. And at home, how much envy and dissatisfaction will arise! how many plots must be put down, how many conspiracies punished! Kings will despise you as an upstart; subjects will hate you as an usurper; and your equals will denounce you as a tyrant. None will understand the necessity of your elevation;—all will attribute it to ambition or pride. You will not want for slaves to crouch beneath your authority, until seconded by some more formidable power, they rise up to oppose you; happy will it be if

* 'She died of what the faculty formerly called gangrened quinsy, and what now goes by the name of angina.'

poison or the poignard ! But how can a wife, a friend, dwell on these dreadful anticipations !

‘This brings my thoughts back to myself, about whom I should care but little, were my personal interests alone concerned. But will not the throne inspire you with the wish to contract new alliances ? will you not seek to support your power by new family connections ? —Alas ! whatever those connections may be, will they compensate for those which were first knit by corresponding fitness, and which affection promised to perpetuate ? My thoughts linger on the picture which fear, may I say love, traces in the future. Your ambitious project has excited my alarm ; console me by the assurance of your moderation.’—pp. 284, 285.

The author of these memoirs informs us, that she is related to Madame Genlis. This circumstance, perhaps, will account for her present attempt at writing memoirs ; for which, however, her talents are not very well calculated. She wants powers of observation, and that experience in the world which render such powers valuable. Her style does not occasionally want neatness, but it sometimes betrays a defective education, and is now and then disfigured by *niâserie*, which is any thing but a favourable token of a young writer.

ART. VIII.—*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland*. Vol. ii. Part I. 4to. 1829. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

IN a former Number of this Work, we dedicated an article to the first volume of these Transactions. We spoke of its contents with praise ; and the present volume contains still more important matter.

It opens with Mr. Colebrooke’s *Essay on the Philosophy of the Hindoos* : four parts of it were inserted in the preceding volume of these Transactions ; the fifth is contained in the present. The two together comprise the complete system of the precepts and doctrines of the *Wedas*, both practical and theological.

This article is followed by a *Description of the Ruins of Buddha-Gaya*, by Dr. Francis Buchanan Hamilton, M. R. A. S. The Doctor informs us that *Buddha-Gaya* was probably, at one time, the centre of religion in India, and the residence of a powerful king : pilgrimages are still made to it. Some years ago, the king of Ava sent two persons of rank to discover its holy places, and to bring back with them the waters of many sacred streams and pools, to form a bath for their master. They asserted that their master possessed books, by the assistance of which they could trace the sacred places, and detail their history. This article shows how much both of the civil and the literary history of India remains yet to be discovered.

It is followed by “ *Observations respecting the Small-pox and Inoculation, in Eastern Countries, with some Account of the Intro-*

duction of Vaccination into India, by Whitelaw Ainslie, M. D. M. R. A. S." It is introduced by the following short account of the first notices of this disorder,—once so fatal, and now so easily prevented, and when it arrives, so manageable.

' Much difference of opinion has existed with regard to the period when the small-pox, or, as it has lately been scientifically named, the *emphyesis variola*, made its first appearance in the world; and some authors have believed that this disorder, as well as the measles, with which it was in early ages confounded, were coeval with the human race. We certainly have no proof that either the Greeks or Romans were acquainted with it; at least no account is to be found in any of their works, which perfectly agrees with its pathognomonic signs,* minutely examined as those works have been, for the purpose of such discovery, by several of our most distinguished writers.† That it raged in China long before it was observed in Europe, is a fact no longer doubted. Every one conversant with the history of the *variola* must have heard of a Chinese treatise on it, entitled *Taou-tchin-fa*, in which it is stated, that it did not show itself in that part of the world sooner than the year 1122 before Christ; and Father d'Eutrecolles, a Jesuit, mentions having seen a work, in which it is described as a malady of the earliest ages.‡ Many maintain that India gave birth to this hydra; and it has unquestionably been a dreadful scourge in that country from the most remote antiquity; a truth of which the reader may be assured by turning to Sonnerat, *Voyages aux Indes Orientales*,§ and also to a curious account of inoculation for the small-pox in the East Indies, by J. Z. Holwell, published in 1767.'

We hasten to "*The Autobiographical Memoir of the Early Life of Nana Farnevis, translated from the Original Mahratta, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Briggs, M. R. A. S. late Resident at the Court of Satara.*"

"Nana Farnevis," says Colonel Briggs, "became at a very early period the bosom friend of his sovereign, Madhu Rao, entitled the Great. This young prince succeeded his father in the year 1761, shortly after the fatal battle of Paniput, which seemed to threaten the downfall of the Mahratta power in Hindostan. He was then only in his seventeenth year, and Nana but nineteen. The latter had been hitherto brought up to the study of the *Wedas* and *Sastras*, but had, as yet, engaged little in the duties of a public office, which his father had filled till Nana was fifteen, and which was now occupied by his uncle, Babu Rao. The office to which I have alluded was hereditary, and had been held for three generations by Nana's family. It was that of *Farnevis*, or *Fard-nevis* (literally

* It should seem, however, that both *Salmasius*, and after him *Johannes Hoher*, a Dutch writer, had entertained a different opinion, and supposed that the disease had been described under another name (*authrax*) by *Hypocrates*, and noticed by *Celsus*, *Galen*, and *Ætius*,—a supposition so absurd, that it cannot for a moment be listened to.'

† 'See *Mead's Medical Works*, vol. i. p. 229, also *Willan on the Disease of Skin*, vol. i. pp. 251, 252.'

‡ 'See *Moore's excellent History of the Small-pox*, page 23.'

§ 'Tome i. p. 244.'

record-writer), but its duty was more especially to keep the accounts of the Peshwa's public receipts and disbursements. A situation which brought those who filled it so constantly in contact with the Peshwa, was favorable to the development of those qualities, which the youthful prince, Madhu Rao, discovered in his juvenile secretary. An attachment grew between them, terminating only in the Peshwa's death; an event which occurred in 1774, at the early age of twenty-eight.

'The part which Nana Farnevis took in the Poona government, subsequent to that period, rendered him the chief director of all its political movements, till the death of Madhu Rao the Second, which happened in 1797. From that period he was engaged in contending with the late Peshwa, Baji Rao, for that authority which he was unwilling to relinquish, but which he failed to obtain. In March, 1800, Nana Farnevis died, after having retired from public business, leaving behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest men of his time and country.

'Nana's official career is a subject of public record and history, but his private life, at any stage, must naturally excite the utmost interest. That he should have written his life at all is certainly a very remarkable circumstance; but the identity of his hand-writing, which I took pains, not only to scrutinize myself as far as I was able, but which I submitted to the inspection and examination of a vast number of disinterested persons, was never, for a moment, doubted by them.

'Having endeavoured to establish this fact, I shall proceed at once to the translation, which begins thus:—

“Let me consider what is the semblance of the face of God. It is the emblem of truth, full of animation, and resplendent with its own effulgence. God passes his existence in watchfulness, in sleep, and in contemplation. His watchfulness is apparent throughout all animated nature; his contemplation is displayed in the light of day; his sleep is typified in the stillness of night. He, to whom we attribute these qualities, is The Only One—The Spirit.’

‘It is he, who, in the plenitude of his power displays himself in every thing. He is every where present at the same moment, moving without feet, seeing without eyes, touching without hands, hearing without ears, pervading all space.

“If it be asked from what we are to conclude the Great Spirit pervades all Space, and that it is a single and sole spirit? I reply, that we derive this knowledge from the conviction of our reason, and from an innate consciousness arising out of sympathy. Thus how often does it occur, when men assemble, though sitting at a distance from each other, that they communicate their thoughts by a look or a gesture, just as a mirror reflects an image.

“Now it is evident, that if the spirit in those bodies were not the same and identified, this union of sentiment could not occur.

“Our readers must be delighted with this magnificent description of the Deity, and his mighty and ineffable energies. We doubt whether it is surpassed by any description of them by any ancient or modern philosopher or bard. It must bring to the recollection of every one the fine verses of Pope, in which he portrays in admirable strains the divine being, who,

“Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent.
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He bounds, connects, he levels, equals all." —

Essay on Man, Book i.

"The soul of man partakes of the nature of the spirit of God, and to every human being has allotted a portion of its glory; but regardless and unmindful of this truth, man relinquishes the contemplation of the greatness of God, and pursues what he considers the apparent advantage which presents itself to him in this world of misery. Such, however, is consistent with human nature. It is *máyá* (illusion or desire) with which he is filled, and which prompts him to action. *Máyá* can neither be considered substantial, nor positively illusory, no more than the face of God can be seen or accurately described. *Máyá* influenced the conduct of man in three ways: it leads him some times to do good, sometimes to be selfish, and sometimes to be vicious; but its prevailing tendency is to engender pride. The spirit produced the firmament of heaven, after which air, light, water, and earth, were made. These five elements were designated by the term *Mábáblúis*.

"In the midst of these is seated the soul, endued with reason, and surrounded by the five *mábábluits*, or elements. The soul is eternal; it is unconnected with the perishable body wherein it is placed, but from which it is distinct. The human frame is material; it is compounded of the five elements, and is thus rendered capable of partaking of worldly pleasure and of pain. It is calculated merely to receive sensual impressions. It is begotten in shame: it is engendered, and becomes matured in labour; and is liable to destruction, even before it is brought into existence. It is condemned to a mortification of nine months in the womb, is eventually born in pain, and enters a world full of misery and affliction. For a lengthened period it is incapable of assisting itself, or of asking relief; but gradually acquiring size by imbibing aliment, the bones and muscles acquire strength, the blood is nourished, and in the end the infant-form assumes the shape of man.

"Of such materials then am I formed.* Born in the depths of ignorance and involved in utter darkness. But owing to certain advantages, acquired by some former state, I was early disposed to worship the Deity. This tendency displayed itself when I was yet a child, at which time I was in the habit of forming lumps of clay into the shapes which are commonly put up in the temples, and with which I used to play and perform the sacred rights. Not content with these, I often stole the household images of the family, and carried them away to some secret place, where I might go through the forms of our religious ceremonies undisturbed. For these petty thefts I frequently suffered punishment at my mother's hands. Both my parents were extremely desirous that I should early acquire knowledge, and did not fail to urge me to study, but my own stubbornness provoked me to resist their advice, and to be sulky whenever spoken to on the subject; so much so that I always wished some evil might happen to them."

Farnevis then relates his youthful frailties, in a strain of regret

* 'On Friday the 24th of February, 1742, at ten o'clock, p. m.'

and repentance, which will remind some of our readers of the "Confessions of St. Augustin." From these we hasten to the account given by him of the Battle of the 15th January, 1761, which ended in the defeat and death of his royal patron.

'At this period information was received, that in the north an army of Yavanas (Mahommedans), consisting of 75,000 men, had arrived on the west bank of the Jumua: but owing to the river being full from bank to bank, both armies* remained separated. His Highness, however, marched and occupied Kunjpura, in spite of the enemies' efforts to prevent him. I accompanied the division which attacked, and God spared my life. The Mahommedans now forced the passage of the river, and were opposed by his Highness. I was a mere boy; and his Highness, though sufficiently wise on all other occasions, seems on this to have lost his usual wisdom. My maternal uncle, Balwant Rao, and Nana Purandari, his Highness's natural advisers, were set aside, and Bawani Sankar and Shan Newáz Khán became favourite counsellors: in consequence of which he abandoned our system of warfare, and adopted that of the enemy. We were surrounded, and the enemy's shot fell thickly among our tents daily. My mother and wife screamed with alarm, but I endeavoured to console them by desiring them to trust in God; at length my mother's brother † was killed, and had it not been for the approach of darkness, we should all have been destroyed on that night. Thus we remained in a state of siege for two months, during which most of the cattle of the army died, and the stench was dreadful. My aunt insisted on burning with her husband's body. Previously to the last fatal action, his Highness had determined to destroy all the females of his family rather than suffer them to fall into the hands of the enemy. I took the same resolution. We both left persons with them, to perform the dreadful office in case of defeat. The battle at length commenced. ‡ His Highness though wise, valiant, and experienced, had latterly become proud and arrogant; and although the arrangement for the action was good, yet he did not attend to it himself, nor did others. Confusion prevailed in every direction. I remained close to his Highness, but was able to do nothing, except to pray to God to save us. Wiswas Rao § fell by a cannon-shot, when his Highness taking him up on his elephant, stood fast. The Afghans dismounted from their horses, and stormed the camp on all sides. The battle was now brought to cuts and slashes. In this state of affairs the great officers of the left wing shewed the example of flight. On the right, Sindia and Holkar stood aloof, and at last the Royal Standard was seen to retreat. Around his Highness there were now only about two hundred men left, and he looked stupified as if unable to see what passed about him. Bapuji Pant told me to go to the rear: I replied, "I cannot quit his Highness at such a moment;" but God prompted me soon after to follow his advice. I turned my horse's head. Of one hundred thousand men, among whom were many great officers of distinction, not one stood by his Highness at such a moment,

* 'The army of the Peshwa and that of the Mahommedans.'

† 'Balwant Rao Crishna Mehindli. ‡ January 15, 1761.'

§ 'Wiswas Rao, the eldest and favourite son of the Peshwa, accompanied his uncle, Bhao Jahib, in this campaign.'

though I had heard them repeatedly swear, in the time of peace, that rather than a hair of his head should be touched they would each sacrifice a thousand lives if they had them : so that they turned out to be the mere companions of his prosperity, and deserters in the hour of adversity.

“ When I consider how he conciliated his chiefs with blandishments, what honours, presents, and estates he had conferred on them, and how he had exerted himself to win their affections, it is a matter of surprise to reflect, that in the moment of trial he should have been so completely abandoned that no one knew how he fell, or what became of that person who so lately was the object of such great veneration.”

We are confident our readers will peruse the preceding extracts of autobiography with great pleasure. Instead of presenting our own remarks upon them, we shall transcribe those of Colonel Briggs, to whom we are indebted for them.

‘ Having finished this remarkable narrative, it seems incumbent on me to make some observations on its character. No one can doubt, who has attended to the beautiful introduction of this piece of biography, that its author had very sublime ideas of the nature of the Deity, whom he represents as “ the Only One—the Spirit ” who pervades all space, being every where present at the same moment, and omnipotent. This is, in fact, the true and original basis of the Hindu religion, though, like others which profess a belief in one God, it has in the course of time, dwindled into the grossest idolatry. Polytheism received its first shape when the attributes of the Only One became personified in his character of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer, and mankind conceived that in worshipping symbols of his power in these several capacities, they were likely the more readily to attain the objects of their prayers. In order therefore to propitiate the deity in his character, either of Maha, Deva, Vishnu, or Siva, the people made vows to render offerings to their temples in cases of success. In order to confer additional sanctity on these proceedings, priests became requisite, and idols were manufactured at their suggestion, representing the pure divinity in a fanciful personification. The transition from the worship of material resemblances of a divinity, to that of eminent and worthy princes who had gained the hearts of their subjects, was simple, and accorded with the wishes of the people. So that after the death of their heroes, we may easily imagine how natural it was for the Hindus to place Rama, Laishman, Hanuman, and Crishna (no doubt now real characters) among the number of their gods. It is thus, therefore, I think we may account for the existence of the Hindu Pantheon of the present day. That some respect for the character of these demi-gods prevails even among the better classes of the Hindu nation at this moment, cannot be denied; but that learned Bramins, and men well-informed, who are otherwise intelligent, worship them with any degree of faith, may very fairly be doubted; while it would appear that Nana Farnevis had no such faith, even when a boy. The whole tenour of the manuscript I have translated, proves that the belief in which he had been brought up, taught him to place his whole reliance on the “ Only One.” It is on him he was accustomed to call in the hour of danger, and in the day of battle, when all hope was lost. It was in him he placed his whole trust and confidence, when unarmed he fell into the hands of the sanguinary and relentless enemy. It was on him he called

when, tossed by the waters, the vessel was almost sure of being dashed against the rocks; and it was to him, in his character of Vishnu the preserver, that he offered up his thanks and devotions, when he was almost miraculously snatched from the perils by which he was surrounded.

'The exalted and pure notions that Nana Farnevis entertained of the Creator, are strongly contrasted with his notions of the abject condition of the creature. He describes man as a being, a compound of perishable materials, and who in his animal capacity is only capable of partaking of worldly pleasure and pain, but whose frame is filled with a portion of the divine spirit, which being separate from the body, animates it without partaking of its mortality. A being so formed, he observes, is the sport of Maya, or illusion, which urges him to follow the dictates of passion rather than submit to the control of reason. It is a consciousness of this imbecility, that induces him to confess with shame and remorse at how early a period he felt the influence of those evil tendencies which he was unable to control; and he states his determination to go to some holy spot in order to destroy his bad propensities, and acquire a disposition to rivet his affections in contemplating the Deity.

'It was with this intention he withdrew from the world, at the early age of seventeen, to Toke on the Godaveri, and in prosecution of the same object that he accompanied the army to the north in order to obtain an opportunity of visiting the classic ground of the demi-god Crishna. There is a simplicity and a strain of elegance pervading this part of his history which is singularly beautiful. He visits every spot described in the legend of the tenth canto of the Bhagavat (in which is to be found the history of Crishna) with a fervour very uncommon in persons of his age. The reflections he makes on every subject he sees, and the fancied renovation of health and spirits in the abode of the deity, together with the pious enthusiasm he devotes to the performance of every part of his pilgrimage, are more calculated to convey to one's mind the fervent zeal of one of the ancients visiting the ruins of Athens or Thebes, than the picture of a Hindu, to whom we are not disposed to allow the possession of the quality of taste, which pervades the whole of Nana's narrative of this holy journey.

'From this task he is hurried into the field of battle, where his feelings evidently partake more of the man of sentiment than of the hero; and we cannot but admire the beautiful apostrophe the Bramin boy makes on the vain reliance to be placed on the fidelity of courtiers or princes, who had so often pledged themselves to die with their leader, but who so abandoned him on the day of trial, that it was never known how or where he fell.* The dangers which attended Nana Farnevis personally, when he fled from the field of battle, and the manner in which he escaped, are well described, and without being intended to produce effect (for scarcely any person knew of this little piece of autobiography before it fell into my hands),

* 'It will remind our readers of the admired verses of Dryden on the misfortunes of

"Darius, great and good,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed."—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*'

afford us a simple but lively representation of the scene, as well as of the domestic habits and customs of his countrymen.

‘In conclusion, I trust that this small specimen of the talents of Nana Farnevis, will excite considerable curiosity; and I cannot help thinking that an account of his private life, which I contemplate publishing, will prove an interesting and valuable work.’

This article is followed by the “*Secret Correspondence of Peshwa Madhu Rao, from the year 1761 to 1772; translated from the original Mahratta Letters, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Briggs, M.R.A.S.,*” the author of the preceding article. These letters commence with the public life of *Farnevis*, and end with the fall of his power, as minister to the Peshwa, in 1796. Colonel Briggs intimates an intention to write the life of *Farnevis*: we earnestly wish he will carry his intention into execution. We confidently announce, that the work will be highly acceptable to the literary world, and to all who take an interest in the affairs of India.

The volume before us contains many other interesting articles: we can only particularly notice “*The Sketch of Buddhism, derived from the Buddha Scriptures of Nepal, by Brian Houghton Hodgson, Esq. M.R.A.S.*”; and “*Mr. Colebrooke’s Account of the Hindu Courts of Justice.*”

Here we are compelled to take leave of this interesting collection. Unquestionably it forms an important addition to our stock of Oriental literature;—every such addition we hail with pleasure. The time appears to have arrived in which those by whom it is cultivated, should make what merchants term a rest: they should make a short pause, survey their acquisitions, consider their objects, and calculate their means. We therefore wish some intelligent person would present us with a statement of these, and with his views of the result. A period in the annals of literature cannot be mentioned during which such valuable communications have been made to the learned world, as that which has elapsed since the formation of the Asiatic Society in 1784, and the present time. The advances made in every branch of Oriental literature are certainly great; but the treasures, which are yet unknown to us, are probably still greater. The grand enigma, in what part of the East the arts and sciences originated, yet remains to be solved. Was it in Egypt, Chaldea, or Judea? The pretensions of each are supported by some striking facts, and some strong arguments. Are we to discard them all, and adopt the system of *M. Bailly*, that, anterior to all those nations, a primitive people existed, highly advanced in civilization and knowledge, which from circumstances, now wholly unknown to us, disappeared at an era beyond the records of history; and that all the known literature, science, and art that remain in the East were derived from them, and are mere fragments of what they possessed. This system too has its advocates; and we believe it gains ground daily. The general question is highly interesting and important, and leads to impor-

tant discussion: we hope it will engage the attention of Oriental scholars. If they cannot take on themselves to write upon it dogmatically, they may discuss it problematically. They will bring the general merits of the cause before their readers, shew its bearings, excite other researches, and at length lead to a just conclusion. An account on the actual state of Oriental literature in Germany, France, or England—the three nations by whom it is most cultivated—would be a welcome present to the scholars of every country.

ART. IX.—*Letters from the Ægean.* By James Emerson, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1829.

A NEW interest has been awakened for Greece, and for every thing that relates to it, by the moral certainty which is now established that one portion at least of her sacred territory is about to be placed in a condition of freedom and independence. Great praise is due to the allied powers, especially to France, for the good faith with which the treaty of London has been carried into execution. The design of that generous compact, which redeems so many crimes in the modern history of Europe, is attributable, we believe, to our own lamented statesman, Mr. Canning. After recognizing, and securing, as far as in him lay, the disenthralment of the Spanish American States, it well became the noble ambition of his mind, to make an effort for the emancipation of Greece. He had the good fortune to associate with England in this god-like purpose, the influence of Russia, and the chivalry of France, and although men were, and still are perhaps to be found, who would object to the treaty of London, as an infringement on the rights of our "old ally," the Turk, and as based rather upon sentiment than policy, yet we may now venture to assert with some degree of boldness, that occasions may arise in the career of nations, when "sentiment" and "policy" may both coincide, and mutually contribute to the improvement of mankind.

The decrees of Providence have taken away Mr. Canning from this stirring scene, upon which his genius shed so much lustre, and exercised so much control. If he had been now amongst us, and were preparing the royal speech for the opening of the session of Parliament, how great would be his delight in announcing to that assembly the consummation of his youthful visions, and of his recent hopes, in the liberation of Greece! With what gratified enthusiasm would he call from the classical treasures of his memory, the most precious expressions in which his immortal labours on this subject could be meetly, yet modestly exposed to the admiration of the world! How suitable to the station of the first minister of England, to be able to tell his country, through its representation, that from the earliest associations of his mind, and the imperative impulse of humanity, he could not have remained indifferent to the sanguinary strife which was depopulating the

fairest districts of Greece, and covering it with crimes which shook all Christendom; that he had resolved to put an end to that contest, and to tell the parties who were engaged in it that they should go no farther; that he had separated them, that he had removed the oppressor, and liberated the oppressed, and not only liberated but gave him possession of his country, and enabled him to defend his future independence, and to render himself worthy of its monuments of glory. Much of this may be said indeed by the Duke of Wellington, and to him be the credit allowed of having faithfully adhered to the treaty which sprung from the mind of Mr. Canning. But for the incipient thought, for the generous resolve, for the skilful proposition and negotiation of the treaty, and for the structure of the foundation upon which Greece is now rebuilding the edifice of her freedom, after having been for so many centuries in ruins, let the merit be given to George Canning.

To us who have anxiously watched the struggle in which the Greeks have been engaged during the last ten years, and who have omitted no opportunity of recommending their cause to the favourable opinion of our countrymen, it is particularly delightful to feel that henceforth we shall have no scenes of horror to condemn, no tale of ruined and fugitive families to mourn. We are now to behold the Morea freed from her tyrants, restored to the occupations of peace, consolidating her independence by the establishment of order, cultivating her soil, planting and dressing her vines and olives, learning new modes of industry, repairing her ruined villages, building new towns, improving her harbours, multiplying her vessels for legitimate commerce, and scouring her seas of the pirates. What a prospect to contemplate! How different from that to which we have been so long accustomed, when every communication from the continent was burthened with fresh tidings of towns taken and retaken, in the Morea or in Attica—of ferocious butcheries in the islands, comprising in their victims not merely a straggling company of soldiers, but whole communities! Thank heaven! this bloody drama has at length been brought to a close! We congratulate the friends of freedom upon the happy event which has just taken place. In thinking of the past story and present prospects of Greece, we feel as if we had been hitherto travelling through a desolate and frightful country, teeming with banditti, and obstructed by heaps of human bones, the storm continually pelting over head, the torrent every moment increasing its thunder, and darkness thickening every where around; but that at length escaping from the horrors of this scene, we were now passing the confines of a civilized and cultivated nation, that the clouds were passing away, the sun diffusing his holy light, the hills rejoicing in numerous flocks, the vallies pregnant with the gifts of earth, and wreathed with her flowers, the rivers pursuing their natural course in tranquillity, and the

woods filled with the cheerful minstrelsy of birds, proclaiming the peace and happiness which dwell in their shades. The breast expands with gladness at such a change, and we look up to the bright heaven above us, with gratitude to that infinitely Good Being, who has guided our steps in safety to a region crowned with so many tokens of his favour.

We are not among those politicians who would upbraid the British Government for not insisting on including within the precincts of Independent Greece, more than the Morea, at present. It is certainly a classical solecism to consider any territory as Greece, which has not Athens as its capital. But it would be the very height of folly to risk the danger of having no Greece at all, merely for the sake of conforming to the ideas of antiquity. Wherever Greek freedom is established, there the spirit of the old Athenians ought to be found, and that is the great point to be gained. It is not the ruins of temples that make a nation, but men resolved to emulate the glory of those who raised them. Athens, in the hands of the Turks, will operate as a continual warning to the Greeks of the Morea to suffer no internal disorders to impair the security of their new nation; and if in the course of years they shall, by their own exertions be enabled to acquire a decided influence in that part of Europe, they may and they ought to look forward to the hope of rescuing from the power of the Crescent, the whole of Attica and Livadia. But the allied sovereigns of England and France, who alone have been able to take a decided part in the execution of the treaty of London, since Russia has become a belligerent, appear to us to have decided judiciously, in not claiming for Independent Greece more than the Morea. Any further extension of her territory must be the work of time and the reward of valour.

In a former production, "Greece, in 1825," to which Mr. Emerson contributed a very valuable portion of information, he treated of that country chiefly in reference to its then political aspect. The general spirit which pervaded that publication, and the ability with which it was executed, assisted, in our opinion, to advance the interests of the Greeks in this country, more than any other work which we now remember. The volumes now before us scarcely touch upon the political affairs of Greece at all, and under the new circumstances of the Morea, it is quite as well, if not better, that they should have altogether abstained from political facts, which would have been out of date, and political discussions, which must have been premature. The interest, however, which has been recently rekindled on this subject, naturally disposes men to look into the future prospects of Greece, as well as its present condition, and, in this view, these '*Letters from the Ægean*' are well-timed. If the power of the Greeks be once firmly rooted in the Morea, it is not improbable that all the islands in the Ægean will be eventually enabled to establish their freedom, either sepa-

rately or in a federative form. There is perhaps hardly any thing new to be now learned about them; but we purpose to avail ourselves of the picturesque and lively descriptions of our author, partly in order to remind the reader of the numerous nurseries for commerce and navigation and liberty, which are scattered over those renowned waters of the Mediterranean, and partly to do justice to a work which has strong claims upon our approbation.

Mr. Emerson's first letter describes, almost in the spirit and eloquence of antiquity, his departure from Attica:—

'The sun was slowly sinking behind the range of Hymettus and the hills of Attica, as we weighed anchor from Cape Colonna, and steered for the narrow strait between Zea and Cythnos. The morning we had passed in wandering through the groves of lentiscs and mastic, which cover the promontory of Sunium, and in lingering among the fast-fading remains of the temple of Minerva. Around the base of this majestic ruin, the *débris* of its fallen fragments have almost obliterated the outline of the platform on which it was erected on the verge of the cliff, and the overthrow of a number of its columns a short time previous to our visit, has not only added to the heap of decay, but must soon weaken the tottering foundation of the remainder.

'The destructive effects of the Sirocco wind were here most singularly displayed: the sides of the columns fronting the south-east were eaten away and corroded from base to capital for the depth of two or three inches; whilst on the other portions of the shaft the fluting was as sharp and perfect as at the first hour of its erection.

'The town and temple of Sunium were built during the brightest days of Greece—the age of Pericles; of the one not a vestige is left, and all that remains of the other are a few shattered columns supporting a frieze which fronts the "Island-gemmed Ægean."

'I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece, but none, not even Athens itself, is calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of them are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd; Sunium stands alone, its crumbling columns look but on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean: all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the sea-bird towards its summit, or the waving of the olive-groves at its base, and the only sound that awakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it.

'Far removed from every human habitation, it is seldom visited, except by the mystic of the Mainote corsair, the caique of the passing traveller, or the fowler in search of the wild doves which frequent it. Its prospects are the most extensive and interesting in Greece: from its brow the eye wanders over the mountains of Argolis, and the hills that circle Athens; to the east are the purple plains of Helena and Eubœa; and, to the south, the endless mazes of the Cyclades, separated by narrow channels, whose glittering and intricate passages form the labyrinths of the Archipelago, the navigation of which is known almost exclusively to the pilots of Milo and Argentiera.

'It is seldom that the view of the Ægean presents any thing but a picture of calm repose; its blue unruffled waters sleeping undisturbed

beneath the equally unvaried sky, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams, and flash them back in mimic splendour. Sometimes a group of the white sails* of the Levant are seen gliding from isle to isle, "like wild swans in their flight," or lagging lazily on the breathless tide to await the breeze of evening; earth, air, and sky, are all in unison, and their calm still repose belongs alone to the clime of the East.

'We descended the cliff, and regained our vessel as the line of the ruined temple was thrown into fine relief against a sky now crimsoned with dyes of sunset. There was no filmy cloud to break the softness of the west, where the sun sank like a globe of molten gold, his rays spreading gently over the heaven, not flashed and caught from cloud to cloud, but blending in one massy sheet over the vast and glowing concave.

'The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature: sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness; at morn he rises all fresh and glowing from the deep, not in softened beauty but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light.

'The succeeding day was calm, and we lay almost motionless in the narrow strait which separates the islands of Zea and Cythnos. The former contains now no objects of attraction amidst its sun-burnt hills and barren valleys, except the snowy walls of its villages, and the vestiges of a temple once dedicated to Minerva, and built, as our pilot said, by Nestor, on his return from Troy. Cythnos is a hilly, fertile mound, rising gently from the sea, and remarkable for nothing but its warm springs, from which it takes the modern name of Thermia. We slowly passed the strait, borne along solely by the current, and about mid-day lay totally becalmed in a little bay formed by the islands we had left, and those of Gyarus and Syra.'—vol. i. pp. 1—8.

The author very justly remarks, that independently of the classical associations connected with these splendid scenes, there are others to be found by the christian mind of a still more exalted and interesting character.

'It was Sunday, and if that day be possessed of peculiar stillness and repose on land, it must be doubly more so at sea, and among the Cyclades. The day was an Oriental one: not a wandering vapour to stain the deep blue heaven, and not a breath to warp the mirror of the sea; no passing bark gave life or motion to the scene, the sails hung in lazy folds upon the mast, and not a sound disturbed the ocean's silence. The crew were assembled on the quarter-deck, and I never listened to the Liturgy with

* 'From being made, almost universally, of cotton, the sails of the Levantine vessels are invariably of a brilliant white, contrasted with those of the northern nations, which are woven from hemp.'

such interest and attention,—every sound was solemn, and every line awoke some recollection of home and of England.

‘It was a new feeling, in such a situation, to hearken to the same accents we had heard only in the village church, repeated amid scenes rich in all the sublimities of nature, and hallowed by the brightest associations of history and time: to listen to the precepts of Christianity almost amidst the very scenes where they were first delivered, and to trace the wanderings of its Apostles on the same waves their barks had traversed.

‘There is no spot, not even the very seas of Greece, which wants its peculiar attractions; every valley has its ruin, every hill its history, and every wave is associated with the naval enterprizes and martial spirit of the mighty dead. Even those scenes unmarked by earlier memorials of her fame, are rendered interesting by after-recollections of her fall. Age has succeeded age, but to leave the impress of their events on the shore where true greatness first burst to light. The same soil once trod by the bard and the warrior, was again pressed by the feet of those who bore over the earth the pure precepts of the Gospel and of Christianity, and where even these have left no traces of their path, the immortalizing hand of Liberty is now raising on every hill a trophy, and inscribing on every rock a triumph.’
—vol. i. pp. 8—10.

The voyagers touched at Syra, and were most hospitably received by a Greek merchant. This island was, before the Greek insurrection broke out, the happiest in all the Archipelago. It had peculiar privileges from the Porte, in return for a yearly tribute. It produces abundance of fruits, especially grapes, bunches of which may be had weighing as much as from five to eight pounds, ‘of the purest amber, sprinkled with red spots, and a skin so delicate as to ruffle off with the slightest touch of the finger.’ After partaking of the refreshment set before them by the Greek merchant, the voyagers pursued their route for Smyrna.

‘As usual, the breeze freshened at sunset, and at night we were again swiftly cleaving the Ægean, its phosphorescent waves leaving a long line of light in our vessel’s wake, that tracked her course along the pitchy deep. We drove rapidly through the straits of Tenos, whilst the landmarks of our pilot were the watchlights and fires that blazed from the cliffs of Myconi and the distant hills of Delos.

‘The following day a strong head-wind detained us till evening, beating through the straits of Scio, and alternately tacking from its wooded shore to the opposite Coast of Cheshmé and Asia Minor. This beautiful arm of the sea, once celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Antiochus, has in later days been rendered doubly interesting by the struggles of Greece; it was at Cheshmé that in 1770 the Russian Admiral Orlov destroyed the Ottoman fleet; and it was in this same strait that in 1822 the modern Themistocles consigned to destruction the author of the Sciote Massacre.

‘The view on either shore is splendidly beautiful; but on both, the associations of memory cast a feeling of disgust over every object: we could not look on the verdant hills of Scio without a shuddering recollection of the slaughter that had so lately stained them, whilst the opposite and equally beautiful coast was alike detestable as the home of its perpetrators.—vol i. pp. 16, 17.

A young Greek lady who had escaped from the atrocious massacre of Scio, was on board the vessel in which our author took his passage. Though contrary to her habits to appear on deck, she could not avoid taking a view of her native island. Her story, a most tragical one, was gathered from her lips. She told it with the calm composure of oft-repeated and long contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation; she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows; she seemed, young as she was, to have already made alliance with misery! But we must pass over these horrors in order to admire, with an unclouded spirit, the magnificent Bay of Smyrna.

On coming upon deck we were involuntarily struck with the beauty of the splendid panorama in the midst of which we were placed: behind us was the Gulf of Smyrna by which we had entered, its then turbulent waters now placid as the brow of infancy, and glittering in the beams of the morning sun like plates of silver on a warrior's mail, whilst the snowy sails of the Levantine barks, which glided along them, were scarcely to be distinguished from their own dazzling whiteness. On every side around us the boats with gilded sterns, peculiar to the bay, were passing and re-passing amidst ships, on the masts of which floated the flags of every trading nation, a crowd of hardy Greeks tugging at the oar, and a stately Turk, with graceful turban and flowing robes, smoking in haughty ease at the stern.

The gangways of the frigate were surrounded by shoals of little trafficking barks, laden with all the produce of the country: baskets of blushing peaches; pears, the amber hue of which was streaked with tints like the rose, and heaps of purple grapes flung down in such luxuriant profusion, that their luscious bunches were hanging in the rippling water.

Around us were the sunburnt hills of Asia Minor, their sloping and rugged sides studded with white cottages, and variegated with plantations of olives and fig trees, which stretched to the rich gardens at their base, washed by the waters of the bay. Before us rested in calm repose "The birth-place of Homer," "The ornament of Asia," "Izmir the lovely," "The crown of Ionia;" and well do its splendid situation and commanding prospects merit those impassioned epithets of its ancient chroniclers.

At the foot of a steep hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ruins of a castle of the Lower Empire, the city stretches along the sloping beach, its flat-roofed houses mingled with the domes of marble mosques and lofty groups of minarets and muezzin towers; whilst its outskirts are bordered by the waving groves of funereal cypress, which mark the last resting-place of the followers of the Prophet.

The long line of the Marino is bordered by a train of consular residences, over each of which floats the flag of its respective nation. The quay presented a novel spectacle, crowded with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe;—the swarthy Nubian and the homeless Arab, mingling with the fair-browed sons of Europe and the West, whilst the "phes" of the Greek, and the crimson bonnet of the Armenian were grouped with the varied turbans and glittering costumes of the children of

Mahomet. The Turk was lounging with his long chibouque on the beach; the Drogheman, in his enormous white head-dress and brown jubee, was leaning against the gate of his consulate; and the cry of the itinerant vendor of sherbet and iced orgeats on the shore, blended with the capstern song of the British sailor in the offing; or the ballad of the merry Greek, as he gaily trolled in his caique the deeds of Bonakavallas and his Kleffis. 'The scene was altogether Oriental; and our only regret was that we had not dropped into the midst of it at once from Europe, instead of becoming partially familiarised to its objects through the gradual medium of Greece and the islands of the Ægean.'—vol. i. p. 29—33.

Though much frequented, there is hardly any city which has been more rarely described than that of Smyrna. Travellers seeing it to be the resort of all nations, suppose it to be universally known, and therefore seldom take any particular notice of its structure or appearance. Of the ancient city nothing almost remains to be seen, and its modern additions have been so frequently destroyed by conflagration, earthquakes, and war, that it can hardly be rendered the subject of a connected history. Mr. Emerson observes, that 'the appearance of Smyrna is as incongruous as her annals. The remnants of all ages are shewn around her: a castle of the middle empire crowns a hill which looks down upon the aqueducts and amphitheatre, relics of some remote and flourishing epochs, while at its base the modern city is a mass of all architectures and all ages, built as the varying taste of every period and of every nation prompted; nothing is harmonious; antiquity and modernism are blended in every quarter; whilst its muddy, narrow streets are traversed by a population as varied as the differences of costume, language, manners, and country can render them.' The principal street, a very miserable one, is usually called by the British officers, "Bond Street," from the number of loungers who frequent it, and a wretched spot at a short distance from this, is styled "Hanover Square," by the same authorities.

"Bond-street" usually presents the same motley picture as the quay, thronged with the straggling wanderers of every nation under heaven; but at this moment it was deserted, the sun was at its meridian, the shops were closed, and the inhabitants were enjoying their mid-day sleep in the shade: all was quiet, except a few strolling foreigners, or the echoing whips and clamorous voices of the Tartar and Janissaries, who dashed at full canter through the narrow passage, escorting a party of English travellers on their way to Constantinople.

'Passing along the rows of tumble-down mud-houses, which form this lounge of fashion, we arrive at the most attractive part of the city—the fruit-market and the bazaars, in which no traveller will be disappointed. The avenues of the former are the true temple of Pomona, the luscious melons of Cassaba are piled in heaps with the peaches and apricots of Sangiac and Vourla, whilst pears, pomegranates, almonds, golden apples, tomatas, and a thousand others, are built in fragrant pyramids, embedded in clusters of purple and amber grapes; and interspersed with these, at

every turning, are the tinkling* fountains of the venders of cooling sherbets, and draughts of every flavour and of icy chillness.

But the bazaars form the grand attraction: their long lines of arched arcades contain on every side ranges of little square apartments, entirely open in front, and raised about two feet from the ground. Their shelves on every side are well stored with the goods of the merchant, who reclines on a cushion in the centre to smoke his amber pipe, or count over and over the polished beads of his *combolojo*. Here again all is variegation and contrast: in one box squats the Jew in his dark vest and turban of spotted cotton, employed in the intervals of rest in plaiting with nimble fingers braiding for the jackets of the Greeks, or embroidering the fronts of papouashes for the Turkish ladies; in another the Mussulman, to whom traffic seems an effort, gladly seizes a moment of quiet to lounge on his crimson carpet, or sip his transparent decoction of the berry of his *Mocca*; in a third a group of merry Greeks are chattering and screaming over a pack of cards, whose dingy hue is scarcely contrasted with the colour of the boards on which they are flung, and who laugh as loud, and smile as thoughtlessly, as if in the very bosom of security, whilst every day is witness to the intemperance of their companions, and the glittering sabre hangs by a single thread over their own devoted necks. Arabs and Egyptians, French, English, and Italians, crowd the passage, amongst whom the Turk, in his flowing garments and shuffling slippers,† imperiously demands an ample space for his orthodox person.—vol. i. pp. 34—37.

The changes that have been for some centuries going on in the vicinity of Smyrna, are very remarkable. The river once called *Hermus*, and now *Sarabat*, which discharges itself into the bay of Smyrna, has brought down from time a quantity of sand: this has formed at its mouth several banks and bars, 'which are daily growing larger, and from which the sea is gradually withdrawing as they shoot forward across the gulf.' Thus the calculation of Dr. Chandler, who examined the spot upwards of sixty years ago, is evidently in progress of realization.

"The river *Hermus*," says the Dr., "by its influence on the gulf, has already effected great changes, and will gradually accomplish some signal alterations, of which the progress deserves to be accurately marked. The flats before Smyrna will mutually approach, and leaving only a narrow strait, the city will be on a lake. This will be fed by the *Meles*, and by

* A small reservoir is allowed to fall drop by drop on a little tin wheel beneath it, which being thus propelled at a quick rate, makes the noise alluded to, for the purpose of attracting purchasers.

† The slipper of a Mussulman consists of two pieces, in one of which the sole and the upper slipper are both made of soft leather, generally yellow morecco; these are worn in the house, and when the owner is sitting with his legs doubled under him; the other piece consists merely of a sole, and a front of the same leather as the inner one, pointed at the toe, and these he puts over the first when moving out of doors, but as they want a heel, it requires some management to keep them on the foot, and at the same time preserve the stateliness of a Mussulman's carriage.

torrents, and in time become fresh. The plague of gnats will then, if possible, be multiplied at Smyrna.

“The land will continue to increase, until it is in a line with the mouth of the gulf, when the site of Clazomene, and the islets within Karabornou, will be encompassed with soil, and, if no current intervene, Phocæa be deprived of its harbour; the sea within the gulf will by degrees give place to a noble plain, created and watered by the Hermus; commerce will then have removed to some more commodious mart, and Smyrna be, if not utterly deserted, desolate and forlorn.”

At Smyrna our author was entertained by a Greek merchant with that hospitable friendship which his commercial countrymen on all occasions, have been found ready to exhibit towards Englishmen. He had married a lady of Florence. ‘His house was situated in one of the best streets in the Frank quarter, with spacious rooms, and a shady garden in the rear. The fitting up of the *entré* was really splendid; and the repast, combining all the luxuries of the country, was conducted with the elegance of European style.’ We must add the author’s animated description of the merchant’s family and party.

‘The daughters of the old gentleman were two of the most beautiful girls I had seen in the Levant: their costume was rather of the Italian than Greek taste, but combined the elegancies of both; their light silk dresses were made to suit accurately to the figure, instead of flowing loosely and ungracefully as in the Morea. A slipper with a high heel, such as are generally worn in the north of Italy, richly embroidered, and covering only the front of the foot, showed to full advantage a delicately turned ankle, through a stocking of netted silk fine as a gossamer; whilst their turbans of transparent gauze, ornamented with a glittering aigrette and a wreath of golden flowers, rather enhanced than shaded the glossy ringlets which flowed over a brow fair as polished marble.

‘Their accomplishments too had not been neglected, and I never heard the songs of Greece sound so enchantingly as when breathed by their sweetly-toned voices, accompanied by a guitar, to some of the native airs of Britain, and especially to Mozart’s delicious one of “Life let us cherish,” which seems an universal favourite with the Greeks. Their manners appeared to be a combination of the three classes with whom they had associated,—the grace of the Italian, the sprightly vivacity of the Greek, and the stately *tournure* of the Ottomans; whilst all three were enhanced and blended by an air of fixed and interesting melancholy. ‘The dress of the male portion of the company was European, their national costume being laid aside, either from choice, or for protection against the casual insults of the Turks. The son of our host did not make his appearance, nor was his name mentioned by any; and in fact it was only on a third visit that we learned his tale. The conversation during the day presented a fair specimen of the varying and *cameleon-like* character of the people, taking a tinge from every topic, and verging in an instant “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” whilst every change of temperament was carried to an extreme of gaiety or sadness, though the former generally prevailed.

'The females seemed to monopolize all the melancholy of the party: continued terror and reiterated scenes of horror and of dread appeared to have damped their natural sprightliness: they spoke often of their awful situation; in the midst of an infuriated enemy, where the moments of rejoicing for the successes of their countrymen were those when they had most to dread from the brutality of their masters. They knew not the hour when the caprice of their governors might consign them to the fate of Scio, which hundreds of their friends and relatives had already shared, whilst the orders of the Divan and the vigilance of the guards rendered escape from Smyrna almost an impossibility, which nothing but despair could urge them to attempt, and in which detection, without another crime, would itself condemn them to slavery or slaughter. The intervals in such accounts as these and the freezing tales with which they were illustrated, were filled up with amusements as lively as *they* were depressing, and songs and music served to pass the time till a late hour, when we took our departure, and put off, to spend the night in our births on board.'—vol. i. pp. 75—78.

We must wind up our author's notice of Smyrna with a few general observations which he offers on the manners of its inhabitants.

'Some introductions from Athens and Hydra to a few Greek residents enabled us to spend our evenings more agreeably than we had anticipated. About sunset we generally went to an open street in the west of Smyrna, where they chiefly resided, and where, in the clear twilight, the families usually seated themselves by the doors to enjoy the cool breath of evening. Such meetings used to remind us of the days of the patriarch, when Abraham received the angels as he sat by the door of his tent, and when Eli, in his ninety and eighth year, as he reclined at sunset on his seat by the way-side, was told by the fugitive soldier, that Israel had been vanquished in battle, that his sons Hophni and Phineas were no more, and, that the Ark of God was taken. The stone benches, too, at every door, explain the exclamation of Job: "Oh, that I was as in months past, in the days of my youth, when my children were about me, when I went up to the gate in the city, when I *prepared my seat in the street.*" (Job, xxix. 19.) Here, mingling with their social groups, we have passed many a delicious evening, and listened to many a tale which made our blood creep, from lips which were shortly doomed to share the fate they were recounting. The situation of this unfortunate people in the large towns of Turkey, where they are forced to reside, is singularly precarious. It is probably as a kind of hostage for their countrymen in Greece that they are forbidden by the Sublime Porte to leave the empire, and the restrictions to prevent them embarking in foreign vessels are rigorously enforced.

'Their present existence is one continued struggle with terror; liable at every turning to the insults of the lowest rabble, and unconscious of the moment when the caprice or irritation of their masters may vent itself in their massacre. The volatility and buoyancy of their spirits, in which they seem to excel every other nation in Europe, alone preserves them from despair or self-destruction. But the same feeling never reigns long at a time in the breast of a Greek; sadness will vanish in a moment, and the most melancholy events leave but a transitory impression on the mercurial

surface of their temperament, which is no sooner ruffled by some external movement than it smooths itself by its own elasticity. Tears with them are but the dewdrops which form the rainbow of hope, when struck by the after sunshine of smiling gaiety; and days spent in terror or concealment are concluded by nights of revelry and mirth, when the veil of terror is for a moment withdrawn.

‘Their trades, their merchandise, and the exercise of their religion, however, suffer little or no suspension: for the Turk, though the prince of bigots, is the most tolerant of professors. Provided he suffer no injury from his neighbour’s creed, in property or person, he neither punishes him for his opinions, nor attempts to dragoon him out of them; and, consequently, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, have all their respective temples and religions, equally protected by the Sultan with the mosques of Mahomet.

‘Proselytism is neither sought after nor encouraged, and though the Prophet of Mecca may have used a sword to *establish* his religion, he seems to have handed it over to his Christian brethren when once a footing was obtained, from whence Islamism could in future be upheld by gentleness and not by slaughter. Proselytes in the West are often made by blood: in the East a more salutary method is pursued: the Turk lays hold of the neophyte’s purse, who, finding himself thus deprived of consequence in the eyes of others, and of wealth in his own, is glad to fall into the fold of the faithful, to restore his honour and protect his property.

‘At the same time, a renegade, however fortunate, is by no means an enviable character amongst the Osmanlees: the tenacity with which a Mussulman clings to his own religion induces him to despise those who can from any motive abandon theirs; and a recusant Christian, though received with readiness, is ever watched with suspicion; and a profession of the Prophet’s creed, without a demonstration of conviction of its truth, is not in every case a passport to the gardens of Paradise. A large body of infidels having on one occasion professed to Mahomet the Second, their readiness to embrace Islamism, he asked their motive, and, obliging them to confess that it was to be rid of taxation, dismissed them unreceived with this wise reply, “that he preferred sterling metal in his coffers to false professors in his church.”—pp. 96—101.

Having spent, very pleasantly as it would seem, a few days at Smyrna, he set out upon an excursion to Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, and Sardis, four of the “Seven Churches” mentioned in the Apocalypse. Mr. Emerson, with a zeal for which we give him every credit, endeavours to shew that the prophecies which are recorded concerning those churches, have been literally fulfilled. His remarks are deserving of attention.

‘1. As the chief strong-hold of Christianity in the East; and that centre from whence its rays were most brilliantly disseminated, till “all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks.” Ephesus is first addressed by the Evangelist: his charge against her is a declaration in religious fervour,† and his threat in con-

* ‘Acts xix. 10.’

† ‘Nevertheless I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4.

sequence, a total extinction of her ecclesiastical brightness.* After a protracted struggle with the sword of Rome and the sophism of the Gnostics, Ephesus at last gave way. The incipient indifference, censured by the warning voice of the Prophet, increased to a total forgetfulness, till at length the threatenings of the apocalypse were fulfilled; and Ephesus sunk with the general overthrow of the Greek empire, in the fourth century; preserving no halo of its glory, save the twilight of tradition, and no vestige of Christianity, except the desolated ruins at Ayaslook.

‘2. To Smyrna, the message of St. John conveys at once a striking instance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty,† and suffering, and imprisonment;‡ whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality.§ Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, from the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continual tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity: the sabbre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman; in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of “the Nazarene;” but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain; and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the east, but the head-quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

‘This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem; however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on, the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

* ‘I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent. Rev. ii. 5.’

† ‘I know thy works, and tribulation and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.’

‡ ‘Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer: behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Rev. ii. 9, 10.’

§ ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.’

'3. Against Pergamos is adduced the charge of instability;* but to its wavering faith is promised the all-powerful counsel of the deity.† The errors of Balaam and the Nicolaitanes have been purged away; Pergamos has been preserved from the destroyer, and three thousand Christians now cherish the rites of their religion in the same spot where it was planted by the hands of St. Paul.

'4. To Thyatira a similar promise has been made, and a similar result ensued. Amidst a horde of infidels, and far removed from intercourse with Christendom, the remnant still exists, to whom has been promised "the rod of iron" and "the star of the morning.‡

'5. But by far the most remarkable is the catastrophe of Sardis; and the minuteness with which its downfall corresponds with its prediction cannot fail to strike the most obdurate sceptic. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement. "I will come on thee as a thief in the night; thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee:" but "thou hast a *few* names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and *they* shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."§

'It is needless to trace the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital not only of Lydia but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence intellectually and politically gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, "like a thief in the night," during that *earthquake*, which in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery; but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Tartar Keuy as that remnant "who should walk in white." Such literal instances are seldom to be paralleled.

'6. Philadelphia is the only one of the Seven Churches on whom unqualified praise has been bestowed, and to whom a permanent endurance is foretold.|| Both its physical and political situation would seem to inspire in counteracting the fulfilment of the prediction; earthquakes and subterraneous convulsions on the one hand, and wars and ruinous invasions on the other; but it still endures, despite of both, and its community, though not the most numerous, is by far the *purest* in Asia.

'7. I have already alluded to Laodicea: its crime was pride; its punishment desolation. The threatening is accomplished; it now stands rejected of God and deserted by man, its glory a ruin, its name a reproach.—vol. i. pp. 212—219.

* Vide Rev. ii. 14, 15.'

† 'I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. Idem, 16.'

‡ 'Vide Rev. ii. 26—28.'

§ 'Rev. iii. 3, 4.'

|| 'Thou hast a little strength, thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Rev. iii. 8.—Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. Ib. 12.'

It is but justice to Mr. Emerson to state, that he loses no opportunity of illustrating, by the scenery and manners which he observed in the East, the allusions and phraseology of Holy Writ. On some occasions, perhaps, his commentaries are somewhat refined, but in most of his instances he appears to us to be successful. It certainly is interesting, that in the productions, the costume, the manners, the public fountains, and other structures, or ruins of ancient edifices, which our author observed during his visit to the "Seven Churches," he found many things in accordance with figurative and literal expressions which abound in the Scriptures.

Returning to Smyrna, Mr. Emerson resumed his voyage, visited Patmos, Cos, Rhodes, and Castel Rosso, of the (then) present condition of which he gives an animated picture. From the latter island, he directed his course homeward by Anaphe, Naxia, Paros, Mycone, and Milo, whence he proceeded to Malta, and to England. The latter part of his course offers few attractions to the reader, though to the voyager it must have been a continual source of delight. During his visit to Paros, the author gleaned several particulars of the life of the celebrated corsair, Crevelier, whose exploits were, for twenty years, the terror of the Mediterranean, during the latter part of the seventeenth century. There is a savage grandeur in his story, which renders it interesting, and as we do not remember to have seen it so fully detailed before, we shall diversify our extracts by placing it among them.

' He was a native of the South of France, and his youth, till the age of five-and-twenty, had been spent in trading from Marseilles to the Morea, and the various ports on the coasts of Turkey. Here he had gained the most accurate information of the situation of the Greeks, and the grinding oppression of their Ottoman masters: he saw, too, their evident discontent and repinings, and the inability of the Turks to keep them in proper subjection, owing to the daring presence of the Knights of Malta, who had driven almost every Moslem from the Cyclades.

' Crevelier was a man of acute observation, and the most grasping and restless ambition; the memory of the easy dominion obtained by Sanuto, and held by his descendants, was still fresh in the minds of the adventurers of Europe; and it was only a few years before that the Marquis de Fleuri, a Marseillaise, with a small force, had attempted the capture of Naxos, and was prevented only by the presence of the fleet of the Venetians, who had made it an article of peace with the Porte that they should maintain a squadron in the Ægean for the protection of the Turkish possessions. Crevelier, fired with the same object, employed his superior local information regarding the Greeks to secure his success.

' The Mainotes, the modern inhabitants of ancient Sparta, have been to the present hour the most turbulent and rebellious portion of the population of Greece, nor have the arms of all the Sultans, since Mahomet the Second, succeeded in thoroughly subduing them, or destroying their spirit of impatient independence. It was by their alliance that the adventurous corsair resolved on attempting the conquest of a portion of the Peloponessus: and, for that purpose, he entered into a treaty with Liberaki, the

chief of Maina. By his advice, Crevelier passed up the Gulf of Kalokythia, and with 500 men laid siege to a castle upon the shore, which was held by a garrison of Turks. Here he was joined by a party of his allies; but Liberaki, instead of bringing, as he had promised, 5,000 armed followers, appeared before the castle with merely 800 attendants, and even those unprovided with arms or ammunition. Crevelier was not, however, to be daunted by one disappointment,—he united his band with those of the Greeks, and intrepidly commenced the assault.

‘ During five successive days, his efforts to expel the Turks were unavailing, and although he had succeeded in making several breaches in the wall, and in defeating the garrison in every sally which they attempted, still he was almost as far as ever from attaining possession of the fort. Besides, his allies were rather an incumbrance than an aid to him; they were totally deficient in courage and enthusiasm in an open assault, and Crevelier was on the point of abandoning the attempt, and betaking himself again to sea, when on the morning of the sixth day, a Maltese galley, manned by a body of the Knights, entered the bay, and cast anchor beside him.

‘ In passing by Zante, they had heard of his expedition into the Morea, and, in pursuance of their oath of eternal hostility to the Turks, they had hurried to his assistance. But unfortunately they only arrived in time to witness his defeat. The Mainotes, alarmed at the appearance of the Knights of St. John, and aware that they would not tolerate their supineness as the weakness of the French had forced them to do, betook themselves in a body to their mountains, and abandoned the siege to the strangers. The Turks now gained fresh confidence by the sight of the departing host, and issued in a body from the fortress, drove the ships of Crevelier to their ships, and forced the Maltese, after sustaining heavy losses, to disembark, weigh anchor, and steer from the Gulf.

‘ Hugo now saw that the enterprize on which he had staked his fortunes was thwarted, and mad with disappointment, he resolved on abandoning his home and his country, and becoming a corsair amidst the seas that had witnessed his defeat. In the course of a very short time, he collected round him a fleet of twenty sail, manned by Italians, Greeks, Mainotes, and Sclavonians, who had joined his flag, and with these he pursued his course of lawless rapine. No corner of the Ægean was safe from his presence, he swept from shore to shore, and passed from isle to isle, with the gloom of a spirit, and the speed of the lightning. One by one the whole circle of the islands became his tributaries, and at stated periods the galleys of Crevelier were seen entering the harbours of the Archipelago, to receive his annual imposts, and on their ready compliance with his demands, returning again in peace to the retreats of their chieftain. His career, however, was unmarked by murder, and his excursions unstained by needless bloodshed. He was, in fact, rather a favourite with the Greeks, nor had he in any case proceeded to use violence towards them, save in the solitary instance of the island of Andros.

‘ The natives had insulted his officers and refused to contribute the sums which he demanded, but in the silence of midnight, the galleys of Hugo cast anchor beneath their city; he landed sword in hand, and ere morning dawned, had pillaged it from the cliffs to the sea; the houses of the inhabitants were robbed of their wealth, and the warehouses of the mer-

chests were burst open and emptied by the pirates. Crevelier sailed off with a booty sufficient to have enriched his family for generations; nor did he ever restore a single crown, save the property of one French gentleman, which he returned to him at the request of the Marquis de Nointel, the ambassador to the Porte from the Court of France. For fourteen years he continued to infest the shores of Turkey, nor were the efforts of the Capitan Pacha ever able to discover his haunts or destroy his squadron. His favourite retreat was, however, the island of Paros, and it is said, that the fortress near Marmora, and the tales of the islanders relating to Crevelier, gave to Lord Byron the idea of Conrad, and the scene of the *Pirate's Isle*.

Amidst all his exploits, his *chef-d'œuvre* was the taking of Petra, one of the principal towns in the island of Metelin, which he accomplished in the year 1676, nor has the unfortunate district ever yet recovered from the effects of his devastating visit. His followers landed on the shore in the evening, and having marched for the distance of three leagues into the interior, scaled the walls at midnight. The terrified Moslems, awakening from their slumbers, fled in haste to conceal themselves, and abandoned their houses to spoliation and plunder. During three hours, the band of the Corsairs were employed in securing their prey, and at day-light returned to Crevelier, who had remained in the galleys to guard the shores till their arrival. They brought with them a horde of five hundred slaves, and a quantity of plate, rich garments, silken carpets, precious stuffs, gems, and money, whose value is stated at a sum beyond calculation or credit.

Hugo was about to abandon his lawless pursuits for ever, and betake himself to home and retirement, and as a finishing blow against the detested Ottomans, he resolved on concluding his career, by the plunder of a rich caravan, which was expected to pass from Alexandria to Constantinople. His squadron was despatched on the look out to the various islands in the vicinity of Cyprus, whilst he himself retired with two other galleys to the harbour of Stampalia to await their report, before completing his decisive arrangements for attacking the convoy. But here his career was destined to close: he had on board his vessel, as his valet, a Savoyard, whom he had rescued from slavery, and imagined he had attached to him by long years of kindness. One day he had given him a blow in anger, but his resentment soon died away, and he fancied it was forgotten. The wretch had, however, treasured up the wrong, as a miser guards the talisman of his fortunes, nor was an opportunity long wanting to revenge it.

Crevelier, unconscious of injury, had often entrusted to the miscreant the key of his saints barbe, or powder-room, and on the day when he was about to sail from Stampalia, the Savoyard had neglected to return it to him. He went below, attached a slow match to one of the waxy barrels, and returning on deck, rowed on shore with one or two of his companions, with a smile on his treacherous lips and lightness of his livid heart. The corsair was seated in his cabin, on the poop, with the two other commanders, when the match communicated; the vessel, bursting into a thousand atoms, was hurled into the air, in the midst of a volcano of flames and blazing timbers; and, when the terrific explosion had subsided, their bodies and those of two hundred of their murdered companions, were washed by the agitated waves on the shores of the island. The name of Crevelier is still mentioned with awe by the seamen of Mycone and Milo;

but admiration rather than terror attaches to his memory: his story I have often heard from the sailors of the Greek navy, and a sketch of his history will be found in the volume of old Robert, the Jesuit, who professed to have met him in the Ægean, and to speak of his exploits from personal knowledge of their author.'—vol. ii. pp. 193—203.

There is a great sameness in the appearance of almost all the Cyclades. On exploring them, however, a great variety is observable in the occupations, manners, costume, and even in the language of each islet. 'The soil of one is rich, luxurious, and verdant; that of a second, only a few miles distant, is dry, scorched, and volcanic: the harbour of another is filled with the little trading craft of all the surrounding ports; its quays ripe with the hum and hurry of commerce, and its coffee-houses crowded with the varied inhabitants of a hundred trading marts; whilst a fourth, of equal capabilities, and barely an hour's sail beyond it, will be as quiet and noiseless as a city of the plague; its shores unvisited, its streets untrodden, and its fields untilled.' These differences are caused by adherence to ancient usage, which forms so striking a feature in Oriental habits, and gives to the people of the Ægean some of their most interesting charms.

The harbour of Milo is one of the best in the Mediterranean. It affords a safer anchorage than Mytilene, though the latter has the advantage in point of size. The situation of Milo under the Turks, was far from being oppressive. It paid a tribute and capitulation tax, and was governed exclusively by natives. To such an extent was its comparative freedom carried, that in the seventeenth century it was converted, by an enterprising man of low birth, into a temporary kingdom. The particulars collected by the author, concerning this second Massaniello, cannot boast of the merit of novelty, but they are sufficiently striking to be quoted. The adventurer's name was Joannes Capsi.

'He was by profession a sailor, and had, like many of his countrymen, amassed a considerable sum by employing himself as a pilot, as well as by several commercial speculations through the Archipelago. By nature, he was bold, hardy, and enterprising, whilst an easy good humour, and a commanding, yet winning affability, had rendered him excessively popular amongst his countrymen. There were no Turks resident in the island, and it was but seldom that they were troubled even with their occasional visits, since the vigilance of the Knights of Malta rendered the periodical expeditions of the Capitan Pacha, to collect the tribute, rather hazardous excursions.

'Thus left almost totally to themselves, and with the choice of their own governors, Capsi first conceived the idea of rendering his country independent of the Sultan. He gradually broke his design to one after another of his friends, till having secured the assistance of some, and the approbation of all classes of his fellow islanders, he at last threw off the mask, was proclaimed King of Milo by his followers, and crowned by the Latin Bishop, Don Antonio Camillo, who hung round his neck a massive golden chain, while the populace applauded the ceremony with loud ac-

clamations and shouts of "Long live Capsi! long live King John of Milo!"

'Nothing embarrassed by his new dignity, Capsi set about the performance of its duties with all the moderation of a philosopher. He had secured the friendship of the principal and leading men of the island, and by their influence he was presented with the finest house in Milo, had a revenue assigned him from the public taxes, and a guard of fifty men appointed to wait on him abroad, whilst five and twenty were constantly in attendance before his gate. He set apart stated days for the dispensation of public justice, and became at once the Lawgiver, the Judge, and the Monarch of Milo.

'This state of affairs continued, with uninterrupted tranquillity, for upwards of three years, till the Porte, becoming alarmed rather at the prudence than the power of Joannes, and dreading lest his example should be more extensively imitated, resolved to make him a public example for the inculcation of passive obedience.

'It was a matter of no small difficulty, however, to gain possession of the person of a man beloved by all around him, and with eight hundred armed followers under his command. The Capitan Pacha, aware of all these circumstances, forbore to visit Milo in person, through a fear of exciting suspicion, and merely sent round three galleys for the purpose of receiving the annual tribute. The Turkish commander landed without a guard, and proceeded unattended to the Palace of Capsi, addressed him as the sovereign of the island, paid him a thousand compliments, and expressed the readiness of the Porte to recognize his authority in Milo, provided he should hold himself a vassal of the Sultan, and continue to pay the annual tribute as heretofore.

Joannes, betrayed by his vanity, closed at once with his proposal, and the Turk withdrew to his vessel, whilst Capsi, forgetful of his usual prudence, prepared to return his visit. In order not to yield in politeness to the envoy of the Porte, he descended to the beach, accompanied only by twelve individuals of his guard, and incautiously ventured on board the caravella of the treacherous Ottoman, who instantly threw him into irons, and setting sail, carried him without delay to Constantinople, where the unfortunate King was hung on a tree before the gate of the Bagnio, in 1680.'—vol. ii. pp. 247—251.

From these extracts the reader will have been enabled to form a judgment for himself of the variety of interesting matter which is contained in these volumes. The style in which it is conveyed is generally clear, polished, and when occasion requires, highly picturesque. In every point of view we must add, that Mr. Emerson appears to us likely to prove one of the most agreeable writers of the day, and he only wants a more original theme, and a more ample field to establish a decided reputation.

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in H. M. 87th Regiment.* Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

THE study of human character is a science of which we can never receive too many illustrations. It is most probable that the

almost infinite variety of countenance by which men are distinguished from each other, originates in difference of moral or intellectual character. But the contrast which we find both in the external appearance, and in the internal dispositions of mankind, is certainly one of the most curious circumstances on which the ingenuity of a speculative mind can be employed. There is good reason to suppose that there are several properties of human nature of which many of us never obtain any knowledge—properties which are only called out by some particular circumstance, or exigence, or which only appear in extraordinary situations. The science of character can never be perfect while any of the phenomena of our dispositions remain unexamined. A theory framed on any but the most extensive study of human nature, under every different modification, must necessarily be imperfect, and liable to be overturned at the first occurrence of any novel incident. But the knowledge of character is very distinct from the study of metaphysics, and forms a science by itself—a science which, it is true, has never yet been formed into a system, but which better deserves to be so, than many of those which in the present day are honoured with a complete and distinct technology. Many interesting particulars, we believe, might be brought forward towards forming such a system, and one consequence which would follow from its establishment would doubtless be of a most important kind—the more extensive knowledge of character in those classes of society where wealth has little, but accident much control. It is astonishing how much ignorance exists respecting human nature in any of those situations to which attention is not attracted by external splendour, or which has nothing on which the eye can at once fix without the trouble of investigation. Of the poorer classes, we know nothing except their poverty. We think, indeed, we have observed them sufficiently when we discover an appearance of discontent, a negligence of thought in our servants, or a wild fury when the passions of the multitude are excited by some supposed injury. But the greater part of those who pretend to considerable skill in the observation of character, never think of the strange combination of feelings which may be taking possession of the humblest breast; of the deepened energy which even poverty may give to some minds; of the madness which may be secretly shaking the soul of some despised, but proud menial; or of the ambition which may have been sown in his breast, and grown in secrecy till it drive him to some wild action, or to a gloomy despair.

The history of men who have raised themselves from the lower ranks to situations of respectability or honour, is fraught with interest. It vindicates human nature from the charge of servility to circumstance, and convinces us of the power which belongs to the mind, not merely to draw good out of the things in possession; but to create for itself new sources of gratification and happiness.

Of the strength which lies concealed in the popular mind till some sudden excitement calls it into action, we have ample evidence in the pages of history. The narrative of the French Revolution is full of the most remarkable instances of a sudden discovery of great mental power, and no account exists of any political convulsion in which we may not find some additional proof of the strong, deep under-current of thought and feeling of which an eye, only intent on the common course of the world, recognizes nothing. There can be no doubt, therefore, that there are always individuals existing, who only wait for some fortunate event to make a conspicuous figure on the stage of existence. Some of these will want more, and others less, assistance from circumstance, according to the different degrees of their energy. Some will only rise to the surface of the stream, and others will be able to raise themselves above it. In many instances it will be difficult to say, whether mere caution and prudence were not the only instruments of success, and in as many more we may distinctly see the quick, bold working of a thoughtful and enterprising mind. But in every instance we find something to reason upon—something to show the free-will and self-dependence of man in clearer relation to the ever-present and over-ruling power of Providence. We do not know any work which could compare in interest and usefulness with one devoted to the record of all the individuals who, whether successful or not, in their final objects, have raised themselves into notice. It would be curious to see by what general circumstances, if any similar ones could be traced in their fortunes, they were helped forward; by what class of feelings the men who have arrived at the same end were influenced, and how they have provided for the similar exigencies of their situation. We want for the proper study of human character a large variety of works of this kind, and, as Lord Bacon recommends for the improvement of general science, a traditionary memorial of all the little discoveries which each man in the course of his life may make to illustrate the secret principles of action.

Our idea would be extended, perhaps, a little too far, were the memoir of every individual of merit to occupy as many pages as the autobiography of Lieutenant Shipp. But this gentleman certainly deserves a place among the men who have risen superior to the frowns of fortune, and though neither poet nor philosopher, his life is a striking proof of the vigour with which the most uneducated man will pursue a favourite path. We have read his narrative with a considerable degree of interest, and more particularly because it describes a set of feelings and circumstances with which we are not so commonly made acquainted, as we are with others of a different kind. Men of science and literature occupy our attention too exclusively, and thus the operations of particular dispositions and ideas are observed under only one or two particular influences. . . . But we shall endeavour to give our

readers some account of the active and loyal individual whose memoirs are before us.

John Shipp was born in the little market-town of Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, March 16, 1785. His parents were at the time of his birth, in the most indigent circumstances, and he found himself at a very early age, cast upon the world without any protector, but the overseer of the village poor-house. His mother had died just after he had begun to be sensible of her affection, his father had gone for a soldier, and was nobody knew where, and his only brother, who was for some time a comfort to him, was taken by a press-gang and sent to sea. There was a feeling of loneliness and desertion in the poor lad, which is not usually experienced by boys of his class, and the description given of his early griefs secure our sympathy during the remainder of the narrative. This little tinge of sentimentality, however, did not prevent his most ardent love of mischief, and he soon gained celebrity in the parish for a wild and reckless lad. But an idea was now to take possession of his mind on which the whole of his future fate and fortunes depended. It was one morning in autumn, in the year 1797, when he was fully occupied in a game of marbles, that his ear was attracted by the gay echoes of a drum and fife. The interest of the game was not sufficient to retain him, and he flew off to enjoy the spectacle of a smart recruiting party of the royal artillery. The excellence of the music, the fine dress of the fifer, scarcely taller than himself, and the gay cockades of the recruits, all made a deep impression on his mind; but when the sergeant made his speech, and the new soldier lads flung up their hats in the air, shouting "victory!" he could no longer contain himself, and raising himself on tip-toe, he strutted up to the sergeant, and asked him if he would "take I for a soldier?" Not having received any answer but a sharp rap for having touched the drum, he again put the question, enforcing it with the observation, that he was "bigger than that there chap, meaning the fifer," but was again repulsed; and the little musician properly resented the affront, by beating him unmercifully. But the feeling was now awakened—he could think of nothing but soldiers and soldiering; and a change soon took place in his situation, in which his heroism was severely tried.

‘Shortly after this adventure, I was sent to live with a farmer in the town, whose heart was as cold as the hoar-frost which often blighted his fairest prospects. Fortunately for me, however, his wife was of a different disposition. This good dame proved almost a second mother to me, and frequently screened me from the effects of my master’s rage: but so restless and untoward (to say the truth), were my inclinations and propensities, and so imperious in his commands, and unrelenting in his anger, was my master, that, in spite of my kind mistress’s intercession in my favour, I seldom passed a day without being subjected to his cruel lash. This treatment was but little calculated either to

conciliate my affections, or to effect a reformation in my conduct. My feelings became hardened under the lash of oppression; and my desire to leave a place so little congenial with my disposition increased daily. Meantime, all the cats and dogs in my master's house were made to go through military evolutions; the hoes and rakes were transformed into muskets, and the geese and turkeys into soldiers. Even my master's whip, which was always in requisition at the conclusion of these performances, could not eradicate my propensity for "soldiering." Every time his back was turned, my military exercises were resumed; and, when I could not by possibility find time to be thus actively engaged, I solaced myself with whistling, *God save the King—The British Grenadiers, and See the Conquering Hero Comes*. The first of these tunes I once commenced in the church-yard during a funeral service, for which I got the sexton's cane over my back; "that being no place," as the said sexton judiciously remarked, "to show my loyalty in." Even the old women in the parish could not pass me without a military salute, such as—*Heads up missis! Eyes right, missis! Keep the step, missis! &c.* These pranks often brought me into disgrace and trouble, and usually ended with an application of the end of my master's whip.

'In the dreary month of December, when the white snow danced along the glen, and the icicle sparkled on the hoary oak, I had transported my frozen limbs into a turnip-field, close by the Great Yarmouth Road, where I stood shrivelled up like a dried mushroom, plotting and planning how to escape from the truly wretched situation in which I felt myself to be then placed. I had just put my cold fingers into my mouth for the purpose of warming them, and had given them the first puff, when I heard the distant sound of martial music. Down went my hands, and up went my heels. I made an *eschellon* movement towards the place; jumped over the gate; brought up my right shoulder a little; then gave the word *forward*, and marched in double-quick time. The music soon got nearer, or, at all events, I soon got so near to the music that I was glad to halt. Just at this moment the whole band struck up, *Over the Hills and Far Away*, which kindled a flame in my bosom which nothing but death can extinguish, though I have now long since had my full share of the reality of the Scotch melody. On coming up to the party of soldiers, I gave the colonel a military salute, by first slapping my leathers, then bringing up my right hand (which, by the bye, was the *wrong* hand), to my forehead, and extending the thumb as far as I could from my fingers. I continued in this position, keeping my elbow parallel with the top of my head, until the colonel came close up to me, and, remarking how studiously I retained the same position, condescendingly said, with a smile, "that's a fine fellow." On this head, I perfectly agreed with the gallant commandant, as may be readily supposed; and the compliment so elated me, that I felt by no means certain whether I stood on my head or my heels, but ran about, first in the front, then in the rear, until at last I ran bump up against—"master," who presented himself to my astonished eyes, mounted on Corporal Dash (a horse of which I had so named), with a long hunting-whip (a very old friend of mine) in his hand."—pp. 9—12.

poor John's sufferings for the misdemeanors into which he was led by his thirst for glory were horrible, and no embryo poet ever experienced more hardships from the cruel treatment of an unlit-

rary father, than our hero did from his unmartial master; but a brighter fortune was awaiting him. About the year 1796, three regiments were formed, which went under the name of experimental, and were composed of boys taken from the several parishes. One winter's morning, when John was working in a field, he was accosted by a parish officer, who informed him that if he was so inclined he might now go for a soldier. The offer was eagerly accepted, and he was immediately sent to the dépôt at Colchester. His first taste of a military life was not such as served to realize his hopes. He was laughed at, beaten, put to the torture by his new uniform, and suffered all the little inconveniences which it may easily be imagined such a novel situation presented. But his ardour conquered every thing, and he soon obtained the distinguished rank of fife-major, and afterwards that of drum-major. But we must pass over these home scenes of his career. After having learnt something of a military life in England, he was ordered with his regiment to the Cape of Good Hope. His voyage thither was a most perilous one, and if the description be correct, never did poor wretches suffer so frightfully as the crew of the Surat-Castle. The vessel was literally crammed with human beings, many of which, famished and helpless Lascars, were dying of pestilential diseases. But we give the author's own words.

'In three or four hours we had entirely lost sight of our convoy. We were running at the rate of eleven knots an hour, and, as it seemed, into the very jaws of danger. The clouds began to assume a pitchy and awful darkness, the distant thunder rolled angrily, and the vivid lightning's flash struck each watching eye dim, and, for a moment, hid the rolling and gigantic wave from the sight of fear. The wind whistled terrifically, and the shattered sails fanned the flying clouds. All was consternation; every eye betrayed fear. Sail was taken in, masts lowered, and yards stayed—preparations which bespoke no good tidings to the inquiring and terrified landsman. I was seated in the poop, alone, holding by a hen-coop, and viewing the mountainous and angry billows, with my hand partly covering my eyes to protect them against the lightning. It was a moment of the most poignant sorrow to me; my heart still lingered on the white cliffs of Albion, nor could I wean it from the sorrowful reflection that I was, perhaps, leaving that dear and beloved country for ever. During this struggle of my feelings, our vessel shipped a tremendous sea over her poop, and then angrily shook her head, and seemed resolved to buffet the raging elements with all her might and main. The ship was shortly after this "hove to," and lay comparatively quiet; and, in about a couple of hours, the wind slackened, and we again stood on our way, the masts cracking under her three topsails and fore storm-staysail. However, she rode much easier, and the storm still continued to abate. I was dreadfully wet and cold, and my teeth chattered most woefully; so I made towards the gun-deck, some portion of which was allotted for the soldiers. There the heat was suffocating, and the stench intolerable. The scene in the orlop-deck was truly distressing; soldiers, their wives and children, all lying together in a state of the most dreadful sea-sickness, groaning in concert, and

calling for a drop of water to cool their parched tongues. I screwed myself up behind a butt, and soon fell into that stupor which sea-sickness will create. In this state I continued until morning; and, when I awoke, I found that the hurricane had returned with redoubled fury, and that we were standing towards land. The captain came a-head to look out, and, after some consideration, he at last told the officer to stand out to sea. The following morning was ushered in by the sun's bright beams diffusing their lustre on the dejected features of frightened and helpless mortals. The dark clouds of sad despair were in mercy driven from our minds, and the bright beams of munificent love from above took their place. The before down-cast eye was seen to sparkle with delight, and the haggard cheek of despondency resumed its wonted serenity. The tempestuous bosom of the main was now smooth as a mirror, and all seemed grateful and cheerful, directing the eye of hope towards the far-distant haven to which we were bound.

'Some three weeks after this, we were again visited by a most dreadful storm, that far exceeded the former one, and from which we suffered much external injury, our main top-mast, and other smaller masts, being carried away. But the interior of our poor bark exhibited a scene of far greater desolation. We were then far from land, and a pestilential disease was raging among us in all its terrific forms. Naught could be seen but the pallid cheek of disease, or the sunken eye of despair. The sea-gulls soared over the ship, and huge sharks hovered around it, watching for their prey. These creatures are sure indications of ships having some pestilential disease on board, and they have been known to follow a vessel so circumstanced to the most distant climes—to countries far from their native element. To add to our distresses, some ten barrels of ship's paint, or colour, got loose from their lashings, and rolled from side to side, and from head to stern, carrying every thing before them by their enormous weight. From our inability to stop them in their destructive progress, they one and all were stayed in, and the gun-deck soon became one mass of colours, in which lay the dead and the dying, both white and black.'—*vol. i. pp. 69—73.*

The ship, however, arrived at the Cape, and a little time restored the author to health and strength; soon after which the regiment was again embarked, and he found himself in the barracks of Fort William. He was now eighteen, in good health, and possessing an excellent character for sobriety and regularity. He was fifer and bugler, and had so far gained the good will of his captain, as to have received some instructions from him in reading and writing. His ambition thus took a higher character, and he requested to be removed from the drummers to the ranks. He obtained his wish; and to his great delight was not only transferred to the ranks, but was promoted to be a corporal. He was now in a situation where his exertions and good conduct were likely to obtain their full reward. Of this he was further assured by being, at the end of six months, advanced to the rank of sergeant, and shortly after to that of pay-sergeant. The army was proceeding against Hoolkah, and on the 29th December, 1804, they set down to the siege of Bhurt-pur; the grand scene of our author's heroism; for three times was

he at the head of the forlorn hope, and on each occasion was driven back wounded and disabled. The account of these desperate attacks is given with force, and will be read by most persons who take any pleasure in military details, with lively interest. We have room only for the narrative of the last of the attempts made upon this apparently impregnable fortress, and which it seems was besieged when our army had neither force nor energy sufficient to give any hope of success.

‘ The storming-party marched out in the usual steady order: yet, from our recent calamitous defeats, there was not that spirit amongst the men which I had witnessed on former occasions. We had already experienced three disastrous repulses from this fort, and there now seemed a cloud on every brow, which proceeded, I have no hesitation in asserting, from a well-grounded apprehension that this, our fourth assault, would be concluded by another retreat. If any sight could be exhibited to the human eye that was calculated to work upon the feelings of men already disappointed and dispirited, it was the scene that was exposed to our view on approaching to this breach; for there lay our poor comrades who had fallen in previous attempts, many of them in a state of nudity; some without heads; some without arms or legs; and others whose bodies exhibited the most barbarous cruelties, for they were literally cut to pieces. The sight was truly awful and appalling, and the eye of pity closed instinctively on such a spectacle of woe. Those who attempted to extend the hand of relief were added to the number of the slain, as the spot was much exposed to a cross-fire from the fort. Could any sight be more distressing for affectionate comrades to look on? I say affectionate, for, among men living together in one barrack, and, perhaps under one tent, in familiar intercourse, there must be a greater regard for each other than is found to exist among those who meet casually, once a day or once a week. In a soldier's barrack the peculiarities, good or bad, of every individual are known; added to which, arduous services will always link men together in the bond of union and affection. Many of these mutilated objects still breathed, and could be seen to heave the agonized bosom; some raised their heads clotted with blood; others their legs and arms; and, in this manner, either made signs to us, or faintly cried for help and pity. It was a sight to turn nature's current, and to melt a heart of stone. Such was its effect upon our lines, that, after a short conflict of the softer feelings, the eye of every man flashed the vivid spark of vengeance against the cruel race who had committed such wanton barbarities; and, if mortal effort could have surmounted the obstacles in our path, those who witnessed the horrid scene I have just described, must infallibly have succeeded. But the effort was beyond mortal power. Braver hearts, or more loyal, never left the isle of Albion, than those who fell like withered leaves, and found a soldier's grave at Bhurtpore.

‘ Our ascent was found, for the fourth time, to be quite impossible: every man who showed himself was sure of death. The soldiers in the fort were in chain armour. I speak this from positive conviction, for I myself fired at one man three times in the bastion, who was not six yards from me, and he did not even bob his head. We were told afterwards, that every man defending the breach, was in full armour, which was a coat,

breast-plate, shoulder-plates, and armlets, with a helmet and chain face-guard; so that our shots could avail but little. I had not been on the breach more than five minutes, when I was struck with a large shot on my back, thrown down from the top of the bastion, which made me lose my footing, and I was rolling down sideways, when I was brought up by a bayonet of one of our grenadiers passing through the shoe, into the fleshy part of the foot, and under the great toe.—pp. 199—202.

It had been promised our author, that if he succeeded in entering the fort, he should be rewarded with a commission. We have seen how unfortunately the affair terminated, but this was the consequence of no deficiency in the resolution of the men who composed the forlorn hope, and Mr. Shipp, much to the praise of the commander-in-chief be it spoken, received an ensigncy, and soon after was made a lieutenant in the 76th regiment, and returned to England, where he arrived in October, 1807. His principal reason for leaving India was to afford himself some chance of seeing his father—another instance of that goodness of nature, marks of which we have reason to admire in many parts of the memoirs. To his grief, however, he found his parent was no longer living; this unsettled his feelings, he entered into all the pleasures of society, lost his money, and, to our great regret, for we really feel sympathy with him, had to sell his commission to liquidate his debts.

With proper resolution, he again entered his profession by enlisting as a private into the 24th Dragoons, was soon promoted to the rank of sergeant, and returned to India.

After suffering a few disappointments, he was further promoted to the rank of sergeant-major, and obtained some minor appointments, which considerably augmented his income. He now, therefore, thought it would be advisable to settle himself by marriage, and he obtained the hand of the daughter of a respectable officer in the commissariat department. Soon after this, as if the stream of his good luck was to be fuller and fuller every day, he again obtained a commission, having an ensigncy given him in the 87th regiment, which corps he was directed to join without delay. There are some highly interesting passages in the detail of the campaign in which our author was now engaged. Indian warfare affords excellent subjects for description. Wild adventures, desperate attempts, and romantic successes, fill the pages of any ordinary history of an Indian campaign, but Mr. Shipp was peculiarly fortunate in this respect. His natural bravery led him into every scene of danger, and he was never so happy as when leading a forlorn hope, or making his way through impassable barriers of dark morass or gloomy jungle. If he had been so fortunate as to have lived some three hundred years back, he would have infallibly obtained a renowned name in minstrelsy; but in default of this, he has related his own adventures with excellent skill, and there are not many books of the class from which more entertainment may be gleaned. From the anecdotes with which the work

abounds, we extract the following of the sagacity and fidelity of the dog:—

‘ I believe it was when on this service that I had occasion to notice an instance of sagacity in a dog, that may be deemed worthy of being recorded.

‘ In passing the sentinels, I found it necessary to admonish one of them for not challenging in a louder voice. To my astonishment, the excuse which the man made was, that he was afraid of waking a faithful dog of his, that was asleep under a bush just by.

“ What !” said I, “ then I suppose you sometimes take nap about with this faithful animal.”

“ Why, yes,” said the man, innocently, “ sometimes, sir; and, to say truth, I have but five minutes ago relieved him from his post.”

“ Very candid, truly,” said I; “ but are you not aware, my good fellow, that you could be shot for sleeping on your post ?”

‘ The sentinel admitted that he knew well the consequences to which he would be subjected by sodoing; but notwithstanding this, he asserted that he could thoroughly confide in his faithful companion, who, on the slightest noise, would jump upon him, and awake him.

‘ On further enquiry, I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk his round; that, in very dark nights, he would even put his ear to the ground, and listen; and that, during the period assigned to him as his turn to watch, he would never venture to lie down, but would steadily and slowly walk his round, which nothing could induce him to leave, such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of his post. The man added, that he once gave him to an officer of the Company’s service, who took him from the station where he was (Meerut), to Loodiannah, a distance of four hundred miles, and that, the moment the officer let him loose, he returned to his old master, having performed that great distance in two days and a half. That he was on the main-guard the night he returned, and he was awoke by the dog licking his face. It appeared that he had been through the barrack, and visited every sleeping soldier on their separate cots, until he had found his master. The man related several anecdotes of this animal: among the rest, he said he was one day out drinking toddy, some miles from camp, and from the intoxicating effect, and the extreme heat of the liquor, he went to sleep. On awaking he found his clothes torn in several places, and that he had been dragged more than three yards from the bush under which he had lain down; but what was his astonishment, on getting up, to find a large snake almost torn to pieces, no doubt by his faithful guard! He was a powerful dog,—a kind of Persian-hill greyhound, that would kill a wolf single-handed.’—vol. ii. pp. 125—127.

As these illustrations of natural history are both useful and interesting, when related by persons who there is any reason to suppose have had an opportunity of verifying them by observation, we extract another from these amusing volumes.

‘ One night, having dined with an officer of the Madras army, at the time that we were before this place, and partaken rather too freely of the Tuscan grape, I started towards home on my favourite mare, whose

speed not a horse in camp could equal, and lost my way. There was a considerable space between the camp where I dined and our own encampment, the lights of which I thought I was standing fair for; but, after riding a much greater distance than that between the two encampments, and being in a thick jungle infested with tigers, I began to reflect seriously on my situation, and for a moment I paused to consider, under such circumstances, what was best to be done. How short-sighted is mortal man! That brief moment had nearly been my last! I had laid the reins of my mare over her neck; when, in an instant, she gathered herself up, snorted, and wheeled right round. Fortunately for me, I seized the mane, and, in an instant after, I saw, squatted down and crouching to the ground, a huge tiger. To have run from him would have been inevitable destruction. I therefore wheeled my mare round, and pressed her on towards him, but she would not approach him. I had a pair of loaded pistols in my holster-pipes. One of these I drew out, resolving, however, not to throw away my fire. While endeavouring to spur my mare on, and making all the noise I could, the ferocious animal slunk off, to the great joy of both my mare and myself, and I was not long before I reached my own tent.

'I had some recollection of the place where this happened, as I always made a point of making myself acquainted with the localities of the encampment and its vicinity; so, early the following morning, I rode towards the spot, which was not far from the road, and where I found that the said tiger had feasted on a more delicious morsel, — a nice little ghinee, a small cow.

'I would recommend to those who may chance to get into the vicinity of such bad neighbours, never to run from them, but, if sufficient courage can possibly be mustered, to run at them, or to stand and stare them full in the face. A captain in the Company's service once told me, when speaking of these savage beasts, that he was out shooting in some part near Loodianah, alone, and he had just discharged his last barrel at some wild ducks, when a large tiger made his appearance. He had not time to load again, but, for a time, stood his ground. He stared—the tiger grinned, but did not seem inclined to come to the scratch. This said captain, being a funny fellow, at last thought of a stratagem that was likely to put his grinning neighbour to flight, which was by turning his back to the animal, looking at him through his legs, and thus running off backwards. He positively declared that, the moment the tiger saw this strange metamorphosis, he took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant. I will not vouch for the verity of this tale, but I have heard, since my arrival in England, that the same trick was actually played on a savage mastiff belonging to a tan-yard, that would not permit a stranger near the premises, without tearing him to pieces, but the moment he saw this curious figure he took refuge in a drying-house, and for some time after, on the least noise, he would hide himself, thinking, no doubt, it was his friend with his head between his legs again.'—vol. iii. pp. 130—133.

Our author has expressed some little doubt, and with reason too, respecting the truth of the latter of these stories, and well he may, for the same friend told him, that he had often, in the West Indies, lived for weeks without food, and once supported himself for six months with nothing to eat but cayenne pepper. 'This is the rea-

son,' modestly says the author, 'why I should not take upon me to vouch for the authenticity of the tiger adventure.'

We pass over the intermediate part of the narrative, and meet with our author at Cawnpore, in 1819, where he resided till 1821, obtaining, in the March of that year, the rank of Lieutenant, and a son. But his happiness was soon annihilated, and he was again to feel the consequences of the most imprudent conduct which a man in his situation could have pursued. In spite of the commonest maxims which prudence dictates, he entered into a sort of partnership with a Major Browne, in the same regiment as himself, to run a certain number of horses at the Cawnpore races. By some of those accidents, which are generally formed to make confederacies of this kind, sooner or later, a source of dispute, the parties became involved in a serious quarrel, and Mr. Shipp having had the imprudence to enter into a negociation with a person, who could, whenever he chose, bring his military rank and influence against him, soon found himself a disgraced and ruined man. A court-martial having been called to consider the accusations which his opponent brought against him, he was sentenced to be discharged his Majesty's service; which sentence, however, was changed into a recommendation that he should be removed to the half-pay list. To add to the distress of the unfortunate but imprudent man, soon after this miserable termination of an honourable career, he lost his wife, and was thus left in as wretched a condition as he could be. He had served in the army for more than thirty years, had obtained the praises of superiors, and the love of those beneath him, and was covered with scars from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. But none of these considerations were sufficient to obtain him a reversal of the sentence, and he was compelled to return to England, which he reached in safety, in October, 1825. We give his concluding words.

'The parade on which I then stood finished my military career of upwards of thirty years,—five-and-twenty of which I had spent in the burning soil of India. I had but little cause to feel regret in resigning my command over the turbulent and drunken set whom I was now about to quit; but situate as I was myself, I could not even leave those poor creatures without a tear; and when I reflected that I was no longer a soldier, I felt a weight at my heart that sunk me almost to the earth.

'The public are now in possession of a faithful account of the vicissitudes which have marked the career of one who, in misfortune, can pride himself on having performed his duty to his country, loyally, faithfully, and, he trusts, bravely.

'From my military readers I feel it impossible to part without a few valedictory words. Brothers in arms, farewell! May the bright star from heaven shine on your efforts, and may you be crowned with glory! May the banner of Albion be hoisted in victory wherever it goes! As long as my mortal sight will guide me along the annals of war, I will exult and triumph in your successes, and drop a tear of pity for those that fall. Comrades, farewell!'—vol. iii. p. 293.

We cannot part with this amusing and really interesting narrative, without expressing a wish that it may meet the eyes of those who could assist its deserving author in recovering the situation of which imprudence, rather than the slightest guilt, has deprived him. Mr. Shipp raised himself solely by the exertion of the good qualities with which nature provided him; and in the particular duties which his situation called upon him to perform, he uniformly evinced the boldest and most patient determination. His memoirs are an example of the most perfect candour; nothing is concealed which pride or vanity would have tempted a thousand other men in his circumstances to have passed over; and in the account which is given of the court-martial, by the judgment of which he was ruined, the address of his antagonist is transcribed without any attempt at concealing the true nature of the affair. From the public testimony which is given, in several of the papers contained in the work, to his high character as an officer, we consider that he has still a claim to the consideration of the army; and we trust that his honest and manly appeal for indulgence will not be made in vain.

To judge of the publication by the strict rules of criticism, would be unfair. It is full of entertaining detail, but there are several parts which add little to its merit, in either one way or the other. The style is that of either a half-educated man, or of a hired author of most suspicious taste. If Mr. Shipp have himself written the narrative, it does him very great credit for its general freedom from the gross errors into which so unpractised a writer might be expected to fall; but if he have been assisted by any literary man, the affectation of description and pathos with which the volumes abound, merit ridicule as well as censure. For the amusing matter, however, which they contain, we can recommend them to our readers as far more deserving of perusal than any fashionable novel which the season has produced. One such true practical illustration of human nature, is worth a thousand of the finest theoretical representations that were ever produced by our modern romancers.

ART. XI.—*The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1829.*
Vol. xiii. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is a work which ought to be rendered highly valuable in the estimation of every person who takes an interest in the sciences, literature and arts, and public service of the country. It ought to possess the character of being a complete and authentic repository of all that can be properly made known of the lives of celebrated individuals who have recently departed from life: and to make its pages respectable, it ought not only to be designed upon

a principle of discrimination, but to be executed in a style not altogether unworthy of the approbation of the public.

We do not, we confess, perceive any great necessity for endeavouring to comprise within the annual volume, memoirs of every author, artist, clergyman, soldier, sailor, and civilian, who may be thought entitled to a place in it, and who may have died within the year immediately preceding the date of its appearance. It would be quite sufficient to insert an alphabetical list of such individuals: but memoirs should be published only of those amongst them, concerning whom ample and satisfactory materials may have been obtained. With respect to those of whose lives the editor, or his assistants, may have no adequate knowledge, he might solicit communications publicly, in a note appended to each name. These communications, when received, he should impartially consider and carefully arrange. Indiscriminate eulogy or censure he should reject with firmness; and it should be his duty to present each character to the reader, as nearly as possible in the point of view which would enable posterity to appreciate the merits and the faults of the original. It is far from being necessary, in order to create a valuable obituary of this description, that a literary chace, as it were, should be commenced in pursuit of the fugitive memorials of the dead, the moment he is consigned to the grave. Time should be allowed to his surviving relations and friends to get over the first shock of the privation which they have endured; and we have little doubt, that if applications were made through proper channels, and with becoming delicacy, in nine cases out of ten the requisite materials would not be refused.

As the work is at present, and has been for some years, conducted, it is, generally speaking, little more than a loose and ill-arranged compilation of mere panegyrics, collected from the magazines and newspapers, often miserably written, but uniformly calculated to exaggerate greatly beyond their deserts, the talents and deeds of those who are the subjects of them. For example, we may observe that the volume now before us contains twenty-nine memoirs of 'celebrated persons who have died within the year 1827—1828,' and that of this number no fewer than twenty-five are taken from periodical and other publications already in existence. In the whole series there are only four memoirs that come before us with the recommendation of originality; and of the whole twenty-nine memoirs, not more than half-a-dozen, at the utmost, deserve to be ranked amongst the 'celebrated persons,' who have died within the last year.

Of these select few, we may perhaps name the late Lady Caroline Lamb, as one of the most conspicuous. The sketch of her singular life, as it is here given, is partial and imperfect in every respect. Her personal history, and the novels and miscellaneous poetry which she has written, would have furnished excellent sub-

jects for an elaborate memoir. We have here nothing of the kind, and indeed very little beyond a bare outline of her eccentric life. Such as it is, we shall present a portion of it to the reader, by way of specimen. Her ladyship was the only daughter of Frederick, Earl of Besborough. She was born on the 13th day of November, 1785, and was chiefly brought up under the care of her accomplished grandmother, the Countess Dowager Spencer. From a very early period of her life she was characterized by a certain wildness of disposition, and an impatience of restraint, which she continued to exhibit to her last hour. Before she attained the age of twenty, she was married to the Hon. William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne; they had three children, of whom only one is now living. Lady Caroline's literary tastes are well known. Her powers of conversation are acknowledged upon all hands. Her liaison with Lord Byron has been frequently celebrated, and probably gave birth to her three novels, "*Glenarvon*," "*Graham Hamilton*," and "*Ada Reis*," none of which, we apprehend, will long remain in the recollection of the public. Connected with characters and circumstances of the day, they, or at least the two first, produced a sensation at the time when they were published; but the death or dispersion of those characters, and the cloud of oblivion which has collected over those circumstances, necessarily render most of the allusions to them mere enigmatical and unintelligible every successive season. Her biographer has quoted from "*Graham Hamilton*" three stanzas, which besides being pathetically written, exhibit in no equivocal language the bitter pangs of remorse.

' If thou could'st know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone,
The livelong night whilst others sleep,
Silent and mournful watch to keep,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

' If thou could'st know what 'tis to smile,
To smile, whilst scorn'd by every one,
To hide, by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

' And, oh, if thou could'st think how drear,
When friends are changed and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear,
If thou; like me, to none wert dear,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.'—vol. xiii. p. 54.

Besides the novels here mentioned, Lady Caroline wrote several other tales which have never been published. After the departure of Lord Byron from England, she may be said to have retired from most of the scenes of fashionable life.

'For many years Lady Caroline Lamb led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. Some of her medical attendants imputed her fits, certainly of great incoherence and long continuance, to partial insanity. At this supposition she was invariably and bitterly indignant. Whatever be the cause, it is certain from that time that her conduct and habits materially changed; and, about three years since, a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb, who continued however, frequently to visit, and, to the day of her death, to correspond with her. It is just to both parties to add, that Lady Caroline constantly spoke of her husband in the highest and most affectionate terms of admiration and respect.

'The next event in her life was its last. The disease—dropsy—to which she fell a victim, beginning to manifest itself, she removed to town for medical assistance. Three or four months before her death, she underwent an operation, from which she experienced some relief, but it was only of a temporary nature. Aware of her danger, she showed neither impatience nor dismay; and the philosophy, which, though none knew better in theory, had proved so ineffectual in life, seemed at last to effect its triumph in death. She expired without pain, and without a struggle, on the evening of Friday, the 25th January, 1828. There are many yet living, who drew from the opening years of this gifted and warm-hearted being hopes which her maturity was not fated to realise. To them it will be some consolation to reflect, that her end at least was what the best of us might envy, and the harshest of us approve.

'In person, Lady Caroline Lamb was small, slight, and, in earlier life, perfectly formed; but her countenance had no other beauty than expression—that charm it possessed to a singular degree; her eyes were dark, but her hair and complexion fair; her manners, though somewhat eccentric, and apparently, not really, affected, had a fascination which it is difficult for any who never encountered their effect to conceive. Perhaps, however, they were more attractive to those beneath her than to her equals; for as their chief merit was their kindness and endearment, so their chief deficiency was a want of that quiet and composed dignity which is the most orthodox requisite in the manners of what we term, *par emphasis, society*. Her character it is difficult to analyse, because, owing to the extreme susceptibility of her imagination, and the unhesitating and rapid manner in which she followed its impulses, her conduct was one perpetual kaleidoscope of changes. Like her namesake, in the admirable story of Cousin William, she had no principles to guide her passions; her intents "halted in a wide sea of wax"—the one had no rudder, the other no port. To the poor she was invariably charitable—she was more: in spite of her ordinary thoughtlessness of self, for them she had consideration as well as generosity, and delicacy no less than relief. For her friends she had a ready and active love; for her enemies no hatred: never, perhaps, was there a human being who had less malevolence: as all her errors hurt only herself, so against herself only were levelled her accusation and reproach.'—pp. 55, 56.

We cordially coincide in the concluding remarks of her ladyship's biographer :

' Her literary works can convey no idea of the particular order of her conversational talents, though they can of their general extent; for her writings are all more or less wild and enthusiastic, and breathing of melancholy and romance : but her ordinary conversation was playful and animated, pregnant with humour and vivacity, and remarkable for the *common sense* of the opinions it expressed. Lady Caroline was indeed one of those persons who can be much wiser for others than for themselves ; and she who disdained all worldly advice, was the most judicious of worldly advisers. The friend of Byron, Wellington, and de Stael—intimately known, at the various periods of her life, to the most illustrious names of France, Italy, and England—her anecdotes could not fail to be as interesting as the inferences she drew from them were sagacious and acute. For the rest, it is a favourite antithesis in the cant morality of the day to oppose the value of a good heart to that of a calculating head. Never was there a being with a better heart than the one whose character we have just sketched ; from what single misfortune or what single error did it ever preserve its possessor ? The world does not want good hearts, but regulated minds—not uncertain impulses, but virtuous principles. Rightly cultivate the head, and the heart will take care of itself ; for knowledge is the parent of good, not good of knowledge. We are told in Scripture that it was the *wise men* of the East who followed the star which led them to their God.'—p. 56.

The compendious and modest memoir of Sir Henry Torrens, which has already appeared in all the newspapers, has found a place, without any alteration, in this volume. The havoc, by the way, which has been caused by death in the ranks of the public service during the last year, is remarkable. We have here sketches of the lives of our Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool ; of two Admirals, Sir Richard John Strachan (of the Blue), and Sir William Domet (of the Red) ; of two Vice-Admirals, William Nowell, Esq. (of the Blue), and Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson (of the Red) ; of three General Officers, Sir H. Torrens, Sir Neil Campbell, and Major-General Burrell ; of Naval Captains, Clapperton and Sir Philip Carteret Silvester ; of Lieutenant-Colonel Sackville ; and of William Lowndes, Esq., late Chief Commissioner of the Board of Taxes. As all these memoirs, however, are sufficiently well known to naval, military, and public men, and have been pretty extensively circulated in other publications, we shall make no apology for passing them over altogether, without any further observation than this, that they are, for the most part, got up in a very slovenly style.

Among the four original papers in this volume, there is rather an instructive account of the life of Archdeacon Hook. It cannot be denied that, as a public writer, Mr. Hook possessed eminent talents. He put them forward, in all their force, during the period of the French Revolution, and, indeed, throughout Pitt's Administration, as well as subsequent to that period, the Archdeacon seems

to have lost no opportunity of dashing off a pamphlet in defence of High Church principles, and in hostility to every thing like innovation, which he stoutly maintained, under whatever form it appeared, meant nothing but revolution. His pamphlets are numberless, and, in some instances, undoubtedly display ability. But it is clear the clergyman became a politician from trade, and that he pursued it with considerable success, as from being a poor country curate, he ultimately, after a series of minor promotions, read himself into the opulent deanery of Worcester !

The most interesting of the original memoirs, and we may add, of the whole twenty-nine, is that of Dugald Stewart. The just celebrity which he acquired by his works on the philosophy of the human mind, has made his name already familiar to every reader. He was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. He was born on the 22d of November, 1753, received the rudiments of his education at the High school, and was distinguished, even at the age of seven years, by the quickness and accuracy of his comprehension. After passing through the college at Edinburgh, he removed to Glasgow in 1771, and there imbibed from the lectures of Dr. Reid, the philosophical principles which it subsequently became the main object of his life to inculcate and expand. In 1785, he succeeded his father as professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh ; but his exertions were not confined to that chair, for he lectured also on metaphysics. He gave also a considerable portion of his time to several young noblemen and gentlemen, whom he received into his house as pupils. In 1785, he was transferred to the class of moral philosophy, in which he laid the foundation of his fame. The following general character of his philosophical works, appears to be well founded, and well delineated.

‘ His writings are before the world, and from them posterity may be safely left to form an estimate of the excellence of his style of composition—of the extent and variety of his learning and scientific attainments—of the singular cultivation and refinement of his mind—of the purity and elegance of his taste—of his warm relish for moral and for natural beauty—of his enlightened benevolence to all mankind, and of the generous ardour with which he devoted himself to the improvement of the human species—of all of which, while the English language endures, his works will continue to preserve the indelible evidence. But of one part of his fame no memorial will remain but in the recollection of those who have witnessed his exertions. As a public speaker, he was justly entitled to rank among the very first of his day ; and, had an adequate sphere been afforded for the display of his oratorical powers, his merit in this line alone would have sufficed to secure him an eternal reputation. Among those who have attracted the highest admiration in the senate and at the bar, there are still many living who will bear testimony to his extraordinary eloquence. The ease, the grace, and the dignity of his action ; the compass and harmony of his voice, its flexibility and variety of intonation ; the truth with which its modulation responded to the impulse of

his feelings, and the sympathetic emotions of his audience; the clear and perspicuous arrangement of his matter; the swelling and uninterrupted flow of his periods, and the rich stores of ornament which he used to borrow from the literature of Greece and of Rome, of France and of England, and to interweave with his spoken thoughts with the most apposite application, were perfections not any of them possessed in a superior degree by any of the most celebrated orators of the age; nor do I believe that, in any of the great speakers of the time (and I have heard them all), they were to an equal extent united. His own opinions were maintained without any overweening partiality; his eloquence came so warm from the heart, was rendered so impressive by the evidence which it bore of the love of truth, and was so free from all controversial acrimony, that what has been remarked of the purity of purpose which inspired the speeches of Brutus, might justly be applied to all that he spoke and wrote; for he seemed only to wish, without further reference to others than a candid discrimination of their errors rendered necessary, simply and ingenuously to disclose to the world the conclusions to which his reason had led him; "*Non malignitate aut invidia sed simpliciter et ingenue judicium animi sui detexisse.*"—pp. 261, 2.

The first volume of his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, was published in 1792. His various other works followed in succession. It is unnecessary here to detail even their titles, as their general object and tendency are well known. The latter part of his valuable life was spent at Kinneil House, a seat belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh.

From this place were dated, in succession, the *Philosophical Essays* in 1810; the second volume of the *Philosophy of the Human Mind* in 1813; the Preliminary Dissertation to the *Encyclopædia*; the continuation of the second part of the *Philosophy* in 1827; and finally, in 1828, the third volume, containing the *Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*; a work which he completed only a few short weeks before his career was to close for ever. Here he continued to be visited by his friends, and by most foreigners who could procure an introduction to his acquaintance, till the month of January, 1822, when a stroke of palsy, which nearly deprived him of the power of utterance, in a great measure incapacitated him for the enjoyment of any other society than that of a few intimate friends, in whose company he felt no constraint. This great calamity, which bereaved him of the faculty of speech, of the power of exercise, of the use of his right hand,—which reduced him to a state of almost infantile dependence on those around him, and subjected him ever after to a most abstermious regimen, he bore with the most dignified fortitude and tranquillity. The malady which broke his health and constitution for the rest of his existence, happily impaired neither any of the faculties of his mind, nor the characteristic vigour and activity of his understanding, which enabled him to rise superior to the misfortune. As soon as his strength was sufficiently re-established, he continued to pursue his studies with his wonted assiduity, to prepare his works for the press with the assistance of his daughter as an amanuensis, and to avail himself with cheerful and unabated relish of all the sources of gratification which it was still within his power to enjoy.

exhibiting, among some of the heaviest infirmities incident to age, an admirable example of the serene sunset of a well-spent life of classical elegance and refinement, so beautifully imagined by Cicero : " *Quiete, et pure, et eleganter actæ ætatis, placida ac lenis senectus.*"

' In general company, his manner bordered on reserve ; but it was the *comitate condita gravitas*, and belonged more to the general weight and authority of his character, than to any reluctance to take his share in the cheerful intercourse of social life. He was ever ready to acknowledge with a smile the happy sallies of wit, and no man had a keener sense of the ludicrous, or laughed more heartily at genuine humour. His deportment and expression were easy and unembarrassed, dignified, elegant, and graceful. His politeness was equally free from all affectation, and from all premeditation. It was the spontaneous result of the purity of his own taste, and of a heart warm with all the benevolent affections, and was characterized by a truth and readiness of tact that accommodated his conduct with undeviating propriety to the circumstances of the present moment, and to the relative situation of those to whom he addressed himself. From an early period of life, he had frequented the best society both in France and in this country, and he had in a peculiar degree the air of good company. In the society of ladies he appeared to great advantage, and to women of cultivated understanding, his conversation was particularly acceptable and pleasing. The immense range of his erudition, the attention he had bestowed to almost every branch of philosophy, his extensive acquaintance with every department of elegant literature, ancient or modern, and the fund of anecdote and information which he had collected in the course of his intercourse with the world, with respect to almost all the eminent men of the day, either in this country or in France, enabled him to find suitable subjects for the entertainment of the great variety of visitors of all descriptions, who at one period frequented his house. In his domestic circle, his character appeared in its most amiable light, and by his family he was beloved and venerated almost to adoration. So uniform and sustained was the tone of his manners, and so completely was it the result of the habitual influence of the natural elegance and elevation of his mind on his external demeanour, that when alone with his wife and children, it hardly differed by a shade from that which he maintained in the company of strangers ; for although his fondness, and familiarity, and playfulness were alike engaging and unrestrained, he never lost any thing either of his grace or his dignity : " *Nec vero ille in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior.*" As a writer of the English language,—as a public speaker,—as an original, a profound, and a cautious thinker,—as an expounder of truth,—as an instructor of youth,—as an elegant scholar,—as an accomplished gentleman ;—in the exemplary discharge of the social duties,—in uncompromising consistency and rectitude of principle,—in unbending independence.—in the warmth and tenderness of his domestic affections,—in sincere and unostentatious piety,—in the purity and innocence of his life, few have excelled him : and, take him for all in all, it will be difficult to find a man, who, to so many of the perfections, has added so few of the imperfections of human nature. " *Mihi quidem quanquam est subito ereptus, vivit tamen semperque vivet, virtutem enim amavi illius viri quæ extincta non est,*

nec mihi soli versatur ante oculos, qui illam semper in manibus habui, sed etiam posteris erit clara et insignis."—pp. 266—268.

The memoir which we have here of the life and peculiar pursuits of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, is scanty and unsatisfactory. She was the only child of Marshal Conway. She was born in the year 1768, and at an early period of her life she had the good fortune to attract the attention of one of her father's oldest friends, the celebrated Horace Walpole, 'who employed every means within the power of extensive knowledge, cultivated taste, and polished manners, to render her as complete in every endowment of mind as nature had made her in person.' She readily acquired all the usual female accomplishments, and made herself mistress not only of the modern languages, but also in some measure of Latin. This taste never left her, and when she died it was remarked, that for a female collector, her library was quite unique.

But her celebrity has arisen from another source—her surprising success in the art of sculpture. Her application to this pursuit is said to have been the effect of a remark that was made to her by Hume, the historian. In his presence, one day, she spoke slightly of the talents of those Italian boys who carry "images" about the streets. Hume told her that all-accomplished as she was, she could not produce any thing like their performances. Her pride was piqued. She immediately procured some wax, and after some time spent in the attempt, she succeeded in making a model of a head, which drew forth the praise of Hume. He observed that carving was more difficult than modelling. She then procured a stone, and chiseled out a bust, which excited the wonder of the historian. Her enthusiasm was awakened; she applied herself to learn under proper instructors all the technicalities of the art, and even went to Italy for the purpose of studying the works of the most celebrated masters.

Miss Conway was married in 1767, to the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the first Lord Milton, and brother to George, Earl of Dorchester. The union was a most unhappy one. His extravagance and folly were without limit, and he shot himself at the Bedford Arms, in Covent Garden, in 1776.

Mrs. Damer, in early life, like the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe, was a great politician. She was also following another faction of that day, very fond of private theatricals. But from the time that she first took up the art of sculpture, she made it almost the principal occupation of her life. She in a great measure confined her labours to busts, of which she has left behind her, in various parts of the world, a considerable number. Several of these, both in bronze and marble, are kept by her successor, Sir Alexander Johnston, at York House, Twickenham, where she died on the 28th of May, 1828. 'In early life, Mrs. Damer travelled much; and she had written descriptions of her various tours, which, at one period, it was her intention to publish. By her will,

however, she directed her executors to destroy all her papers; which is the more to be regretted, as she was in possession of numerous letters from Lord Orford, and other distinguished persons. Retaining to the last her attachment to the fine arts, she desired that her working apron and her tools might be buried with her.

The memoir of Bishop Tomline informs us of little more than that his Lordship died on the 14th of November, 1827, aged 77 years, and that his personal effects alone were proved at Doctor's Commons to be under 200,000*l.*—no small sum for a Bishop. We are also told that we may expect his third volume of the life of Mr. Pitt, relating chiefly to his private history. The right reverend author is said to have devoted to it the two last years of his life, whence we may suppose that it will not be long withheld from the press.

His works alone would have furnished materials for a very interesting biographical sketch of Archdeacon Cox, best known as the author of "*Travels in Switzerland.*" Nevertheless, our editor has contented himself with a most meagre memoir, which he found in a periodical publication, and which is chiefly taken up with a catalogue of the author's productions. He died on the 16th of June last, in the 80th year of his age.

Notices of the lives, for they are nothing more, of Sir James Edward Smith, late president of the Linnæan Society, and of the late Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, sister of his present Majesty, next follow in succession. We can say nothing of these sketches except this, that like those we have just mentioned, they are jejune in the extreme.

A Biographical Index, intended to be a sort of minor obituary, occupies the latter pages of this work. Strange to say, many of the names which are found in this obscure corner, belong to men of infinitely greater celebrity than most of those whose biographies are put forth with greater pomp, and in larger type, in the early part of the volume. It is, upon the whole, one of the worst specimens of this long-established publication that we have seen, and we shall conclude by expressing a hope that the respectable publishers will reform its style of execution altogether.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*A Plain and Short History of England for Children; in Letters from a Father to his Son.* By the Editor of the Cottager's Monthly Visitor. 12mo. pp. 261. Rivington. London. 1829.

LIKE all the unfortunate attempts which have been made to render children men and women before they are out of leading-strings, by doling out to them scraps of history—this is a decided failure. In point of accuracy it is miserably deficient, and instead of keeping to facts which

the author is always mistaking or misrepresenting, he thrusts forward his opinions in all places. Many of these are strongly tinged with party spirit—any thing but liberal, and in all cases they seem to us to be out of place and uncalled for. These charges are easily proved. For instance, he tells us that “the King of England” (Edward I.) “gained several victories over the Scotch, and at length, he took William Wallace himself prisoner,” (page 62); though it is well known that Wallace was not taken but betrayed. Again, he tells us that Queen “Elizabeth was very unwilling to sign the death warrant [against Mary, Queen of Scots]; and that the persons around her took great pains to persuade her to do it, knowing that they should find no favour if Mary should ever become queen.” p. 63. We have only to refer to unquestionable documents to prove, that so far from being unwilling to sign the death-warrant, Elizabeth tried every possible means to have her privately assassinated, and accused Drury and Sir Amias Paulet, her jailers, of “a lack of care and zeal for her service,” in not having “found out some way to shorten the life of the Queen of Scots.” Sir Amias Paulet, horror-struck, as well he might be at this bloody proposal, declined the honour of becoming an assassin of a helpless woman, and wrote a decided letter which is still extant to that effect. If our author knew these facts, it did not suit his purpose perhaps to relate them. Another very culpable blunder in a school book such as this, is his telling us at page 173, that Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, but immediately afterwards (page 177), he sends the same Sir Walter Raleigh on an expedition to America. What is a school-boy to make of such palpable absurdity as this?

The great aim of the author, however, is not so much to instruct in history, as to inculcate religious doctrines, which in such a work appear to be exceedingly out of place.

ART. XIII.—*William Montgomery, or the Young Artist.* By Mrs. Blackford, Author of the *Esdale Herd Boy*, *Scottish Orphans*, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 311. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

THERE must be some mistake about this volume, which to us is inexplicable. It pretends not to be either a second part or a sequel to any story, and yet without preface or note it begins, “Miss Johnstone continued, in the judicious manner *we have related*,” &c. and proceeds to mention a number of characters, all claiming our previous acquaintance, though we are quite certain we never met with them before. In this state of things, therefore, it is impossible to make any thing of the story as it has no beginning—an indispensable requisite according to Aristotle and all other legitimate critics to the perfection of a narrative.

But besides this imperfect beginningless story, entitled “William Montgomery,” we find in the volume another, of which the title-page gives no hint. This second tale is called “The Ring; or the Thief Discovered. By an Englishwoman, author of Letters,” &c. We infer accordingly that this is by a different author. It is of a religious cast like the preceding, but not, as has lately become fashionable, obtrusively so. Neither of the pieces, however, are sufficiently meritorious to make up for the strange blunder committed.

ART. XIV.—*Popular Premises Examined; a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the opinions of Christians and Philosophers, (among whom are Des Cartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Newton, King, Clarke, Calvin, and Lawrence) on Deity, Doctrines, the Human Mind, &c.* By Richard Dillon. 2nd ed. enlarged, pp. 90. 8vo. Griffiths, London. 1828.

MR. DILLON is a clear-headed and acute investigator of abstruse points, and he possesses, besides, the rare qualification of bringing his arguments into a distinct focus, and within a narrow compass. He can perceive at a glance, both the strong and the weak points of a difficult question, and can exhibit them in their just colours and proportions for the reader's further examination. We have not lately met with any thing so valuable as Mr. Dillon's volume in a form so small and unobtrusive.

ART. XV.—*Belgic Pastorals, and other Poems;* by Francis Glasse, Esq. pp. 184. 12mo. London. Rodwell. 1829.

WE cannot find a more appropriate character for this would-be Arcadian, than the well-known lines of Pastoral Phillips:—

“ Ah! silly I!—more silly than a sheep,
That on these flowery meads I once did keep.”

In fact, Francis Glasse, Esq., if we may judge from his volume, can be nothing else than “ a great lubberly boy;” or one of those *geraffish* looking youths, neither boy nor man, but like an ‘ after dinner’s sleep, dreaming on both,’ whom one may encounter by a hedge side with a Pandean pipe, peeping, at goodly distance, after rosy milkmaids or brunette hay-makers. It must have been after some such game at bo-peep that our swain sung:—

‘ I love her as I do my life,
She is my only joy:
And soon, I trust, she’ll be my wife,
Though now the maid is coy.’—p. 177.

Again:—

‘ I am in love! no doubt remains:
Oh! what sweet joy thrills thro’ my veins.
Sylvia, bewitching maid! has stole
The treasur’d freedom of my soul!
If Sylvia frown, my hopes all die,
My life’s one constant moan and sigh.’—p. 137.

But our piping squire, (understanding the word *piping* in all its known meanings), is not contented with summer pastoralizings; for, instead of betaking himself to the manly exercise of skating, as ought to be the winter duty of every squire out of petticoats, he thus records his avocations during frosty weather:—

‘ When sheep, well clad in wool, feel cold,
And icy fingers pen the fold.
• • • • •

When ships amidst hard ice lay froze,
And the rough seaman’s pinch’d with woes;

When Laplanders dare not appear,
So cold's the season of the year.
Still I for love of Anna burn,
Alas ! without return !"—p. 126.

It would be doing injustice, however, to Squire Glasse, (whose name Walker informs us is a perfect rhyme to *Ass*) did we not take notice of his attempt to *do* Virgil into English, though it would appear that he is ashamed of his own *doings* in this line, as he gives no hint of his having any copy of the *Bucolics* in his possession. His very first line is a rendering of

'Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.'

'STREPHON.

'Shepherd, you seem at ease beneath this beech.'

But his second:—

'While your good dog guards safe your flock in reach.'—p. 1.

We must give our squire full credit for, as we do not find it in either Virgil or Pope.

Our readers, we imagine, would not thank us for enlarging further on the pastoral histories of Master Glasse's Strephons, Damons, and such other kindred, male and female, of the celebrated Lubin Log.

ART. XVI.—*Panorama of the Rhine and the adjacent Country from Cologne to Mayence.* Drawn from Nature by F. W. Delkeskamp. Engraved by John Clark. London: Leigh.

THE design of this picturesque chart is taken, we understand, from a similar one published at Frankfort. It is one of the best inventions we ever remember to have seen, for the purposes of a guide, and the traveller who possesses it, will find the want of no other during his voyage down the Rhine. In this descriptive map, every town and village on each side the river are not only set down, but presented as they appear in the rocky landscape. In the same manner the larger towns are given in minute but distinct drawings, and every rock and island, with which the noble stream is intersected, are accurately set down. Maps are added, marking the routes by Calais, Ostend, and Rotterdam, to Cologne, and from Mayence to the sources of the river. A pamphlet accompanies the charts describing the places through which the traveller passes, in going from Rotterdam to Mayence; the objects most worthy his attention, and the different views on the route. The work is altogether very complete, and we recommend any one about to visit the banks of the Rhine, to provide themselves immediately with so useful a companion.

ART. XVII.—*Analytic Physiology, treating of the cure of Nervous Diseases by external applications to the Spine.* By Samuel Hood, M.D.A.B. pp. 207. Second edition. London: Whittaker. 1829.

WERE vanity an indication of genius (as it most assuredly is not), we should not hesitate to place Samuel Hood, M.D.A.B. high in the scale; inasmuch as the work before us is prefaced by an almost unparalleled piece

of vain presumption. Our readers may perhaps hesitate to believe that this Dr. Samuel Hood has not only undertaken in his own person to effect a complete root-and-branch reform in the present practice of medicine; but he informs us that he has actually begun to make progress in the task. That it is no uncommon thing for a doctor to persuade himself that he understands diseases better than his brethren, we are well aware, and that many have endeavoured to urge their peculiar views upon the attention of the profession, is notorious enough; but for a physician who tells us he is very considerably under fifty years of age, to presume upon his own powers of revolutionizing the profession within twenty-five years, we are bold to pronounce a symptom of preposterous absurdity. We need go no farther than the first sentence of his preface to see the extravagance of his folly.

‘It usually takes about a quarter of a century to effect a revolution in the principles of any of the abstruse sciences; half of that period is past, since I commenced trying to establish the treatment of nervous diseases, on physiological principles, and, should I live to the age of fifty *I venture to predict I shall see the object, which I have had in view accomplished.* I was amused to hear, the other day, that a celebrated journalist declined reviewing my work because my opinions were too new; while others assert that neither my facts nor conclusions are new. Such is the progress of science; first question the facts, and when they can no longer be disputed, they deny the originality of the discovery. *These observations indicate that a change has actually begun in the theory of medicine. As to the originality of the discovery, posterity will settle that point with its accustomed equity; and the object of this work is to drive empiricism from regular practice by extending the knowledge of the animal economy.*’—p. 6.

Had the author discovered the circulation of the blood, he could not have put forth more lofty claims; but when what he calls his discoveries consist in a wild and unfounded theory of the nerves, and the blood vessels being a sort of galvanic apparatus, which produce between them the substance” called “vital force,” which “substance,” moreover, he asserts to be “tangible;” and when the chief practice which he grafts upon this absurd theory, is burning eschars along the spine with nitrate of silver—we can be at no loss for a “tangible” estimate of his genius.

Farther, though the book purports to be a second edition, we never heard either of it or the author before, and care not though we never hear of him again.

ART. XVIII.—*Travels in Italy, Sicily, and the Lipari Islands.* By R. Duppa, L. L. B. pp. 220. Post 8vo, with wood cuts. Longman and Co. London: 1828.

MR. DUPPA may perhaps be known to some of our readers as the author of the “Life of Michael Angelo” and “Miscellaneous Observations and Opinions on the Continent,” which are written in a dry, common place, feeble style—peculiarly tantalizing; for the subjects are of unquestionable interest, and you are led to hope, at every successive page, that you will meet with something sufficient at least to remunerate the trouble you have taken in cutting open the leaves. But disappointment follows disappointment as you proceed; for just when you imagine the author about to enter

upon an interesting description, or to make a valuable remark, he flits away from the subject like a will-o'-the wisp, to flicker his capricious snatches of light over some other spot of the classical land through which he trotted as it appears at minute time, if we may judge from his appendix. e. g.

'SICILIAN TOUR, TIME, AND DISTANCE.

' *The time is accurate, the distances are by common estimation*

			miles.	h.	m.
' From Palermo	to	Alcamo	30	8	20
' Alcamo	—	Segesta, the temple	—	3	5
' Alcamo	—	Trapani	30	8	16
&c.		&c.			&c.

In the text he informs us in what manner he was enabled to keep to time ; being furnished with nine mules, three for himself and two companions ; three for three servants, "one of whom a cook ;" and three to carry baggage. Thus equipped, he arrived at the aforesaid "Alcamo, a little after four o'clock, and in a note he informs us that 'This journey took eight hours and twenty minutes, without including stoppages. To avoid this *minute*-ness in future, the whole tour shall be included at the end in a table of time, from place to place.'—p. 120. Now all this might do very well for a mere road book ; but when an author designates his volume "Travels," we expect to meet with something more attractive than such barren common-places. Occasionally, we confess, there are scattered through his pages, a few facts which possess more interest than his chronology of the paces of Sicilian mules ; but truth compels us to say that these are very few. The cuts, however, are curious.

ART. XIX.—*The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, designed for the use of Students in the University.* By John Hind, M.A., Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, Fellow of the Astronomical Society of London, and late Fellow and Tutor of Sidney College, Cambridge. 2d edition. pp. 352. 8vo. Sold by Deighton, &c. Cambridge ; and Whittaker, London. 1828.

MR. HIND enjoys within the atmosphere of Cambridge that sort of reputation which, though it does not exactly stamp him as a man of genius or high talent, sets him fairly above the level of mediocrity, where, as a matter of course, he is looked up to by all the junior throng of *Mathematicasters* (if we may be allowed to coin a term), who crowd the halls of that university. He is, in short, a fair specimen of what the defective system of Cambridge can effect in the way of forming the scientific character of a man of average abilities, or perhaps a degree or two above average ; and we may, therefore, perhaps class our author with such men as Bonycastle, Hutton, Ivory, Wallace, Wood, *et hoc genus omne*, who have obtained for themselves a name, not for their discoveries or inventions, but for their industry in trying to comprehend (sometimes with success, the works of Newton, La Place, and other mathematicians of high genius. So long, indeed, as the system of teaching in our schools continues as it is, we can never hope to produce great mathematicians ; for it is only the memory, never the invention, and very rarely the judgment of the pupils, which is called into action. They all go on in the same gin

horse-track, demonstrating the theorems and problems exactly as their masters lead them; and, consequently, are practically taught to consider any innovation on the established routine little better than heresy.

Mr. Hind's book is altogether worthy of taking its place in such a system.

ART. XX.—*The Fate of Graysdale; a Legend.* 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 312—285. London: Duncan. 1829.

THIS is a romantic story, of considerable interest, somewhat of the *Waverley* cast, but partaking more of the manner of Mr. Horace Smith's *Tor Hill* or *Brambletye House*, than of Sir Walter's *English Romances*. The story opens with the encounter of a travelling merchant, *alias* a pedlar, engulfed among packages, on the back of a good roadster, with a young gentleman, hight Henry Sheredan, the hero of the tale. This goodly pair of travellers not being able to find accommodation at a village hostelry, on account of a certain bones-breaking affray, which, in the words of the author, was then "toward," were fain to take up their quarters for the night in a neighbouring castle, held, in his own right, by Squire Rokewood. During the hospitalities of the night, Rokewood discovers acquaintance with the hero, and is much affected thereat, as well he might, being at that instant accessory to the confinement of his father, Lord Graydale, to bread and water in a dungeon; but, in the genuine style of villany, contrives to throw suspicions upon his then reputed father, the elder Sheredan. Out of these mysterious transactions the author weaves a very good plot, and succeeds in keeping up the interest of the reader with considerable skill. His imitations of the ancient dialect of the age of Henry VII. struck us as being even better than those of Mr. Horace Smith, while, in a knowledge of the art of moving human sympathies, he is much superior. Those who are partial to romances of this description, may wile away a few hours very agreeably, in perusing the *Fate of Graysdale*.

ART. XXI.—*A New Italian Grammar.* By Angelo Cerutti. Second Edition. 8vo. Rolandi, Berners Street. 1829.

AMONG the numerous Grammars of the Italian language which have been published in this country, few, if any, have proved satisfactory to the generality of teachers and of students. Want of method, want of analytical spirit, rules and exceptions jumbled together just as they have occurred to the author, vague definitions, important omissions, are observable in most of them. It seems that every teacher has his own method and his own grammar, which he may render suitable to himself and to his own pupils, but which can be of little use to others. Some Grammars are merely elementary, others have higher pretensions; they tread upon logical and metaphysical ground, forgetting that only few, very few students are prepared to follow them in their speculations. We want a Grammar that proceeds by gradations, that unites perspicuity to comprehensiveness, omitting nothing useful in practice, but avoiding unnecessary disquisitions. Almost all the Grammars that have yet appeared, have some very valuable parts, which if condensed and amalgamated into one, would bring it near to perfection.

Mr. Cerutti observes in his preface, that he was induced to write the present work from remarking 'that other Grammars are filled with verbs and nouns only, and teach the student little beyond the mere demand for bread and water; that they are destitute of the more important parts of syntax; that the rules they contain are unassisted by reasoning, and founded upon simple assertion.' Without subscribing to every part of this sweeping censure, we feel obliged to the author for having endeavoured, even in the etymological part of his Grammar, to exercise the *mind* of the student, and for having chosen the text of his exercises from the most approved Italian authors, affording, thereby, an excellent criterion for the formation of the pupil's style. He has also preferred the English to the French, as a medium of communication; and we think with him, that wherever the teacher is sufficiently versed in the language of the pupil, he ought to use the latter medium to convey his instructions, instead of resorting to a third language, foreign to both.

Mr. Cerutti has followed the plan of Biagioli, whose Italian and French Grammar, notwithstanding some conceits, displays great powers of reasoning. Biagioli is a purist; but this, if it be an excess, is an excess on the right side, especially in what concerns *grammar*, as distinct from too exclusive a subserviency to Cruscan authority in questions of lexicography. Biagioli's plan of explaining many idiomatic or irregular constructions, by filling up the ellipsis, leads him, at times, into fanciful and far-fetched substitutions of words, which we think will puzzle rather than assist the foreign student. The principle is in itself just, but overstrained in its application.

Our Author has treated the important department of the pronouns in a clear and judicious manner. Ch. xviii. on the particle *si*, Ch. xxii. on the prepositions, and Ch. xxxi. on orthography, are also very commendable. Those on the participle, the compound prepositions, and the syntax of the verbs, do not appear so full and explicit as we could wish. An index also would be highly desirable.

Upon the whole we think Mr. Cerutti's Grammar an acquisition to the English student, who wishes to learn Italian through the medium of his own language.

ART. XXII.—*Viaggio in Savoia di Davide Bertolotti*. 2 vols. 8vo. Torino. 1828. Rolandi, Berners Street.

This is a complete description of the five provinces of Savoy, written by a Piedmontese subject of the same monarchy, who has thus filled a void in the library of travels. In fact, Savoy, although a very remarkable country, and placed on the high-road to Italy, has been till now but partially noticed by travellers, who generally have hurried through its most dreary district, the barren valley of Maurienne, in their way to and from the pass of Mont Cenis, looking neither to the right nor to the left, as if glad to escape from a country that bears the stamp of wretchedness and desolation. Another district, that of Chamouny, is also much frequented by tourists, but little do they see there of Savoy, except some of its most celebrated mountains, and still less of the people, for Chamouny is become a sort of cosmopolitan colony in the summer months. And yet Savoy embraces within its icy ramparts many a deep romantic valley, and many a

glorious Alp, not inferior in beauty or grandeur of scenery to any of the more frequented spots in the fashionable itineraries. The people too are simple, good-natured, and honest, and more civil to strangers than the gruff mountaineers of Helvetia. Living is cheaper than in Switzerland; French is understood all over the country, and in the towns it is spoken with remarkable purity. The upper classes are sociable, and their manners refined.

The author of the present tour, known in Italy for several pleasant works of light literature, entered Savoy from the valley of Aosta, by the pass of the Little St. Bernard. This is, by nature, one of the most accessible and easy of the Alpine passes. Its height is about six thousand feet. It appears now demonstrated that this was Hannibal's road to Italy; that chief, on leaving the banks of the Rhone, having ascended those of the river Isere, which led him to the foot of the Alpes Graies, of which the Little St. Bernard is a part. There is still a path which even now goes by the name of Hannibal. On the summit of the mountain, near a small lake, is a pillar which dates of the earliest antiquity. It was raised first to the Celtic God *Pen*, "whose altars were the highest summits." The Romans dedicated it to Jupiter, and it marked the boundary between the *Salassi* and the *Gentrones*, whose refractory spirit and repeated insurrections induced Augustus to open a great military road through their country and over this mountain, communicating from Cisalpine to Narbonensian Gaul. Remains of it are seen in the valley of Aosta. Near Jove's pillar is a circle of large stones, about one hundred feet in diameter, probably the remains of some Druidical temple, though the people call it the circle of Hannibal. On the Savoy side of the mountain, near the village of Seez, is a white chalky rock, where the Carthaginians are supposed to have encamped; the appearance of this rock is mentioned by Polybius.

The present road over the Little St. Bernard is only practicable for mules, but the approaches to the mountain on both sides are by good roads. On the summit of the pass is an inn, maintained there by the Sardinian government.

Our author, descending the Little St. Bernard, proceeded through the province of Tarentaise, the most central and the least frequented of all Savoy, of which he gives a full account. It is watered in its length by the fine river Isere, which has its source in the glaciers of Mount Iseran, a magnificent pyramidal mountain, between Mont Cenis and the Little St. Bernard. The pastures are excellent, and the chief wealth of the country is cattle and sheep, which last resembles the Swiss Grayere. The sides of the mountains are covered with ancient forests; the vine, however, is cultivated to the very foot of the Little St. Bernard. The mineral waters of Bonnevas and La Perriere are famed for their medicinal virtues; the latter have lately been frequented by invalids from Geneva. A chemical analysis of these waters is given by the author. A good road, lately finished, leads from Annecy to Montiers, the capital of Tarentaise, near which the hot springs of La Perriere were discovered two years ago:—

"Those who are fond of Alpine peregrinations can, from this spot, ascend, by the valley of the Doron, to the foot of Mount Iseran, and skirt along the chain of the Cottian Alps, from the solitary forests of the Isere to those of the Arc, in the valley of Maurienne. Vast glaciers, foaming torrents, rocks and caves, and precipices are intermixed with lovely dales, verdant

meadows, shepherds' huts, and blue, placid lakes, surrounded by dark and venerable forests. The botanist, the geologist, the mineralogist, find there ample scope for their researches. The greatest peace and security reigns over these sequestered regions.'—Letter x.

Tarentaise is possessed of lead mines, with a small admixture of silver, which afford employment to 600 workmen, who enjoy several privileges, and are assisted in their old age from a common fund. At Montiers there is a school for the mines, with a fine collection of minerals, a library, a laboratory, &c. The course of studies lasts two years. This useful establishment was founded under the French Government, and it has been restored by the present King of Sardinia, who has also re-established the foundery at Confians for smelting the ore. The long projected enterprise of embanking the Isere, by which large tracts of good land would be restored to agriculture, enough to afford subsistence to 30,000 people, was begun in 1824, the King, Charles Felix, laying the first stone.

Many other interesting subjects are treated by our author; we must, however, content ourselves with the following extract concerning the inhabitants of this secluded but interesting region:—

'Accustomed to hardships from infancy, the people of Tarentaise are active and industrious. When the leaves fall, many of the men leave the country and proceed to Piedmont, to France, or to Germany, where they contrive, during the winter, to save a little money by their humble trades, and then return home in the spring, to be ready for the summer works of their fields. But their churches, their charitable institutions, their schools, which have been founded or enriched by private donations, show the affection of these mountaineers for their native land. The stranger who visits Tarentaise is struck with the mildness, the affability, the modest virtues of the people, who reverence the laws, and among whom crime is almost unknown. On the high lands the race is firm and robust, but in the lower valleys the *goitre*, that scourge of the subalpine regions, is frequently seen. The women have a national head-dress, which seems to be confined to this region, and of very ancient origin. The mode of courtship resembles that which is found in some of the Swiss highlands. The accepted lover repairs secretly at night under the window of his mistress, by whom he is at last introduced to her own apartment, where he sits the remainder of the night, and this, it is universally asserted, without any injury to female virtue. This custom is very ancient among the Celtic tribes.'

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

A Notice has been given, we understand, at the London University, that Doctor Panizzi, the Italian Professor, intends shortly commencing a series of Lectures on the Romantic Writers of his Country. From the high attainments of this gentleman, and the acquaintance he is known to possess with the old and most splendid literature of Italy, a great treat is promised the lovers of poetry and romance, in the intended course. One, which we doubt not will obtain equal patronage, is also about to be commenced by Dr. Muhlenfels, the German Professor in the University.

A Second Edition of Mr. Derwent Conway's *Solitary Walks Through Many Lands*, will appear in February.

A Personal Narrative of a Journey Through Norway, &c. By the same Author, will form an early volume of Constable's Miscellany.

An Allegory is announced, entitled, *A Geographical and Historical Account of the Great World, with a Voyage to its several Islands, a Vocabulary of the Language, and a Map.*

A Fourth edition of *Memoirs of Lord Collingwood* in 8vo.

In February will be published, in one volume, *The Misfortunes of Elphina, a Romance of the sixth century*, by the Author of *Headlong Hall*, *Maid Marian*, &c.

Early in February will be published, by James Cawthorn, Cockspur Street, A Second edition of *An Itinerary of Provence, and the Rhone*, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A. M. of Oriel College Oxford; illustrated by views from the drawings of De Wint, and engraved in the line manner, by W. B. Cooke, G. Cooke, J. and C. Allen. Large Paper, Royal Quarto, or Imperial Octavo, uniform with Batty and other European scenery. The work will be sold with or without the illustrations.

Mr. Valpy is now publishing a series of School, and College Greek Classics, with English notes, in a duodecimo form; the *Medea* and *Hecuba* of Euripides, as well as the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, are ready for delivery. *Thucydides*, *Herodotus*, *Xenophon*, &c, will follow in succession on the same plan.

Mr. Varley, in his Zodiacal-physiognomical investigation, has discovered that by turning the front face of a person, surrounded by a circle, into a horoscope, he can prove that seven of the astrological houses agree in position with that of the most important organs of the skull; and that the five subterrene houses represent a continuation of physiognomical features agreeably to their position in the face. This accordance will be exemplified by plates, now preparing for the second number of his *Zodiacal Physiognomy*, which will shortly issue from the press.

The long expected edition of *Marco Polo*, with ample Commentaries by Count Baldelli, has just appeared at Florence, in 4 vols. 4to. It is a most complete illustration of the travels of the old Venetian adventurer, whose account was at one time considered as fabulous, but the truth of which has been in great a measure demonstrated since. The various MSS. and editions of Polo's "*Milione*," have been carefully compared and examined, and the text is rendered, in the present work, clear and intelligible, and is enriched with copious notes. Besides a *Life of Marco Polo*, Count Baldelli has given a description of the paintings in the Ducal palace at Venice, which relate to Polo's Travels; another, of the Chinese Atlas, existing in the Magliabecchi library, at Florence; a curious *Dissertation on the Manufactory of China-ware*; an *Account of the Intercourse between Asia and Europe*; and another, on the discoveries of the Genoese in the Atlantic Ocean. The work is accompanied by two large maps; one of Africa, drawn in the year 1350; and another, in which the various itineraries of the three Polos, Nicholas, Matthew, and Mark, are carefully traced. The work is altogether deserving the notice of bibliographers, and its contents are very interesting to the philosopher, the geographer, and the historian.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1829.

ART. I.—*The Life and Times of William Laud, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* By John Parker Lawson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Rivingtons. 1829.

THERE are no persons whose characters stand so small a chance of being fairly estimated as those who have been at the head of a party, or who have stood conspicuous in times of unusual excitement. Generally speaking, it is not their own personal qualities which are described, so much as the passions which fomented in the party to which they belonged. Their identity is lost in the crowd of men employed on the same purpose. The fumes and shadows which are sent up from the hot brains and hearts of the multitude, form a cloud around them. And we think we hear the sound of their voice when it is only the confused murmur of a popular tempest; and when we imagine we have justly weighed their several merits and defects, we have, in reality, only repeated some old calculations of the claims or vices of their party. We have a high idea of the responsibility of posterity to do justice to the celebrated dead. We are not willing to think that the tie is altogether broken between man and man, when the one passes behind the curtain and the other remains in sight. And we shall not easily relinquish the idea that the law of brotherhood is not to be destroyed by time—that the longest interval of eras and epochs sanctions no oblivion of the good or evil of men's actions. The only possessions which the dead hold on the earth are their names. They are the coin with which they still traffic among us—with which they go up and down the highways and cities to purchase the golden treasures of blessed memories, and the praises of their kind. We would have the generation of the living watch over these possessions, as if they were set to guard the properties of sleeping

brothers. We would have them as careful in saving them from fraud, from the tamperings of designing enemies, as the best part of their own inheritances. They are called to do so by some of the grandest principles in human nature—by all the high regards of truth—by the noble inspirations of patriotism—the rejoicing hopes of advancing good—the deep-rooted love of justice—the pure and generous sympathies between those who dare and suffer, and those who profit by their daring—by all that is virtuous in our constitution, we are called to make an upright estimate of the conduct of those who have preceded us; and if we look at it as a matter of expediency, we shall have reasons equally commanding. Nothing would so free a tyrant or a corrupter of religion from the last ties of conscience, as the belief that in after years his character would be clothed in doubt—nothing, in the ordinary condition of human feelings, would be so great a discouragement to men just commencing a course of honourable enterprise, as the dread that they may not be understood by future generations. But let the motives of a just reputation be in full action, let it be a lesson everywhere inculcated, that there is a law of equity for the dead as well as the living, and the consequence will be, that men will value character higher when it is thus made of more permanent importance—when they know that its very substance will survive them, and be a pillar of memorial which it would be sacrilege to deface.

The necessity of these observations is made manifest in almost every biography which we possess. The passions of either the writer or reader are in continual danger of perverting the truth by misrepresentations of character or motives; and this danger is proportionably increased when the peculiar opinions of either party are interested in the subject. Unfortunately, the solemn and gracious dignity of religion is not of sufficient weight to neutralize the poison of party feelings, and the celebrated personages who have flourished in the different periods of the Christian Church, are not more secure from the perversions of their opponents in future times, than the leaders of a political faction. Among the men whose characters have been most blindly misrepresented, both by friends and foes, Archbishop Laud stands foremost. There is scarcely a party in which he has not had the worst enemies, or the most injudicious friends. He was an object of the bitterest hatred to some, and of the highest admiration to others, through the whole of his life, and since his death his name has been employed to designate whatever is most noble, most devoted, or most atrocious in the character of a churchman. It is evident, on a moment's consideration, that there must somewhere have been a violent departure from honesty. To have merited half the abuse or encomiums which have been lavished upon him, Archbishop Laud must have been a man of the highest and boldest talent, which he was not. He must have been singularly enlightened with the spirit of truth, or

the clear, fearful flame of supernatural evil, neither of which can be discovered in his conduct or character. He must have sought to establish a pure religion, a holy faith, from the purest and holiest motives, from the most perfect independency of all human considerations; or he must have loved persecution, cherished bigotry, worshipped idols, and gloried in fomenting disturbance, from a dismal and fiend-like abhorrence of peace and moderation—neither of which he could have done, and left his character doubtful. Laud, on the contrary, was a man whose genius was never of the highest kind. He never manifested any of those grand characteristics of an elevated nature, by which the almost divine, and fearless, and clear-sighted advocates of truth are marked and consecrated. He mixed the politics of religion too constantly with its purely spiritual doctrines, to let him be regarded as its great and unimpassioned apostle. But he never, on the other hand, warred against a truth out of enmity to the truth; he was not a bigot or a persecutor, because his heart was corrupt or hardened. Whoever were his enemies, they were so because he thought it his duty to oppose them—however he offended those whose principles were diametrically opposite to his own, the offence was occasioned by no determined love of opposition. His conduct was the result of situation as much as principle, and his principles were the offspring, not of a stern and inflexible reason, but of opinions early conceived, and afterwards fixed by the circumstances of the times.

But Laud lived in a period when strong feelings and enthusiasm were much more likely to help a man forward and render him conspicuous, than any greatness of genius, unaccompanied by such ardour. He who could establish himself in his opinions without danger of vacillating, whose conscience was settled in the conviction of their truth, and who had sufficient warmth and energy of mind to convey him on through so many years of toil and change, was almost sure of at length acquiring distinction. It could not, in the nature of things, but happen that the party he espoused would, in the course of events, acquire, temporally or not, the ascendancy; and then he who had been longest defending its principles, was pretty certain of securing his reward. The subject of our observations owed a great part of his success in life to his faithful adherence to the cause he embraced. His zeal brought him to the scaffold, but it also placed him on the archiepiscopal throne, and if it has furnished his enemies with a fruitful theme for vituperation, it preserved him consistent and firm through a long and most laborious life. Had he lived in any other age, it is not likely that he would have been noted above other men of moderate talent and firm devotion to the establishment to which they belonged. But there were a thousand circumstances in that period to rouse moderate ability into high exertion—to convert attachment into enthusiasm—to fix with cords of iron the merely willing

mind—to fill it with convictions while searching after reasons—to make a man ready to die for an opinion which he thought it his duty to support. Laud was constantly under influences of this nature. Whether he was right or wrong in his principles—for we would particularly have it observed, we do not intend even a remote allusion to his doctrines—he was driven forward by the strong pressure of occurrences, and he probably took a course, in many instances, to which his uninfluenced opinions would never have led him.

But this remarkable man—remarkable far more for his fortunes and fate than for his personal character—has been, as far as his name and reputation are concerned, equally the subject of circumstance since his death as during his life. With few or none of those qualities by which men command the admiration of their cotemporaries; he obtained the highest station in the nation to which a subject could attain; but the importance he acquired was greater than the dignity of his rank. He has been, from the time of his elevation to the present day, recorded as one of the most conspicuous characters in English history—the very personification of the party, with all its accompaniments, to which he belonged.

It is to this circumstance, the important post he held as the legitimate leader of a great party, that most of the injustice and error are to be attributed, which have attended the details of his actions. Instead of his motives being weighed, as those principles of right or wrong, for which he is alone accountable, and alone worthy of praise or censure, his proceedings have been almost uniformly confounded with the consequences of a long series of events independent of his control. He has been made guilty of actions which, even considering them guilty, not he, but the times, perpetrated; or, to speak plainer, which the violence of faction forced upon him: and all the different accusations with which his memory has been blasted, have too often been only answered by a defence, not of Laud, but of some abstract principles on which it is supposed he acted. Thus, on the one side, the ardent admirers of the Established Church, and on the other the zealous defenders of Puritanism, have fought their combats over the murdered primate, neither the one nor the other condescending to estimate his character wisely, for fear of yielding some contested point to its hated opponent. Laud, by being thus made still to front his enemies, has not yet been rightly estimated; his character has not been dispassionately considered, nor the qualities of his mind or disposition justly dealt with. But if all the circumstances attending his situation, in the most eventful period of his life, were fairly brought into consideration, he would be found deserving much less blame or praise from the professed and most violent of the contending sects. It ought not to be forgotten, that the difficulties with which he had to contend were not those which an ecclesiastic has usually, or is prepared, to meet. It was not merely schisms in his church,

heresies among his clergy, licentiousness in the people, to which he had to look, but an impending tempest hung over the whole state, and he felt himself called upon to aid in bearing up its pillars. He conceived that the steadfastness of the Christian faith in this country depended on the firmness with which he resisted the growing torrent of disaffection, and of schismatical innovation. He raised up his voice, therefore, in the cause of his sovereign and the established religion, and he employed the means which he regarded as consecrated, to the holiest purposes of his office. He was met in his attempts not by rival polemics, by men armed only with zeal for their sect, by the heated abuse of controversy, or the heavy blows of patient, stout-hearted learning—he was met by different antagonists and weapons to these. The spirit of a faction to which the nation had lent its heart, was in arms against him. He was speaking to a torrent that was already on its path. Men of religion had no power to drive it back. Their occupation was gone if they could not enter into the plans and feelings which were ruling the people. The union of the State with the Church was to the nation at that time an idea which surpassed the prophet's abomination of desolation, but never was religion more intrinsically bound up with political interests. Laud had to oppose, nominally, the enemies of the established faith; but he had in reality to contend with the whole host of his master's antagonists. Religion and civil liberty were interwoven with each other by a thousand strong fibres. They who desired to model the one would slay to secure the other; and those who desired to preserve the safeguards of national piety, were regarded as the sworn enemies of both truth and liberty, because they dreaded the effects of popular licentiousness, employed against the altar of the Almighty.

The Primate, therefore, had adversaries of all classes with whom to contend; and his name has been as much vilified by the opponents of royal authority, as by the haters of Arminianism, of surplices, litanies, and organs. It is not to be wondered at, consequently, that of all ecclesiastics he has been the least fairly represented by biographers and historians. His character has been always falsely coloured, it has had a deeper shade given to it than it merited, he has been made to answer for crimes which he never committed, and applauded for virtues which in a high degree he never possessed—he was, in short, a man of common-rate talent, honest at heart, but easily excited—true to his cause, but confined in his ideas—willing to die, and dying with a calm heart, for his Church, but wanting in life that serene dignity of spirit which would have aided him more than a myriad Star-chamber ordinances. He was fixed from his youth in the belief which he defended; he was consistent, resolute and uncompromising, but he was a polemic; he was in the constant hurry of controversy; he spoke and wrote as if always heated and confused by opposition, and the rich ripening of religious thought seems to have

been stopped, and left imperfect in his bosom. That he was guilty of errors, his warmest advocates can scarcely deny; but these errors, we imagine, may in most cases be traced to the feverish irritation which he suffered, from the commencement to the close of his most arduous career. Had he held the Primacy in more propitious times, he might have done much towards serving the interests of religion; but there is every reason to believe, obtaining it when he did, he precipitated by his mistakes the fall of both the church and monarchy. The questions which have been agitated respecting the particular actions of his life, have been, and always will be, determined according to the views of the parties by whom they are brought forward; but the manner in which his character and motives have been handled by his enemies, reminds us more than anything of the style in which, a century or two back, accusations were brought against witches and necromancers.

Amongst the most ardent of Laud's defenders, is to be ranked the author, whose work is on our table. Mr. Lawson comes forward with no doubting or hesitating mind. He affects not to tamperise with the adverse party, or to compromise the smallest of the claims which he considers the subject of his memoir to have upon posterity. He boldly avows himself the advocate of sentiments which are popular neither as religious nor political, and he shrinks from no labour, from no danger of abuse, to which such a course exposes him. Independent of all party consideration, this is certainly the truest and most honourable way for a writer on any controverted subject to proceed. He saves himself by it from the peril of inconsistency, and his adversaries from a vast deal of searching and uneasy labour. But we turn to the subject of the work.

Archbishop Laud was born in the year 1573, at Reading, in Berkshire. His father was a wealthy clothier, and his mother the sister of a Sir William Webb, who had been lord mayor of London. In 1589 he was sent to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his diligence and scholarship. After taking his M. A.'s degree, he was admitted, 1600, into deacon's orders, and the following year into priest's. In 1602 he was appointed to read the divinity lecture instituted by Mrs. Mayne, and it was the high and decided principles which his discourse contained, that first made him a conspicuous member of the University. Oxford at the time was overrun with puritanism, the opinions which he advocated could not have been uttered at a time when they were likely to excite more attention, and had he been led by a spirit very contrary to the sincerity which urged him on, he could have done few things more calculated to promote his rank in the world. In the year 1607, he received his first preferment, the vicarage of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and shortly after the advowson of North Kilsworth, in Leicestershire, about which time also he took his degree of

Dector of Divinity. Distinctions and preferments poured in upon him after this, and we find him in a little time President of St. John's College. His zeal and determined hatred of innovation, here displayed itself in the strongest manner, and he excited against him some of the highest and most powerful men in the church; but his advancement continued in spite of all opposition, and he obtained the Deanery of Gloucester, which preferment was followed by his appointment to the Bishopric of St. David's.

Laud was admired and protected by James—he was still more so by Charles, and when the latter monarch ascended the throne, he was appointed to officiate as dean of Westminster, at the coronation. He was soon after this removed to the see of Bath and Wells, then to that of London, and on the death of archbishop Abbot, to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. His diligent disposition here continued to manifest itself, and he began his rule over the church by many measures of great practical importance. The first of these was a set of injunctions to restrain the licence of the lecturers, who had greatly contributed to introduce disorders into the church, of the most dangerous nature; but this act was followed by others of a more doubtful tendency.

‘On the very day on which those injunctions were transmitted to the suffragans by Archbishop Laud, to be adopted, in all future time, as the law of the Church, appeared the King's Declaration concerning Lawful Sports, which the Archbishop was charged with having revived and extended. This excited against him the violent hatred of the Puritans and other sectaries, who failed not to remember it on a future occasion. At this time the Sabbatarian controversy was revived by one Theophilus Bradburne, a clergyman in Suffolk; who, in a book which he published and dedicated to the King, advanced certain Jewish notions concerning the fourth commandment of the Decalogue. He maintained that the commandment is strictly moral; that Christians as well as Jews are bound to observe it; that Sunday is a mere working day, deserving no preference, and that it is will-worship and superstition to keep it with the solemnity of a sabbath. For these opinions, and more especially for dedicating his book to the King, who was by no means desirous of being regarded as the patron of such extravagances, he was called before the High Commission, where he met with a severity which compelled him to abstain from the publication of his unreasonable sentiments, and to conform to the Church during the remainder of his life. Those notions, however, had been disseminated throughout the country, and the Justices in Somersetshire signed a petition to the King to suppress Church-ales, Clerk-ales, Wakes, &c. But before this petition was delivered, the Declaration concerning Sports, published in the last reign, with a supplement by the King, appeared, which at once excited the discontent of the people.

‘It is to be observed, that the professed design of King James' Book of Sports was to restrain the intercourse with other parishes on the Sundays, and to remove that erroneous idea which the Papists had conceived respecting the Protestant religion, from the gloomy and morose conduct of the Puritans. This, it must be confessed, was a dangerous expedient to allure the Romanists; but it is certain that this Declaration would not

have been revived, had it not been for the extravagant zeal of the Lord Chief Justice Richardson, who, in the year 1631, had assumed the power in his own person of prohibiting every amusement, and who commanded his order to be published at the door of the parochial churches. This, being an encroachment on the functions of the Bishop of the diocese, without whose knowledge it was done, Laud complained of it to the King; but Richardson, so far from revoking his order, made it more rigorous than before. Laud afterwards wrote to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to transmit to Court a full account of the feasts called Wakes, and whether the disorders arising from them might not be remedied, without prohibiting the feasts themselves. The Bishop returned an answer, certified by upwards of seventy of his clergy, that "the ancient custom of those feasts were laudable and innocent, that the late suppression was unpopular, and that their restitution would be acceptable to the people at large." This, and other remonstrances from the county of Essex, caused Richardson to be reprov'd at the Council Table, for an assumption of authority which did not belong to him; and so severely was he rebuked by Laud, in particular, that he ran out exclaiming, "That he had been almost choaked with a pair of lawn sleeves." At the next assizes he was compelled to revoke his order, which he did with considerable reluctance.

'The extreme of Puritanism on this subject drove the Government into a contrary one, which in its effects was more unfortunate; for the King, harassed by petitions from numerous parties of enthusiasts, and by the puritanical notions of the Sabbath, tended to absolute Judaism, resolved to follow his father's example; and the Book of Sports made its appearance, when it gave greater offence, because the Clergy were compelled to publish the Declaration, under penalty of cognizance by the High Commission. No sooner was it published, than the Puritans commenced a universal clamour. Some abused the King, and termed the Declaration a "profane edict," a "maintaining of his own honour," "a toleration for profaning the Lord's day;" while others charged Archbishop Laud with the whole affair, "and made it," says Heylin, "the first remarkable thing which was done presently after he took possession of his *Graceship*, as Burton remarked wittily in his pulpit libel." At his trial it was brought against him with increased malignity, but though he denied it, he admitted that he was not an enemy to innocent recreations on Sundays. "That some are lawful," says he, "after the public service of God is ended, appears by the practice of Geneva, where, after evening prayer, the elder men bowl, and the younger train;" and this was done even in Calvin's time, who did not want authority to denounce those practices had he been inclined. And, in proof, he quotes that remarkable passage from Calvin's Institutes, "That those men who stand so strictly on the morality of the Sabbath, do, by a gross and carnal sabbatizing, three times exceed the superstition of the Jews:" adding, also, remarks the Church historian, that, "though indulging liberty to others, in his own person he strictly observed that day—a *self-praise*, or rather *self-purging*, because spoken during his life, which, uttered without pride, and with truth, was not clearly confuted. Indeed, they are the best carvers of liberty on that day, who cut most for others, and keep least to themselves."—pp. 51—55.

We cannot agree with any writer in defending the conduct of Laud in the above affair. The idea of exercising the smallest com-

pulsion to make men laugh and be merry on the Sabbath, is one of the most monstrously absurd that ever entered into the human heart. Over-strictness in observing an ordinance allowed to be divine, is surely not matter for ecclesiastical punishment, and we know of no passage in Laud's life which is more calculated to excite suspicion of his discretion, or purity of religion, than this. He no doubt acted as he did, to oppose the progress of the Puritan doctrines; the gloominess of those who advocated them being regarded as a proof of dangerous error. But he ought to have known a better method of proceeding than doing violence to the current feelings of the people. He ought to have known, that whatever is faulty in manners, is not to be altered by laws; but by instilling principles which correct the evil disposition—that unnatural gloom and mirth may be corrected by the purer influences of religion rightly diffused, but that the one is only turned into phrenzy, and the other into licentious profligacy, by the irritating fetters of a law. His conduct as a politician was wretchedly mistaken; as a minister of religion it was marked by a passion and intemperance from which no defence which has been hitherto set up is sufficient to exculpate him. But the following passage presents him to us under a better light. Indefatigable he certainly was in carrying into execution whatever he deemed necessary for the good of the Established Religion, and when he acted merely as the head of the church, he appears invested with the proper dignity of his high station. Unfortunately, however, this from his own temperament, and the character of the times, he was seldom able to do, and we are constantly hurried forward to see him involved in some new and disastrous conflict.

'The see of Canterbury will never be a sinecure; nor was Laud disposed to take his ease in this important situation. No man better understood the duties of a Christian bishop: he was moved, doubtless, by something of that spirit which induced the Apostle of the Gentiles to exclaim, that he had "the care of all the churches;" nor had Laud, from the day on which he first entered upon an active life, known what it was to enjoy peace in the domestic circle. It was not that he delighted in bustle; but the times were too troublesome, and he hesitated not as to the conduct which it became him to pursue. This year we find him employed in improving and settling the revenues of the London clergy, which had been heretofore barely sufficient for their maintenance in the metropolis of a great kingdom. When it is considered, that the expences in a large city greatly exceed those of a country benefice,—that in the dense population of city parishes, where there are people of all orders and conditions, the duties are laborious and unceasing, it will readily be conceded, that, especially in such a city as London, the clergy are entitled to greater remuneration than those who are benefited on a country cure. Moreover, London, having in the days of Laud, as is the case at this time, an important influence on the whole kingdom, the city being the emporium of commerce, trade, and manufactures, and having great influence upon

every other city and province, it was necessary that it should be reduced to that conformity which would render it an object of imitation to others. On account of the poverty of the beneficed clergy, they were compelled to do many things derogatory to their dignity; to accept of lectureships, which otherwise they would not have done; to connive at many things, that they might not disoblige their chief parishioners. The lecturers, in the mean time, who were what Dr. Heylin aptly terms them, *creatures of the people*, as must always be the case where a minister is elected by popular suffrage, were assiduous in underrating the labours of the regular clergy, endeavouring, by mean submission and flattery, to obtain the favour of the wealthy citizens; and besides, these very lectureships were maintained at the expence of the regular clergy, and on the tythes and offerings which had always been their due. It was doubtless right, if the inhabitants of a parish wished to have a lecturer, that there should be one, always making a proviso, that the regular incumbent was not to suffer in his legal revenues; and it was the duty of the bishop first to ascertain whether the proposed lectureship was expedient; secondly, how it was to be maintained; and, thirdly, that the person appointed was well affected towards the church. But when setting aside the fact, that those popular lecturers were in general violent Puritans, who hated the church, not those who were disposed to support it, it was proved that the regular clergy were sufferers by them in every respect, it was time to take into consideration to what purpose the parochial dues were appropriated, and who received the benefit of them,—whether the legal and qualified incumbent, or the upstart favourite of popular election.

‘It is an established principle, however much it may be clamorously disputed by Dissenters, that popular election must inevitably bring along with it a desire to accommodate itself to the prevailing taste, and on this principle it is easy to account for the numerous sects which have every where sprung up in Protestant countries, and in some places obtained the mastery; for the malcontents, well knowing that their passions will not be inflamed, nor their enthusiasm gratified, in the Church, by the wildness of declamation and the extravagance of rhetorical harangues, betake themselves to those expedients by which they can be satisfied, and flatter their pride by the power which they assume over the person whom they appoint as their minister. The Church indeed is a gainer by the departure of those discontented men from its pale, but it is not just that it should be a loser in its temporalities by their extravagance: for, although liberty of conscience may be conceded to every man, yet the ecclesiastical constitution is not to be reduced and modified according to the vagaries of every succeeding generation who choose to enter their dissent, not perhaps so much on account of doctrines, as on account of forms which they at the same time acknowledge to be of minor importance. In the primitive, and most certainly in the apostolical times, there was no such thing as popular election. The apostles, the first bishops of the Church, sent whom they pleased as presbyters to the individual churches, without consulting the people, and this practice was continued in the early ages; and I have all along been convinced, that no man who reads the Acts of the Holy Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul, can advocate the polity, if it may be called so of Independency. However, without further digression, when

the Archbishop set himself to make inquiry respecting the revenues of the London benefices, he found them in a state which well deserved his consideration.'—pp. 87—90.

The following passage brings the primate before us in his civil capacity. He had been promoted to the treasury, but there, as in other situations, he had to endure the most violent opposition. Not desiring to remain in an office where he was oppressed with such an additional load of care, he resigned, resisting the temptation, which to many would have been an irresistible one, of 7,000*l.* per annum. But he was preparing for himself, even in that resignation, a fearful source of anxiety. In procuring the appointment for Juxon, Bishop of London, he offended both the nobles and the people, and the enemies of the church were not backward in accusing its ministers of appropriating to themselves the most valuable offices in the state. It was certainly a step of the most injudicious kind, and ill calculated to allay the ferment into which the popular mind was thrown by previous events. But there seems to have been a fatal blindness in all the political counsels of the Archbishop, and in this and other instances of a similar nature, if he was unswayed by dishonest motives, which we think never entered his mind, he showed himself highly unfit for the station he held during such a momentous period. But let us hear our author:—

‘It is clear, therefore, that the Archbishop was not so much swayed in this business by private friendship, as by the belief that the appointment would be beneficial to the nation. Unlike many of his predecessors in that office, Juxon had no family to exalt to grandeur, no wife and children for whom it might have been expected that he felt an honourable solicitude. The Archbishop had known him long and intimately, and no man was better qualified for the office. Like the Archbishop, he was eminent for his integrity, piety, loyalty, and attachment to the Church; “and had nature,” remarks Sir Philip Warwick, who knew both those distinguished prelates, “mingled their tempers, and allayed the latter by the prudence and foresight of the former, or invigorated the former with the zeal and activity of the other, she had formed a finer mass than she usually does in her most exact workmanship about mankind.” Meek and steady in judgment, Juxon’s profound knowledge of the civil law, which he had successfully studied, capacitated him for secular business; and though he found the Treasury much diminished, yet he acted with such moderation, as not only to support the dignity of the royal household, and to administer uniform justice in all public business, but he also reduced the debts of the crown, and made the Treasury rich in a surplus sum. Fewer complaints were made against him than had been made against any of his predecessors; his conduct was so calm and circumspect, and his advice at all times so judicious, that the King himself declared, that Dr. Juxon never gave his opinion freely in his life, but when he had it, he was always the better for it. It was indeed feared, and perhaps ardently hoped by some, that he would be unable to fulfil the arduous duties of his office, and, as Heylin observes, “sink under the burden of it, as Williams did under the custody of the Seals.” But his mildness and prudence obtained for him such a

reputation, that though he was a Bishop, which was crime enough in the eyes of the Puritan zealots, and in that capacity united the office of Lord Treasurer, two most dangerous offices in that age of fanaticism, he was neither envied, nor subject to the caprice of the times. Lord Falkland bore witness to his integrity and moderation in the Long Parliament, when he declared, that Juxon, "in an *unexpected place and power*, expressed an equal moderation and humility, being neither ambitious before, nor proud after, either the crozier or the white staff." "It was by means of his admirable temper and conduct," says Sir Philip Warwick, "that he weathered the most dreadful storm that ever the nation felt, and at last rode triumphantly into the harbour, without any shipwreck of his honour or principles. Never was there a more fortunate pilot, or a more upright man." Such was the man for whose appointment Archbishop Laud was charged with treason—a man whose very enemies were compelled to admire and reverence. But with political enthusiasts every thing is a crime which is not sanctioned by their party: and, with religious enthusiasts, that churchman is nevertheless worldly-minded, who does not aid and encourage their spiritual rhodomontade. Stimulated by such principles, men forget themselves; they are transported by passions destructive of civil order.

Thus conceiving, as undoubtedly he had a right, so far as human foresight extended, that he had done his duty towards Church and State by the promotion of Juxon, Archbishop Laud entered with his wonted ardour into his duties, alike regardless of the smiles of friends or the hatred of his enemies. To him, the rich and the poor were on the same equality: he knew no distinction, save merit combined with honourable birth. His enemies at court, however, were indefatigable in their opposition, and Cottington, in particular, "a master of temper, and of the most profound dissimulation," had resolved to employ every exertion to diminish the Archbishop's influence. Laud's temper was naturally warm, and he had been accustomed to deliver his opinions with a freedom which could not silently endure contradiction; and, when any one dissented from him, he often expressed himself in a manner which excited his grief afterwards, and which made him at those times ready to acknowledge with regret. Cottington took advantage of these occasions, by contriving to lead the Primate into a mistake, and, although not unlikely he was pursuing the very same measures as Laud himself was employing, he excited his anger, and then exposed him to the persons present. And, we are informed by Lord Clarendon, that he always endeavoured to do this ill-office to the Archbishop in the presence of the King.'

This passage is characteristic both of Laud's character, and of the style in which his present biographer has written his memoirs. The one was evidently alloyed with serious defects—by the want of calunness, self-possession, and dignified humility—the other bears strong traces of a mind not yet impressed with a sense of the duty which binds all religious controversialists to speak cautiously and temperately. But we must hasten to the melancholy sequel of the history. If any injustice perpetrated on a man could make us forget his errors, those of Archbishop Laud would never again be mentioned. The iniquitous proceedings which were falsely called a trial, proved to demonstration how utterly unworthy were

the men who condemned him, of the slightest credit. He greatly erred in his conduct, but they sinned against justice, humanity, and whatever laws or principles there are to preserve society for one moment in security. If the conduct of Laud's persecutors could be justified, the compact which exists between the different orders in the state would be a mockery; no man would be free to act, and a far worse tyranny would be brought in, than the worst kings or churchmen could introduce. On this subject his biographer thus speaks :—

‘ Thus ended this most unjust and illegal trial; in which the Archbishop is allowed, even by his enemies, to have conducted his defence in an admirable manner. Even Prynne, his implacable enemy, whom Wood justly terms, “ the stigmatized and crop-eared Presbyterian,” “ bears testimony to his conduct. “ And to give him his due,” says that incendiary, “ he made as full, as gallant, as pithy a defence of so bad a cause, and spake as much for himself, as was possible for the wit of man to invent, and that with the greatest art, sophistry, vivacity, oratory, audacity, and confidence, without the least blush, or acknowledgment of guilt in any thing.” So resolved were his enemies on his destruction, that when the trial was proceeding, and it seemed hopeless to prove him guilty of high treason, a member of the Commons replied to one of his friends, who lamented his situation, that were he never so innocent, he must be condemned for their own sakes; and the citizens of London also declared, though he had defended himself well, he must suffer *for the honour of the House.*” There was not one of the religious crimes imputed to him, but was openly practised without controul after the Restoration. “ But when hatred doth accuse, and malice persecute,” says Anthony Wood, “ and prepossession sit upon the bench, God help the innocent. They called him often to the bar, both before and after; caused a strict inquisition into all his actions, winnowed him like wheat, and sifted him to the very bran, which was you know, the devil’s work; they had against him all advantages of power and malice, and witnesses at hand on all occasions; but still they found his answers and resolution of so good a temper, his innocence and integrity of so bright a dye, that as they knew not how to dismiss him with credit, so neither could they find a way to condemn him with justice. And though their consciences could tell them that he had done nothing which deserved either death or bonds, yet, either to reward or oblige the Scots, who would not think themselves secure while his head was on, they were resolved to bring him to a speedy end; only they did desire, if possible, to lay the odium of the murder upon the common people.”

‘ In addition, however, to the general injustice of the trial, this noble Prelate was treated by his accusers with studied indignity. Sergeant Wyld, who conducted the prosecution, after having aggravated to the utmost his alleged offences, concluded by saying, “ that he was guilty of so many and notorious treasons, so evidently destructive of the commonwealth, that he marvelled the people did not tear him in pieces as he proceeded between his barge and the Parliament House.” Yet this was spoken before he was condemned, and without any censure from the judges. He was exposed every day to the ignoble gaze of the fanatical rabble; compelled to wait for hours among menials in an anti-room;

checked and interrupted in the course of his defence; while he was doomed to hear all the scurrillity which his enemies uttered against him. Yet he preserved his dignity, and disdained a mean submission: thus verifying the remark of the ancient sage, that, to see a good and a great man struggling with misfortune, is a sight on which the gods might look with complacency. On one occasion, while he made some remarks on one or two of the witnesses, he was insultingly told to speak respectfully of gentlemen, aldermen, and men of rank. "That is nothing," was his firm and noble reply. "Gentlemen, and men of all conditions are separatists, and there is not a separatist in England, but his hand is against me." Again, when Nicolas, one of the law managers, bestowed on him the epithet of "pander to the whore of Babylon;"—"Good Master Nicolas," replied the Primate, "pray do not dispense with all whores but the whore of Babylon." The reply was in point. It happened that one of this enthusiast's chief witnesses was a vile and notorious procurer.

'From the consideration of this trial it appears, that if Laud was innocent, the guilt and infamy of the Puritans were of the deepest dye. It is needless, however, to extend these remarks. In the affecting "*History of his own Troubles and Trials*," the reader will perceive the injustice of his enemies; indeed, a defence of this part of the "*tender mercies*" of the Puritans, is now given up even by their admirers. The time is surely at hand, when this illustrious prelate will receive the honour and veneration which he so well deserves. Monuments have been raised and epitaphs inscribed to the memory of men, many of them, doubtless, the renown and the glory of their several times; some of them, nevertheless, having doubtful claims to these distinctions. But he of whom it has been justly said, that had he lived, venerable as he was at this time in years, and still more venerable for his learning, piety, and the sanctity of his Episcopal character, "*St. Paul's cathedral had silenced the fame of ancient wonders, our English clergy had been the glory of the world, the Bodleian Library at Oxford had daily outstript the Vatican, and his public structures excelled the Escorial*,"—even he is in this enlightened age, the object of contumely (I had almost said execration), not so much to sectarians and schismatics, which may excite little surprise, but to the affected and self-styled *Evangelists* of that Church, of which he was the illustrious ornament, and for his attachment to which he was condemned as a traitor to his country.'—pp. 482—486.

We have now arrived at the conclusion of Mr. Lawson's publication. We have perused it with great interest, and with some strong feelings. It is a work, in fact, which no one can read, be his private sentiments what they may, without considerable excitement. It is written in a style which crowds thought upon the mind, and forces the reader to mix his own ideas and principles with the rapid stream of controversy, which is made to pass before him. We have already commended the bold and honest declaration of opinion with which the author commences his work. We have seen no inclination in any part of it to depart from this plainness of speech, and we have only to regret that it has not been uniformly preserved, without the price being paid of temperance and fairness towards opponents. Mr. Lawson's zeal for

the party and opinions he advocates, too often carries him beyond the allowable limits of argument, sometimes reminding us of the intemperate manner of the very men whom he abuses. But, making allowance for this draw-back to our praise, we consider his work to be one of very great merit. It has been composed after much care and labour, and the mind which could produce such a book must be patient and vigorous. Considering, moreover, that there is no full and complete biographer of Archbishop Laud in existence, Mr. Lawson has an additional claim upon the attention of the reading world. For many reasons we are gratified at his having completed such an important undertaking, for he has brought a great quantity of information before the public, which could not be obtained without much trouble and expence. The real character, also, of the celebrated man who forms its subject, may now be more easily ascertained, for though the writer is too partial to depict it fairly, he has given such ample means for every careful reader, that the work is as complete as can be desired. We have no doubt it will speedily find its way into general circulation.

ART. II.—*Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of Scotland. Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 6 vols. 12mo. 1829.

HISTORY is universally accounted an important branch of study and education,—but frequently without its being understood why, or what it is in history which makes it so;—at least hundreds talk of that importance without having formed any conception in what the importance consists. In many cases history, upon some vague, ill-defined notion, is made a school exercise, and the infallible consequence is, that it is never again relished either as a study or as an amusement. A brief glance at the principles which usually guide historians in their compositions, will perhaps lead us to some more rational views of this subject.

Taking the broad description of history as comprehending both fiction and what is called civil history, as well as biography, we find that narrative is its most essential requisite, and through this means either the understanding is appealed to as in science, or the fancy as in poetry. In fictitious history, it is chiefly the imagination which authors aim to affect, and in this view, it is almost the same in design as poetry, and nearly in the same way it must be judged. Civil history, on the other hand, must, or should be, tried by the truth of the facts according to the evidence of testimony, though this is not the way in which the world is disposed to award its decisions; for let us take any one of the works of eminent historians, and we shall see that it is not the author's scrupulous adherence to truth which has obtained him fame. In the instance, for example, of Herodotus, the father of history, there can scarcely be a doubt that more than one half of his gar-

rulous narratives are altogether fabulous and unworthy of belief, as the traditions which he collected must have been interwoven with all manner of falsehood and misrepresentation. Let an historian at the present day, despising and neglecting all the printed documents, travel through France and Britain for the purpose of collecting the history of the last or the present-century from popular tradition, and from the soldiers who have been engaged in the various campaigns;—a history composed of such materials could be nothing else than a tissue of fancies, with a small sprinkling of exaggerated and misrepresented facts. Yet such exactly were the materials made use of by Herodotus, though the simplicity of his narrative makes all appear true and plausible. Among the succeeding historians of Greece, the authors themselves often bore a part in the transactions which they recorded. This however so far from improving the quality of their authority, is almost certain to impair it, and as it necessarily involves adherence to a party, and no party-man can ever give a fair and impartial view of transactions in which his own party has been implicated. Thus far we may consider Xenophon, Thucydides, and Polybius, who must not without other evidence be trusted, where their party prejudices can be supposed to have operated in biasing their judgments or their opinions.

It is a trite remark, that the early history of all nations is full of fables, but it must have struck every reader that most of our great historians seem to delight in giving every embellishment to such fables, and thus rendering their narratives something very nearly akin to poetical romances. Even when the materials become more authentic, we find in the instance of Livy, that his style of management continues to exhibit the same air of romance and imagination. He goes on flowingly in his narrative, composing for his heroes and senators, speech after speech as if he had been beside the speakers to take reports of what they uttered, which, how much soever it may add to the beauty of the narrative, most certainly takes away from the credit of the historian. Yet we do not blame Livy nor any historian for thus dramatising history; but there can be no doubt that it is equally injurious to the plain statement of facts, as that of a splendid narrative for which historians are so much praised.

The rhetorical or ornamented style of history, also considered essential to its high character, is no less injurious to the plain statement of facts. The sole aim of this sort of style is effect, which is endeavoured after in every possible way, by figures of every description—metaphors, comparisons, interrogations, antitheses, and ellipses,—no matter how foreign these may be to the subject, so that they set the reader agaze and make him pause at every sentence to admire the author who could give such turns to his language and expressions. All this we freely admit may be pleasing enough to a reader who reads chiefly or solely for pleasure,

though wherever a style of this kind prevails, it must stamp the history as a romance. Robertson was a historian of this class, being much too studious to appear as a fine writer, and so far he succeeded; but his periods have a sameness of oscillatory cadence, and a meretricious roundness, both fatiguing and unpleasant. In consequence of this desire of embellishment, Robertson's *History of Scotland* is a gross misnomer, being little else than an imperfect and partial sketch of the history of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots. Without any plausible excuse, he passes over all the previous history in a brief and meagre dissertation, in which he does not even mention the name of the patriot Wallace, of whom Scotland is so justly proud, and of whose history, though many fables are told, there are materials undoubtedly authentic. King Robert Bruce is dismissed in a single sentence, and the succeeding princes, previous to the accession of Mary, in a few pages.

The work of Sir Walter Scott, now before us, though not professing claims to be a history, may, when coming from an author of his acknowledged powers, be well considered as such, and accordingly we find in it several of the faults which we have just alluded to, though in consequence of the method which he has adopted some of the others have been avoided. He has not indeed attempted in these volumes the ornamented style, which is so conspicuous, and not unfrequently obtrusive, in his *Life of Napoleon*; but he has been careful to render his narratives more attractive and readable than accurately true, being well aware that such a dry and scrupulously accurate statement of facts would never insure popularity, nor be relished by most readers—no not even by those who will descant most warmly on the importance and use of reading history. The plain facts, however, can only be had from a table of chronology, or from some dry book of annals, and it is only historical romances, like Gibbon's chapters on Julian, or the first Decade of *Livy*, which are ever thought of by the eulogists of historical reading. Sometimes Sir Walter has pointed out the facts of doubtful authenticity, though in most cases we are left to take his narratives on trust: but we think he deserves not to be spared in cases where he has obviously mis-stated facts, either from negligence, from haste, or from inaccurate investigation of his documents.

We suspect strongly that the candour of our author is rather of an equivocal kind, being more characterised by a studied forbearance towards the adversaries of the political party to which he is known to be attached, than by a straight-forward and independent anxiety after truth. In almost every instance this exhibits more of the semblance, than of the soul, of impartial feelings; but being desirous, above all other things, of winning the good opinion of all parties in the reading world, he seems to have carefully calculated, and cautiously employed, the precise degree of compromise conducive to this end, keeping studiously upon neutral territory, and venturing only with the utmost circumspection beyond

the line of demarcation which marks the boundaries of the debateable land.

With the earlier portion, containing what is more romantic or less authentic, we have been the most pleased, as the author's peculiar acquaintance with legendary lore has furnished him with interesting details, such as do not usually occur in works of a similar class. It would be easy to select many an interesting narrative from this portion of the work, but we shall content ourselves with the following:—

‘ William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men who ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then used. Wallace, like all the Scottishmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young he went a fishing for sport in the river Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trout, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basket-full. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot, and getting possession of his sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, and sometimes with a very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

‘ About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people call the *Barns of Ayr*. It is said the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation; but the English Earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters, with running nooses, ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted, by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Ronald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

'When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged; and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be avenged on the authors of this great crime. The English, in the meanwhile, made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drank plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns where they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place to mark the doors of the lodgings with chalk where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those who were within could not open them. On the outside, the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Soon the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scotch, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the prior, as he was called, of the convent, caused all the friars to arm themselves, and attacking their English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the *Friar of Ayr's* blessing. We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.'—vol. i. p. 84.

The subsequent history of the patriot Wallace is well told; but those who stickle for the rigid truth of history, must in this, as in many other cases, rest contented with the uncertain whispers of tradition. The truth of what by many may be considered legendary tales, however, is in some instances proved beyond a doubt by existing family names and heraldic bearings, in a similar manner to the extraordinary and unexpected proofs of Roman history, so recently educed by the erudite sagacity of Niebuhr. The following story, for example, accounts for the bloody-heart in the armorial insignia of Douglas, and for the family name of Lockhart.

'Bruce thought of going upon this expedition, [the Crusade] when he was in despair of recovering the crown of Scotland, and now he desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James of Douglas to take the charge of it. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office, the last mark of Bruce's confidence and friendship.

'The king soon afterward expired, and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed, that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it round his neck by a string of silver and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land, as it was called, with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who to show their value and sorrow for their late king, Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland, if the Douglas and

they had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance.

Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine, he landed in Spain, where the Saracen king, or Sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish king of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded him, that he would do good service to the Christian cause, by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah!* which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily.

In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair, of Roslyn, fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but was himself surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the king, had he been alive,—"Pass first in fighting," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

This good Lord James of Douglas was one of the best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten in thirteen, and victorious in fifty-seven. The English accused him of being cruel; and it is said that he had such a hatred at the English archers, that when he made one of them prisoner, he would not dismiss him until he was either blinded in his right eye, or had the first finger of his right hand struck off. The Douglas's larder also seems a very cruel story; but the hatred at that time betwixt the two countries was at a high pitch, and Lord James was much irritated at the death of his faithful servant, Thomas Dickson. On ordinary occasions he was mild and gentle to his prisoners. The Scottish historians describe the good Lord James as one who was never dejected by bad fortune, or unduly elated by that which was good. They say he was modest and gentle in time of peace, but had a very different countenance upon a day of battle. He was tall, strong, and well made, of a swarthy complexion, with dark hair, from which he was called the Black Douglas. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight at the court of king Alphonso, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas replied modestly, he thanked God, who had always enabled his hands to guard and protect his face.

'Many of the Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest resolved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but to return to Scotland. After the time of the good Lord James, the Douglasses have carried upon their shields a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with the Bruce's heart. In those times, men painted such emblems on their shields that they might be known by them in battle, for their helmet hid their face; and now, as men no longer wear armour in battle, the devices, as they are called, belonging to particular families, are engraved upon their seals, or upon their silver plate, or painted upon their carriages.

'Thus, for example, there was one of the brave knights, who was in the company of Douglas, and was appointed to take charge of the Bruce's heart homewards again, who was called Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee. He took afterwards for his device, and painted on his shield, a man's heart with a padlock upon it, in memory of Bruce's heart, which was padlocked in the silver case. For this reason, men changed Sir Simon's name from Lockhard to Lockheart, and all who are descended from Sir Simon are called Lockhart to this day. Did you ever hear of such a name, Mr. Hugh Littlejohn?

'Well, the Scottish knights who remained alive, returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were buried in the church of Saint Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was interred in the midst of the church of Dumferline, under a marble stone.'—vol. i. p. 210.

The above account of the origin of the name of Lockhart becomes the more interesting, from the fact that Sir Walter's grandson, to whom these tales are addressed, is a lineal descendant by the father's side, of Sir Simon Lockheart, of Lee.

We shall next proceed to justify some of the censures which we have passed upon Sir Walter's volumes, and which he would do well to have rectified in subsequent editions. We pass, therefore, to one of the most interesting eras of Scottish history—the reign of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, which has been so thoroughly and voluminously discussed, that if truth is to be elicited by keen controversy, and disputing every inch of ground, we ought long, ere now, to have seen the numerous questions relating to the Queen of Scots finally decided. But so far is this from being the case, that we find in the work before us, by an author too, reputed to know the history of Scotland better than any of his learned contemporaries,—not only a repetition of mistakes which have been again and again exposed, but new errors originating in his own fancy. This cannot be excused, particularly when he prefaces this very portion of the narrative in the following manner:—

'We are now come, my dear child, to a very difficult period in history. The subsequent events, in the reign of Queen Mary, are well known; but neither the names of the principal agents in these events, nor the motives upon which they acted, are at all agreed upon by historians. It has, in particular, been warmly disputed, and will probably long continue to be

so, how far Queen Mary is to be considered as a voluntary party or agent in the tragical and criminal events of which I am about to tell you : or how far, being innocent of any foreknowledge of these violent actions, she was an innocent victim of the villainy of others. Leaving you, my dear child, when you come to a more advanced age, to study this historical point for yourself, I shall endeavour to give you an outline of the facts as they are admitted and proved on all sides.'—vol. iii. p. 181.

So far, however, from stating the facts in question 'as admitted and proved on all sides,' Sir Walter, within the next two pages, gives us what has never, so far as we know, been mentioned, much less 'proved and admitted,' by any one of the numerous historians of Mary, whether enemy or friend; besides mis-stating some of the facts which are well ascertained. A thoughtless action of Mary seemed, he tells us, to confirm the suspicion of her love for Bothwell:—

'Bothwell, among other offices of authority, held that of *lord warden* of all the marshes, and was *residing* at the Castle of Hermitage, a royal fortress, which belonged to that office, in order to suppress some disorders on the Border. In October, 1566, attempting with his own hand to seize a border freebooter called John Elliot, at the Park, he was severely wounded in the hand. The Queen, who was *then at Jedburgh*, holding a court of justice, *hastened* through woods, morasses, and waters, to pay a visit to the wounded warden; and though the distance was twenty English miles, she went and returned from Hermitage Castle in the same day. This excursion might arise solely from Mary's desire to learn the cause and particulars of a great outrage on her Lieutenant; but all those who wished ill to her, who were a numerous body, represented it as expressing her anxiety for the safety of her lover.'—vol. iii. p. 184.

Now the fact which is 'proved and admitted on all sides,' is, that Mary was *not* (though Sir Walter says she was) at Jedburgh on the 8th of October, when Bothwell was wounded, but at Edinburgh. She did not arrive at Jedburgh till the 10th, and though she must have known of his accident, she was so far from having 'hastened,' that she held there a court for public business, till the 16th, as is proved from the dates in the register of her private council. On the 16th, she did visit Bothwell, but it was most probably on the public business in which she had for the preceding five days been so eagerly engaged, as he was the chief official person in that quarter, though not Lord Warden, as Sir Walter has stated; much less a previous resident in Hermitage Castle, which belonged to Elliot, by whom he had been wounded. Her stay with him, however, must have been very short, for she returned to Jedburgh, bad as the roads were, the same day; and yet while at Hermitage she had taken time to grant a charter, which is still extant, to prove the fact. On the morrow she sent a large packet of papers to Bothwell, connected, it may be reasonably supposed, with the disturbances in his lieutenancy, and at the same time, as we learn from her treasurer's entries, she sent him some money and victual. Such are the facts and dates,

amply proved by the public records of the kingdom, and which, it must now be evident, Sir Walter has greatly mis-stated.

In that part of his narrative which is not of his own fancying, he has allowed himself to be misled by the mistakes and fabrications of Buchanan, Robertson, and others. Robertson, for example, tells us that Bothwell having been wounded in a scuffle on the 16th October, (mistaking the date by eight days) and carried into the castle of Hermitage, "Mary *instantly* flew thither with an impatience which has been considered as marking the anxiety of a lover, but little suited to the dignity of a queen." Buchanan, also, in his history, says, that when the news of Bothwell's being dangerously wounded, was brought to the queen at Borthwick,* although it was now the depth of winter, she instantly flew first to Melross, and then to Jedburgh, and, despising the severity of the weather, the impassableness of the roads, and the ambuscades of robbers, fearlessly journeyed in such a manner as nobody of the least rank would have dared to do on the borders, at the risk of life and fortune. Having returned to Jedburgh, she most anxiously exerted every means in her power to have him brought thither. This malicious writer says nothing whatever about the justice courts and privy councils which the queen held at Jedburgh, as the public registers prove, for a whole week too after she had heard of Bothwell's accident, and within twenty miles of where he was. We may well say, with honest Guthrie, (by far the most impartial of the historians of Scotland) that if Mary was at this time so deeply engaged in a criminal passion for Bothwell, she is the only abandoned votary of Venus to be met with in history, who could be contented with an interview of a few hours, when it was in her power to have invented a thousand pretexts (especially considering the journey she had made that very day through roads almost impassable,) for obtaining a longer indulgence in her lover's company. The historians therefore, among whom Sir Walter must be content to rank, who think that she was then distractedly fond of Bothwell, must have formed their notions of female passions upon very rare models, and not from daily observation. When Darnley was taken ill, previous to his marriage, Mary's conduct was very different, and then there cannot be a shadow of doubt that she was in love. The mistakes of Sir Walter, seem to us to have originated from negligence in point of research and discrimination. Again, we find the following errors in facts and of opinion.

* Murray, the most important person in Scotland, had *kept aloof* from all these proceedings. [the murder of Darnley, &c.] He was in Fife when the king was murdered, and about three days before Bothwell's trial, he ob-

* Id ubi reginæ ad Borthuicum est nunciatum, aspera jam tum hieme, primum Mulrossam, deinde Jedburghum pervolat," &c. &c.—Buchanani Hist. 78. There is no evidence of her having been then at Borthwick.

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possessed enough of interest with her, to procure a situation in the palace for a domestic.

.. Sir Walter's expression, 'as if by an appearance of force,' proves that he did not sufficiently weigh the facts of the case; indeed, it has been almost universally alleged against Mary, both by her friends and enemies, that her making no opposition to this violent seizure of her person, indicates her evident collusion with the traitor. But what, we ask, could a feeble woman oppose, not only to the force of a thousand armed men, but to the insidious persuasions of her chief counsellors, Maitland and Huntley, who were in the plot? It would, we are persuaded, have been a stronger proof of Mary's collusion with Bothwell, had she made resistance, which could have easily been feigned. . Not a sword was drawn to protect her, of which, indeed, she afterwards complained; and seeing that she was betrayed, even by her own attendants, she yielded, in silent despair, to her impending fate. The boast of Bothwell, reported by Sir James Melville, who was present, that "he would marry the queen, who would or who would not—yea, whether she would herself or not,"—accords ill with collusion, or with the passion Mary is said to have had for him; but agrees too well with the history of the plot, and his actual possession of the bond. Mary, indeed, expressly says, in so many words, that she was "astonished at his audacity, but that on seeing the bond she became intimidated;" and she complains bitterly, "that during ten days, none came to her aid." This, we think, completely exculpates the queen from Sir Walter's accusation of "her tame submission and silence;" and her not having expressed any "proper feelings of anger or shame." The author, indeed, seems not to have remembered the act of parliament, December, 1567, which attainted Bothwell for the murder of Darnley; for ravishing the queen's person; for imprisoning her in Dunbar; and for *coercing her to marry him*. The framers of that act were much more likely, we think, to know the real facts than our historian. The subsequent events prove the truth of our views.

Being now in the fangs of the ruffians, Mary was compelled, or, as the act of parliament expresses it, "coerced," to give a reluctant consent to the iniquitous bond; and it is remarkable that she did this in such terms as prove that she had never previously granted any order, such as was pretended to be shewn to the original subscribers: it is, in fact, evidently an extorted pardon to the subscribers; whereas, we might have expected, agreeable to the accusations, her warmest thanks. Her own words are—"the queen's majesty having seen and considered the bond above written, promiseth, on the word of a princess, that she, or her successors, shall never *impute* as crime or offence, to any of the persons, subscribers thereof, their consent and subscription to the matter above written therein contained; nor that they, nor their heirs, shall ever be called or *accused* therefore; nor yet the said

consent, or subscribing, be any *derogation*, or *spot*, to their honour; or they be esteemed *undutiful* subjects for doing thereof, notwithstanding whatsoever thing can tend, or be alleged, on the contrary. In witness whereof, her majesty hath subscribed the same with her hand."

Sir Walter joins in the vulgar and improbable clamour against Mary, for the alleged love she had to Bothwell, and talks of 'her infatuated affection for him.' Of this we are confident that there is not a shadow of proof beyond the assertions of Buchanan and the rest of her enemies, who were all in the pay of Elizabeth, and wrote whatever they thought would best please her by degrading Mary. Besides the Queen was in the bloom of youth, scarcely four-and-twenty, and Bothwell was advanced in years, according to some accounts being near sixty, and to others about forty. The love story becomes thence a physical improbability.

We could with ease multiply instances of Sir Walter's misstatements;—but we shall only add another. 'The Regent Murray, upon Mary's flight to England, had contrived to *vindicate* his conduct in the eyes of Elizabeth, by alleging that his sister had been accessory to the murder of her husband Darnley.' (vol iii. p. 212.) Now the whole tenour of Murray's conduct proves, that so far from requiring to give Elizabeth any vindication of his conduct, he all along acted under her connivance, for which, indeed, he received large bribes in money. When he went to France, for instance, immediately after the murder of Darnley, Lord Barchley, by Elizabeth's orders, wrote to Norris the English envoy at Paris, "If my Lord of Murray should lack credit for money, my Lord Steward would have his son give him such credit as he hath; for my Lord alloweth well of his friendship," meaning his treachery to Mary.

Not to extend our review of Sir Walter's volumes to an unnecessary length, we must content ourselves with passing over the remaining ones, without quoting many passages which we had marked out when perusing them. He terminates the whole with a sketch of the measures pursued to effect the union of Scotland and England, in the reign of Queen Anne. The following incidents respecting this event are well told:—

"While the various plans for interrupting the treaty of the Union, were agitated without doors, the debates in Parliament were of the most violent kind. "It resembled," said an eye witness, "not the strife of tongues, but the clash of arms; and the hatred, rage and reproach, which were exhausted on each other, seemed to be those of civil war, rather than political discussion." Much talent was displayed on both sides. Lord Belhaven in a celebrated speech, which made the strongest impression on the audience, declared that he saw, in prophetic visions, the peers of Scotland, whose ancestors had raised tribute in England, now walking in the Court of Requests, like so many English attorneys, laying aside their swords, lest self-defence should be called murder; he saw the Scottish

barons with their lips padlocked, to avoid the penalties of unknown laws; he saw the Scottish lawyers struck mute and confounded at being subjected to the intricacies and technical jargon of an unknown jurisprudence; he saw the merchant excluded from trade, by the English monopolies; artisans ruined for want of custom; the gentry reduced to indigence, the lower class to starvation and beggary. "But above all, my lords," continued the orator, "I think I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our senate, ruefully looking round her, covering herself with her royal mantle, awaiting the fatal blow, and breathing out her last with the exclamation,

"And thou too, my son!

'These prophetic sounds made the deepest impression on the House, until the aspect was in some degree dispelled by Lord Marchmont, who rising to reply, said, he too had been much struck by the noble lord's vision, but that he conceived the exposition of it might be given in a few words. "I awoke and behold it was a dream." But though Lord Belhaven's prophetic harangue might be termed in one sense a vision, it was one which continued to exist for many years; nor was it until half a century had passed away, that the Union began to produce those advantages to Scotland, which its promoters had fondly hoped, and the fruits of which, the present generation has so fully reaped.'—vol. vi. p. 321.

Respecting the author's unrivalled talent for narration, there can scarcely, we think, be two opinions—it is acknowledged by the universal voice of Britain—of Europe—of the world. But from the abundant instances, above given, of his mistakes as to facts and opinions, we should hesitate to put his volumes into the hands either of our children or grandchildren, without having made many erasures and corrections.

ART. III.—*Aperçu comparatif sur les Colonies libres et forcées de pauvres établies dans les Pays-Bas.* Par Frédéric Comte Skarbek, Professeur d'Economie Politique, à l'Université royale de Varsovie. 8vo. Paris: 1828.

ABOUT ten years ago, a very novel and extraordinary experiment was begun in the Low Countries, for the purpose of relieving, or rather of suppressing, mendicity. The principle upon which this experiment was founded, is altogether different from any other (so far as we know,) which has been acted upon to any extent as applicable to the poor. It is unnecessary for us to allude upon such a topic to the poor laws of England, which cannot be better characterized than in the words of the French Committee of Mendicity. "Cet exemple," says their report, "est une grande et important leçon pour nous, car indépendamment des vices qu'elle nous présente et d'une dépense monstrueuse, et d'un encouragement nécessaire à la fainéantise, elle nous découvre la plaie politique de l'Angleterre la plus dévorante, qu'il est également dangereux

pour sa tranquillité, et son bonheur, de détruire ou de laisser subsister." Dr. Chalmers, calculating (we should rather have said over-calculating) upon the national pride of his countrymen, thought he had discovered in this an instrument for abolishing mendicity in Scotland; but though the thing like most other theories looked well and plausible when decorated with the trappings of the Doctor's eloquence, it was soon discovered upon trial that it would not work at all—and for the obvious reason, that he had not bethought him of a moving power sufficient to stir up the pride of the paupers into operative activity.

The Dutch, on the other hand, not being theorists, began with experiment, and left to others the task of philosophizing on their measures. The scheme, it appears, originated with General Van den Bosch, who had seen in the island of Java, a farming establishment of emigrant Chinese, whence he derived the idea, and on his return to Europe, drew up a plan which was at once patronized by the King of the Netherlands. The consequence was, that a public meeting was called at the Hague, and a Committee appointed to carry the General's views into operation. This committee, it would appear, began their measures much in the same way as our joint-stock companies, receiving subscriptions and members, as is usual in such cases, and so popular was the proposal that in a very short time the members amounted to 20,000, and the capital to more than five thousand pounds sterling—no very large sum, but sufficient to enable the committee to make trial of the scheme proposed by the General.

They proceeded, therefore, to purchase an estate of above twelve hundred acres of land, situated upon the river Aa, near the town of Steenwyk, on the eastern shore of Zuyder Zee. About a sixth part of this land was partially cultivated, but upon a very unprofitable system; while the rest consisted of heath and wood of little value. To increase their funds, they let about a hundred and twenty acres of the best cultivated portion, deepened the river so as to make it navigable for boats, and built small houses for fifty families, each fitted for the accommodation of six or eight individuals, together with a school and several store houses. Their estimated expenditure for each family, including clothing, furniture, agricultural implements, live stock, seeds, provisions, besides seven acres of heath or wood land, amounted to one hundred and forty pounds odd, or rather more than twenty two pounds each person. This outlay it is calculated will be repayed to the committee, in rent and labour, in the course of sixteen years, and yielding after two or three years from the commencement, a good interest on the capital.

Each allotment of seven acres is laid out in a rectangle, having the house toward the road with one end, and the other reaching fifty feet into the allotment. The dwelling occupies the part next the road, then comes the barn, after that the stalls for the cattle,

and behind these one of the most important features of the system—the reservoir for manure, in which every particle of vegetable and animal refuse is carefully made up into compost; with the heath and moss of the land;—the preparation of which being one of the principal parts of their labours. The colonists are subjected to a kind of military regulation, all their work being done by the piece; they assemble at six in the morning in summer and winter, and those who do not answer to their names at the roll call, get no wages for the day. When the labour of the day is over, each receives a ticket stating the amount of his wages, and for that he may procure food from the store at fixed rates. Those who are, at first, unable to support themselves, obtain credit for a short period. The women spin, weave, and knit, at first from purchased wool and flax; but as soon as possible from the produce of their own flocks and fields. A day and a half's work every week is allowed for the support of the sick, the infirm, and those who are not fit for labour; and for this, those who work are allowed one shilling per day in summer, and eighteen-pence in the winter. The whole of the necessaries and appointments are regularly inspected with military care, and such as have been wasteful are obliged to make good what they have destroyed. It will be borne in mind, that the whole stock out of which each family of seven or eight persons is to find support; and, if they can, effect some savings, is the original outlay of the committee, and the seven acres of waste land, which is of a description not the most susceptible of cultivation. The careful preparation of manure, the most remarkable feature in Chinese husbandry, is the grand resource; and the result is most encouraging, as an example of how much regularity and perseverance may effect with small means. As this preparation of manure is still very imperfectly understood in this country, it may not be amiss to give a few details of their system.

To enable a family to subsist,—then to pay the rent, and to save something, it is necessary that very intense labour be persevered in. The directors accordingly, by their enforcement of the prescribed regulations, compel each family to provide sufficient manure; yearly; or in English terms, one hundred and fifty tons—that is, at the rate of more than twenty tons to each acre. When it is considered that few of our best English farmers can apply one half that quantity of manure, it will not appear wonderful that seven acres should be made to provide for the sustenance of the same number of persons, and leave a surplus to pay rent, and to form a reserve of savings. On each farm, the live stock of two cows, or one cow and two sheep, to which may be added pigs; would not enable the cultivator to manure his small portion of land once even in seven years. It hence becomes necessary to form masses of compost, the collecting the materials for which forms the greater part of the employment of the colonists. These masses are almost entirely created by manual labour, of that kind

which, but for such an application, would be wholly lost to the community. As straw is, at best, in the early period, not abundant, and as that from the corn must at first be chiefly used as food for the cattle; or for covering to the houses, other materials, which the heaths furnish, are resorted to in order to make beds for the cattle. The heath land is pared, but the operation is to cut with the spade a very thin slice of the earth, and not to the bottom of the roots of the plants, that they may, as they soon will do, shoot again; the parings are not only made thin; but in narrow strips or small spots. Thus but little soil is taken away, and the roots, though cut, are not all of them destroyed; the parts that are left bare are protected from being too much dried up by the sun and wind, and the seed of the ripe heath is scattered over the spaces left bare near them, and soon bring forth the same plants. In this way, there is a constant succession provided of healthy material. This heath paring is a joint operation performed by the men in a kind of military lines. The society pays each of them for the work he performs, and when the average cost is ascertained, the sods are sold to the several householders at the same price, and are carried to their respective farms in small one horse carts, which are kept by the society for that and for similar purposes to which mere manual labour cannot be so beneficially applied. When these sods are dried and conveyed to the barns of the colonists, they are piled in a kind of sack, and portions of it are pulled out, not cut out, to ensure their being broken into small fragments. With these the bedding of the cows or sheep, as the case may be, is formed.

The use of bog turf, or peat, as one of the materials of compost, is not approved, as it impedes the process of fermentation, which is the most important part of the preparation of the heaps of manure. Another expedient is therefore adopted, by paring the second year's grass land, whether of clover, ray grass, or florin. These clods, containing a proportion of the roots of the plants which have been before harvested from them, and much garden mould, become useful auxiliaries to the heathy turf, and spare the use of that material which, if solely applied, would require almost as much land to supply it as the farm itself.

The bedding of cattle every morning and evening is performed with fresh material, which remains under them seven days and nights, when it is wheeled to the dunghill. Every morning, that which lies near the hinder part of the cow is thrown forward, and the part towards its head takes its place, and fresh heather, about a quarter of a fodder, or two hundred and fifty pounds, added to the bedding; the same is also done every evening. The sheep and pigs are only supplied with fresh heath once a day. It is reckoned that ten sheep make an equal quantity of dung with one cow. It must be obvious to every one, that the changing and consequent turning over thirteen times must make the mixture of the

animal and vegetable substances more equally rich ; and the uniform treading of it must break it into small particles, and give greater scope to the fermentative putrefaction.

Each week the stalls are cleared, and this dung conveyed to the place appointed at the back of the barn. This is of a round shape, from three to four feet in depth. The bottoms and sides are walled with either clinkers or turf, and made water-tight. It is commonly from twelve to fourteen feet in diameter, and sufficiently capacious to contain the dung made by the cattle in the course of four weeks. The mass is thus composed of portions, which have remained from four weeks to one day, over which the ashes from the household and all the sweepings of the premises are strewed. Adjoining to the dung-heap is the reservoir, into which the drainings of the stalls are conveyed. Equal care is taken that every other material for compost is preserved. In England little attention is paid to these matters ; and even in agricultural districts, many of the most valuable ingredients for fertilizing the earth (soap suds, for instance) are constantly thrown away. This cess-pool, containing about a hogshead, is never allowed to run over ; and if it has not rained, is every other day filled up with water, and then, with a scoop, taken up and sprinkled over the heap of dung. As this heap contains four weeks' dung, or thirty fodder, or fifteen tons, the administering fourteen such portions of rich fermenting matter, must vastly enhance the value of the whole for the purposes of vegetation.

Such is a general outline of the origin and management of the first of these remarkable establishments at Fredericks-vord ; but since the time that it was settled in November, 1818, several others have been begun, particularly one at Wortel, precisely similar, and others at Ommerschans and Markplas-Rykworsel, considerably different ; the former being, in a great measure, free colonies ; the latter consisting of vagrants, sturdy beggars, and persons of similar character, who may not improperly be called prisoners at large, as they dare not go beyond the bounds of the colony without leave. Our author, with much justice, says, that from not attending to these important differences of free and forced, all that has been hitherto published respecting the pauper establishments is exceedingly imperfect, and far from being correct. Indeed, it is Count Skarbek's chief object, in his publication, to point out the advantages and disadvantages of each. We cannot, we think, do better than take his statements for a guide ; and from them we have drawn the following *aperçu*, which is that more to be depended on, as our author wrote from personal inspection.

In both these two kinds of colonies, indeed, the poor submit to a tutelar régime, which obliges them to work, provides for all their wants, and contributes to maintain such a relation between their resources and consumption, as to form a fund in reserve for each.

But the two institutions differ, not only in their population, but in their object, inasmuch as that, in the forced colonies, it is proposed to remedy mendicity, and in the free colonies, to raise families from a state of indigence to easy circumstances. In the former, it is designed to instruct the poor by what measures they may rescue themselves from their miserable condition, and to afford them the means of obtaining that result after they have left the colony; in the latter, it is intended to render them comfortable, and to continue them in that state of well-being even in the colony.

As a desire to have these institutions introduced into other countries has been shown, it may be essential to solve the important question—to which kind of colony the preference should be given? or whether both are indispensable, wherever the object is principally to repress mendicity and vagrancy?

When, in consequence of unfortunate circumstances, which oppress the social economy of a nation, there is found a great number of working families reduced to beggary; and that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the friends of humanity, it becomes clearly impossible to find occupation, and the means of existence, for the impoverished workmen, in those sorts of industry to which they have been devoted, then recourse must be had to extreme measures, in order to remedy this state of things—that is to say, great sacrifices must be made, considerable funds must be applied, and even industrious liberty must be shackled, to obviate still more serious evils. The colonies of the poor, called free, are among the number of those extreme measures which is imposed by necessity, because there may be no better means of providing a remedy for public misery; because they give a forced tendency to the industry of impoverished workmen, and because they render indispensable the employment of a considerable fund, in order to found and support the colonies.

The want of sale for the produce of a certain kind of industry, arising from whatsoever cause, and the diminution of the demand of labour, which is the necessary result of it, may reduce to wretchedness a great number of families, who previously lived by their labour. It is generally artisans who are affected by such a state of things, and working families, deprived of occupation in the arts, trades, or manufactures, who must be furnished with the means of subsistence, which they can no longer derive from that kind of labour to which they have been accustomed. In employing agricultural colonies as the means of remedying this oppressive condition, men whose education and occupation has been in manufactures only, must be transformed into agriculturists; their mode of life, their habits, and their vocation must be entirely changed; their instruction must, in some measure, be recommenced, and then the capacity acquired during a great part of their life rendered useless. How many difficulties there are to overcome in bringing about such a change in the social existence of man, may be easily

perceived. Urgent circumstances alone can justify such extreme measures, which give a forced tendency to the industry of a part of the population of a country.

The establishment of a new colony requires a very considerable fund for the purchase of lands, for beasts of burden, and instruments of labour, for the construction of houses, for clothing, household furniture, and provisions necessary for the indigent admitted into the establishment, and also for the clearing of uncultivated lands. The labour of the cultivators recently established, cannot be sufficiently productive in its first years to offer any advantages, or even to defray the expence of cultivation, inasmuch as they will have bad ground to cultivate, and to employ hands which are unskilled and little exercised in agricultural duties. After a certain space of time, when they have completed the clearing of the land, they will not then be able to fix the colonies in such a state of things that they may be able to exist by themselves, consequently a considerable fund must be annually applied for their maintenance. The fact is proved by experience; for notwithstanding what has been asserted in many writings on the colonies of the poor, the society which founded them is far from being able to reimburse itself for the advances it has made, but, on the contrary, is obliged to expend every year a very large sum for the support of these establishments—an expence which does not appear burthensome to any one, in consequence of the wise measures taken by the society to defray it, without exacting great sacrifices from its members.

‘I may be deceived,’ says our author, ‘and I should desire to be convinced of the error of my assertion, but I think that, without even having in view the reimbursement of the advances which have been made, they will not be able so soon to abandon the free colonies to themselves—that they will be obliged to keep them under the actual régime for some time longer yet, and relieve continually the expences of their maintenance. Without wishing to be tedious on this point, I think the fact is very probable; first, in making the colonies free, and even in presenting them with all that has hitherto been bestowed upon them, they will still be unprovided with every kind of disposable funds for the management of their agricultural pursuits; then they will not have the means of guaranteeing themselves for the losses to which bad harvests and unforeseen misfortunes will expose them; and as they are settled upon a very ungrateful soil, the chances of bad crops will be so much more frequent, as it will be always very difficult for them to procure a sufficient quantity of manure; finally, the actual régime is not calculated to impress upon their minds the strong necessity of being provident and economical, because they know that the society is ever beforehand with their desires, and assists them in cases of scarcity.

‘It appears to me, besides that, that they are mistaken, who consider the free colonies of the Poor, as the most easy, effectual, and economical means of remedying mendicity, and who believe it applicable to all countries, even to those, which would not be necessitated to adopt it through disastrous circumstances which distress the social economy of a nation. I think, on the contrary, that it is only in circumstances of this nature, and

when there shall exist no other means of relieving the wants of a population, deprived of labour, that considerable funds should be appropriated for the establishment of free colonies. Even then, it will be necessary, before all things to examine if no possibility remain of maintaining working classes, reduced to misery, in the profession which they have been accustomed to exercise with those funds, which they could apply to the establishment of colonies. And, last of all, it remains to be ascertained, whether the country and humanity in general would not be more benefited by affording to indigent families the means of passing into other countries, where they would be certain of finding employment in that line of industry which was proper for them, than to force them to abandon their peculiar avocations, and to live for a long time at the charge of their own country.'

But these observations respecting the colonies of Poor, called free, bear no assimilation to the forced colonies, which appear to be a more perfect system of colonization for the Poor, and a very effectual means of repressing mendicity and vagrancy, susceptible of being applied with success in all countries where there is land requiring cultivation.

Every country contains a more or less considerable number of strong men, deprived of lucrative occupations, owing to reasons which keep a certain kind of industry in an unprosperous state, or to personal causes, and idleness, which induce them to prefer the condition of beggary and vagrancy to that of labour. An assisting hand ought to be held out to the former, and the bad disposition of the latter should if possible be overcome. It has been attempted, for a long time, to attain this end, through the medium of depôts of mendicity, and houses of industry, in which beggars and vagabonds have been confined, and employed in some kind of occupation, that they might not remain inactive, and might defray, as much as possible, the expence of their support. These institutions, besides being very expensive in their nature, have this serious inconvenience—that the produce of manufactures, furnished by the hands of beggars, maintained at the cost of the state, will enter into competition with productions furnished by workmen, who live by their labour, and effect an abatement in their value—which by that means must terminate in the impoverishment of these workmen. Such a principle of social economy, then, should be adopted, that the poor, supported by the state, should not exercise any kind of industrious employment, which might be prejudicial in its effects, to the interests of workmen, who depend upon it for subsistence. Such measures ought then to be taken, that beggars and vagabonds should not only be occupied, but should find an interest in completing the task which is assigned to them—and that they should be excited to industry, not by the fear of punishment, but by the certainty of advantages which would result to them from it. In a word, the poor man must not only be kept in the establishment of benevolence and repression, during the time

of his detention, but he must be especially supplied with the means of subsisting by himself after he has quitted it, and is again thrown on his own resources.

All these essential conditions are embraced in the forced colonies of Ommerschans and Marks-plas. The detained of both sexes labour in the cultivation of a waste plain, which is to provide them with food, and the first materials for their clothing. Their industry must supply all their wants, but furnish no article for commerce. The expences of the foundation, and maintenance of these establishments, are appropriated for the relief of misery, for the repression of mendicity, without any pretension to ultimate remuneration; advantage, or reimbursement and lucrative speculation, is neglected in the more worthy desire to promote that laudable result.

The detained are continually occupied, not only because they are forced to be so, but because their industry alone offers them the prospect of obtaining their liberty, and of acquiring a fund, competent to put them in a condition of labouring on their own account. The industry of each person is taxed once for all. What he gains, in having done more than his weekly task, is added to the third of his regular profit, and forms for him a fund of reserve. When that fund amounts to twenty-five Dutch florins, the commune to which he belongs has the right of demanding his freedom. It is thus evident that every person detained is interested in being laborious.

This wise measure, also, comprehends the third essential condition of a good system for the repression of mendicity—it gives to the indolent or unskilful, the habit of activity, and the capacity necessary for labouring with success. It assures him, also, on his departure from the establishment, of a fund in money, with which he may commence some industrious undertaking. The sum fixed as the condition of his liberty, requires not less than two years of labour, and that time is supposed sufficient to complete his moral and industrious education.

‘I cannot,’ says our author, ‘enter upon all the details of these establishments. It suffices to point out the proposed end, and the means which they offer to the attainment of it; but I think I should fix the attention of my readers upon the application which may be made of the system of forced colonies to a class of men, whose amelioration, in a moral point of view, zealously occupies enlightened and benevolent minds.’

What preventive, he asks, is there for men who have thus recovered their liberty, from becoming the constant enemies of society? Delivered from a place, where their immorality has only been able to make sad progress, and covered with an ineffaceable disgrace, which everywhere prepares for them deep humiliations, how are these men to be divested of a hatred for a social state, which rejects them with horror? An unhappy experience has proved that it is not alone perversity, but very often an imperious necessity, which has led them to the commission of new crimes. In recovering liberty, they have, for the most part, no means of

procuring themselves bread; those even who have learnt a useful business, are unable to follow it, and cannot find persons, who will consent to give them employment. In such a case, they think themselves reduced to the frightful necessity of committing a criminal action, for the purpose of finding in the confines of a prison an asylum against misery.

The means of obviating the serious inconveniences which such a state of things presents, would be, our author thinks, to send the *forçats* to such an establishment, the principles of which have just been explained. For some time, they would thus be withdrawn from the eye of a public, often too severe. The poor in the colonies, although they submit to a system of seclusion, form, in effect, only a union of unfortunate, but not criminal men. The liberated *forçat*, who has been admitted into the colony, would then lose the character of culpability, with which he was tainted on leaving the prison—he would enter again into the class of those who entertain only the feelings of compassion. After having passed some years in the establishment, he would quit it, more confirmed in the principles of morality, enriched with a new aptitude for labour, and possessed of a small fund, which would permit him even to follow again a career of industry. He invites all the friends of humanity to take into consideration this idea which occurred to him in visiting the colonies of Poor of the Low Countries. Perhaps, he says, they will imagine, as he did, that the forced colonies may be brought with success into a Penitentiary system, and that their number cannot be too much multiplied.

At all events, this institution should be regarded as the most effectual and economical measure of succouring the necessities of the poor, and of repressing mendicity. Perhaps it will become one day a means of perpetuating the free colonies. Perhaps a system of colonization of the poor may be adopted, organised in such a manner that mendicants, vagabonds, and liberated *forçats*, who have passed several years in the forced colonies, may be then admitted in the free colonies. Their sojourn in the former might be prolonged, until they had acquired a larger capital—a portion of land in the free colonies might be assigned, corresponding with their means—certain obligations towards society might be imposed upon them, as for example, the payment of a perpetual rent for the farm which would be given up to them.

Such appears to us to be an impartial view of these remarkable establishments, of which, however, it might be rash to express any very decided opinion, either for or against, till they have been more extensively tried, and their various effects, advantageous or disadvantageous, confirmed by experience.

ART. IV.—*The Ellis Correspondence. Letters written during the Years 1686, 1687, 1688, and addressed to John Ellis, Esq. comprising many particulars of the Revolution, &c. &c.* By the Hon. George A. Ellis. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

THE auxiliaries of history are many and important; but there are none, perhaps, of more consequence to the writer, than the remaining correspondence of eminent persons cotemporary with the events recorded. Every age has certain peculiarities; every series of occurrences, causes proper to themselves, and it is probable that in many instances, no mere labour or skill of the historian could determine them correctly. Something is always found in a chain of reasoning of which some of the links must be formed of speculation, and to this the examinations of the historian are peculiarly liable. But where many facts, observed at a distance, may not be sufficient to determine precisely the character of the times, or act as an explanation of another series of events, certain information derived from persons living in the age, will furnish a sure and competent guide. Hence the value of old original letters, and even of a novel or play written to describe the manners of the age in which they were published.

We have not till within these last few years been so attentive to the collateral branches of historical study as we ought. It has been with this as with other portions of general science—much labour has been bestowed on inquiry; but the results have not been obviously applied to the great purposes of knowledge. To employ one's-self day after day in picking up shells on the sea shore, is a very idle manner of spending time; but it becomes no longer so when we form the information we gather into a science, and make that science, which is perhaps mean in itself, bear upon subjects of greater importance. In the same manner the long patient toil of the antiquary is undeserving of the praise of dignity or usefulness, so long as it only serves to satisfy a particular curiosity, or answer some nice and puzzling question; but when it makes discoveries that throw light upon the dark parts of the world's history, when it serves to convert conjecture or theory into knowledge, then it merits the praise and recompense of which those who employ it think themselves deserving. But so far as the study of antiquity, properly so called, is concerned, we have no reason to complain. The principal failure has been in the neglect of those aids which may properly serve to enlighten that part of history which describes the floating and varying opinions of different periods. That which coins and medals are, as illustrative of the facts or events of a certain age, cotemporary letters are of its moral or political character. No labour, therefore, ought to be spared in collecting whatever documents of this kind may be remaining, nor ought the philosophical inquirer to lose any

time in endeavouring to see whether they may not be made to contribute some new and important information respecting the time in which they were written. There is little doubt but that if each newly published collection were diligently compared with the established histories, considerable clearness would be given to many obscure passages, and that the indistinct ideas which we now form of certain circumstances, or the character of particular men, would become distinct and intelligible. But unfortunately for the true advancement of learning, this close working up of the materials of knowledge is not thought of. The history and its illustrations are suffered to remain apart, and the general reader is content to lose the rich fruit of a little careful examination, and wait till some new historian think proper to weave the discoveries which have been made into his narrative. It is of course to the latter that the publication of a correspondence must principally seem of value, for it saves him the pain of much research, as well as clears up many uncertainties of opinion. But we would call general readers to attend with more interest than is usual to such aids. They materially assist in rendering history of solid practical use, which it can hardly be said to be of as it is ordinarily read; and they shew the detail in better connection with those whom the events concerned, making a living and acting drama of what was before only a languid description.

Owing to the labours of Mr. Ellis of the British Museum, and a few other diligent explorers, opportunities have been afforded the historical reader, of which with a little attention he may make important use. The collection which is at present before us, is not of inferior importance to any similar one which has been published. It refers to times in the account of which the very spirit of our history is concentrated—times to which we look back from the present day with a sentiment similar to that which we feel in calling to mind the great and ruling events which have given a colour to our own individual destinies. To hear the men who lived in such times speaking of the circumstances on which the fate of the nation depended, in the every day language of friendship,—to have brought before us all the little circumstances which make the reality of life different from its picture—to know with what feelings the occurrences were witnessed which have since had such influence over a whole people, before their result was certainly known—to be able thus to go back into the past, or which is perhaps more correct, to bring the past up again to ourselves, is a fine exercise for the mind, and furnishes it with the truest key to the right understanding of history. Of the period to which we are now alluding, there are great and especial resources of illustration; the high men of the age were of a busy and active spirit, and the events about which they were occupied were all calculated to keep them in constant activity. Intercourse had thus a life and spirit given to

it which it had not known before. The correspondence of friends widely separated, acquired a tone of importance from the big expectation of changes and revolutions with which every one's mind was filled. Men in office were continually watching with the closest earnestness every sign of the times, and they appear neither to have thought nor spoken without shewing themselves more or less intent upon their political expectations. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that their letters must be highly interesting, and of important use in the delineation of the manners and character of their age.

Among the best connected and most distinguished personages who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was John Ellis, Secretary to the Commissioners for the Revenue in Ireland. This gentleman was the descendant of a family of high respectability, and which possessed an estate of consequence in the county of York. His father was a clergyman, and in addition to possessing some valuable church preferment, had the honour of being chaplain to Archbishop Abbot. He wrote several theological treatises, which are mentioned by Wood in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*; among these are "The Sole Path to a sound Peace," "Vindiciæ Catholicæ," "St. Austin Imitated, or Retractions." He was, it is said, on the side of the parliament when the civil wars commenced; but afterwards changed his opinions and espoused the cause of the king. John Ellis, his son, was born in 1645, and went to court shortly after the king was restored to the throne. His first public situation was that of Secretary to Lord Ossory, the deputy Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was afterwards made Secretary to the Commission for the management of the Irish revenue, and after the revolution had taken place, Comptroller of the Mint and Under Secretary of State. He was also some years afterwards one of the magistrates of London, and died in 1738, aged ninety-three. The fortunes of himself and of his three eldest brothers, were rather singular. He himself was Under Secretary of State to King William. His brother William was Secretary of State to James the Second, while in exile, and subsequently treasurer to the Son of the dethroned monarch, the old Pretender. Philip, his other brother, was taken from Westminster School by the Jesuits, and brought up as a priest in the college of St. Omer. On his subsequently returning to England he obtained great favour with James II., and was made titular bishop of the English Roman Catholic Church; but on the breaking out of the Revolution he was obliged to leave England, and going to Rome, he was consecrated by the Pope, Bishop of Segur. The third brother was Welbore Ellis, and it is very remarkable, while Philip was a bishop in the Ecclesiastical State in Italy, he was successively the Protestant Bishop of Kildare and Meath, in Ireland.

The letters of which the volumes we are noticing are composed, are all addressed to John Ellis, the first of the four brothers above

mentioned. They were written, and referred to the events which occurred, between the years 1686 and 1688, and furnish, as the editor observes, very considerable information respecting the occurrences of that period. There is one curious circumstance, however, attending them, and it is that in respect to the greater number of the letters, no means are existing through which it may be determined by whom they were written.

We shall endeavour to select such of the letters as may afford the reader an idea of the information which they contain, and we shall give the notes of the industrious editor, which add considerably to the value of the publication. The first of the epistles refers to circumstances which it is interesting to have brought back to our thoughts by these notices of living witnesses.

‘ London, Jan. 5, 1686.

‘ Dear Sir,

I HAD yours of the 19th, I suppose, but it bore no date. I hope your Lord Lieutenant * is safely arrived by this time, though some of our inspired folks said on Saturday, he was cast away, and he could not be at the water side till Thursday evening. The whole discourse both in city and amongst the under spur-leathers of the Court, that Hampden† is to die on Friday; but he himself has better knowledge of what usage he is like to receive from Court, and I am well informed the warrant that they say was signed for his execution was a reprieve; though in the Recorder’s roll of the condemned, his name was crossed amongst the designed for execution. A strong report now goes likewise of a session of Parliament, but those behind the curtain say not. I apprehend Delamere‡ in much danger; his trial comes on a Thursday next week. The Bishop of Lon-

* Henry (Hyde) second Earl of Clarendon, the eldest son of the Chancellor, a man of a narrow and prejudiced mind. He had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland early in December 1685. His journey from London to Dublin, of which he has given a detailed itinerary in his published letters, was so slow as to be hardly credible in these days. He left London on the 16th of December, and did not reach Ireland till the 9th of January.

† John Hampden, Esq. grandson of the patriot in Charles the First’s time, was tried in 1684, as concerned in the Rye-House Plot, and condemned to a fine of 40,000*l*. He joined in Monmouth’s rebellion, and was now under sentence of death on that account. He saved his life by pleading guilty, and begging for mercy in an abject manner, for which he never forgave himself; but the recollection of it so preyed upon his spirits, that he finally put an end to his existence in 1696.

‡ Henry (Booth) second Lord Delamere, and first Earl of Warrington; which title he received from William the Third, for his services in promoting the Revolution. His love of liberty occasioned his being three times imprisoned. Upon the occasion alluded to in the text, he was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall on the 14th of January, for high treason, and unanimously acquitted. The infamous Lord Howard of Escrick, and Ford Lord Grey, were two of the witnesses against him. He died January 2, 1694.

don's* fame runs high in the vogue of the people. London pulpits ring strong peals against Popery, and I have lately heard there never were such eminently able men to serve in those cures. The Lord Almoner, Ely,† is thought to stand upon too narrow a base now in his Majesty's favour, from a late violent sermon on the 5th of November. I saw him yesterday at the King's levee and very little notice taken of him; which the more confirms what I heard. Our old friend, the new Bishop, Sir Jonathan,‡ gave a smart answer to a (no very well put) question of his Majesty with respect to him, that shows he is not altogether formed of Court-clay; but neither you nor I shall withdraw either of our friendships from him on such an account. We have still whispers of new Law-men, Chief Justice, Attorney and Solicitor General; but who succeeds I cannot hear yet, farther than that Allibone § says he will do fine things in a great place. The latter end of next month we are likely to see you. I hear of rare matters putting in order in Scotland, religious houses settled, &c. but more of that hereafter, as I hear the bruit of it. Lemuel Kingdon || is patching up again. Adieu, in haste.

‘For John Ellis, Esq. Secretary of His Majesty's Revenue in Ireland. Dublin.’

* Henry Compton, youngest son of Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, was a cornet of horse at the Restoration: but afterwards entered the Church, and was made successively Bishop of Oxford and London, and Dean of the Chapel-Royal, by Charles the Second; who also appointed him preceptor to the Princesses Mary and Anne. His zeal against Popery had displeased James the Second, who upon his accession removed him from the council table, and took away the Deanery of the Chapel Royal. This persecution was the cause of the popularity here alluded to. He was a man of moderate abilities, but a zealous and consistent friend of the Protestant religion. He died at Fulham, July 7, 1713, aged eighty-one.

† Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, who had been translated to that Bishopric from Rochester in 1684. He was one of the seven Bishops sent by James to the Tower: in spite of which, he refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. He was subsequently, as we are informed by Burnet, concerned in a plot to restore the banished King, upon the discovery of which he was obliged to abscond. He died in 1700, leaving behind him a great reputation for integrity, and a small one for talent.

‡ Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart., made Bishop of Bristol in 1685: at the Revolution he became Bishop of Exeter, and subsequently was translated to Winchester. He died in 1721.

§ He was descended from an ancient Cornish family, and had much influence and popularity in the West of England. In consequence of this, when he was sent to the Tower as one of the seven Bishops, a song was composed, of which the burthen was—

“And shall Trelawney die? And shall Trelawney die?”

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why!”

¶ Sir Richard Allibone, of Gray's Inn, a Roman Catholic. He was shortly after this made a judge. He appears to have been a worthy assistant of Jefferies.

|| Lemuel Kingdon was one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in

The next letter announces the reprieve of Hampden, and several of those trifling circumstances which are continually occurring in and about court. The correspondence, however, is so generally made up of epistles of this kind, that it becomes a task of some difficulty to make a choice between the extracts we have marked for the perusal of our readers, but to give all of which would occupy too much of our room. It may be as well, perhaps, to mention here, that the greater part of this correspondence is supposed to be formed of the letters which were written by a description of persons not now in existence, and who are termed, in one of the extracts, the gentlemen who write the news-letters. The necessity of public journals, which were not then invented, being thus provided for by persons appointed to give information to those who required it on public matters.

Some of the letters, however, are sealed with a seal having the arms of the Ellis family, and others are known to have been written by Owen Wynne, an Under-Secretary of State. The great reason ascribed for the signatures not being usually inserted is, the freedom with which persons are mentioned in the correspondence. We have only extracted such of the letters as contain some allusion to public intelligence of moment, but the reader will find several passages in the work, of a merely domestic nature, which he will read with interest.

‘ Sir,

‘ 9 Jan. 1686.

‘ I HAVE had no favours from you this fortnight. We think Lord Lieutenant is ere this, in Ireland, having arrived at Holyhead the 1st, and it will be both a misfortune to our island, and a mortification to all that grew upon it, that his Excellency should be remoar’d at such a cold harbour. Hampden is reprieved, and will have his pardon; Lord Delamere comes upon the stage next Thursday at Westminster. The King’s journey* into Scotland is uncertain. The next Gazette tells you when we are like to have the Parliament. Mr. Carew tells me he knows not how to have his letters come to him; I have writ to him and enclosed his relation’s letters every week, and he tells me he hath writ to me as often, though in four months time I received not above three from him. I am told my Lord Tyrconnell† is to be here this night.

Ireland, and Vice Treasurer of that kingdom. He was now ill, to which the expression of “patching up” alludes, which, however, did not succeed, as he shortly afterwards died. He appears, from the correspondence of Henry Lord Clarendon, to have been a corrupt, rapacious, and imperious man. He was a protégé of Lord Arran’s.

‘ * It does not appear that James ever executed his intention of going to Scotland.

‘ † Richard Talbot, an Irish Roman Catholic, who had ingratiated himself with James, as the secret confidant of his amours. On his accession, James made him Earl of Tyrconnell, and entrusted to him the new modelling of the army in Ireland, with the title of Lieutenant-General of the

'I desire your servant would drop the inclosed to Mr. Gunthorpe.

'Mr. Ellis.

'(No address upon this letter.)'

The historical reader will go with us in the choice of our extracts, and be more or less interested in them, according to the quantity of knowledge he possesses on the subjects alluded to. The following refers to the measures which were being pursued by the ecclesiastical commissioners. It also contains some notice of events which were occurring in Flanders at the time.

'1st Oct. 1686.

'On Tuesday last, the Lords Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes met, and there appeared before them the three London Ministers (who had been cited) for marrying without licences, and who pretend to an exemption from all episcopal jurisdiction. They were in the first place severally lessoned, and told of the heinousness of their offences, in spiriting away people's children, and marrying them in uncanonical hours to their own ruin, and contrary to the consent of their parents, &c.

'These Ministers excuse themselves, saying they had had their respective cures under the Great Seal; that it was an ancient custom; and that, though the Lord Chancellors and Bishops of London for the time being have had frequent conferences about the means and methods of reducing those exempt places under episcopal jurisdiction, yet that the Lord Chancellors had been still of opinion that the King's rights and privileges in those places were to be maintained, &c. In fine, they were ordered to produce their grants before the King's Council learned, together with the registries of all that they have married, and were inhibited from practising or marrying any more, (at least, *pendente lite*.)

'There were also read before the Lords several petitions; one against Sir Richard Newdigate, for oppression of his clerk, subtraction of his salary, and detention of tithes, &c.; another against Sir John Borlase, for simoniacal contracts; a third by way of information against a poor Levite for incontinency, &c.; all which are cited to appear before the Lords; as are also the Dean and Chapter of Windsor.

'What exercises people's discourse at present here, and is matter of surprise elsewhere, is, the news that comes from Flanders of the marches and movements of the French troops in great bodies, and their having set up *pôteaux* with the Most Christian King's arms upon them within musket-shot of the gates of Namur and Mons, which the Spaniards say is a peaceable way of blocking up those towns.

forces of that kingdom. He afterwards, upon the recall of Lord Clarendon, whom Tyrconnell by his intrigues had undermined, appointed him Lord Lieutenant. He appears to have been a profligate and corrupt intriguer, and very quarrelsome and violent. He followed the fortunes of James in exile, and was created Duke of Tyrconnell. His wife was the beautiful Jennings of Grammont, sister of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Sir William Ellis, his Secretary, is supposed to have been in love with her, and to have been thus led to espouse the Jacobite cause at the Revolution. At this moment Tyrconnell was on his way to London from Ireland.'

The remainder of the letter is taken up with particulars of little consequence—the state of their majesties' health, and the appointment of one or two lower offices in the ministry. The following contains some rather amusing allusions, showing how well the writers of these letters, whoever they might be, could make their correspondence supply the want of a newspaper. The epistle now before us is really an admirable epitome of a public journal. There is just that mixture of politics and guesses, and anecdotes, which fill up the extended columns of our freer and wider circulated intelligencers in modern times. It is the first time it ever entered our minds that a newspaper is a huge letter to the public; but our readers will have, by this time, learnt that the notes which the Editor has appended to the several letters, add materially to the amusing nature of their contents.

' Whitehall, 22d Oct. 1686.

' We have very little worth the troubling you with, though it be post day. We please ourselves here with reasoning about the successes of the Duke of Lorraine in Hungary, and of the King of Poland towards the Black Sea, without any certainty of the one or the other. Some will have it that we are to expect little farther actions, and that this winter may go near to settle a peace; upon what grounds I cannot guess.

' We have had a flying report these two days, as if some thousands of French troops were in march towards the Rhine, to damp all the little designs that may be formed in virtue of the league of Augsburg: and that the Imperial Minister in the French Court, and the Spanish one, had but our answers; the one about the Fort at Huningen, the other about the *poteaux*.

' Sir William Trumbull being arrived, we have no minister in France; but Mr. Skelton is a preparing to go and fill up the post, and so is Sir William Trumbull that of Constantinople, and Marquis d'Albyville to the Hague.

' A scuffle that happened at Rotterdam in seizing Sir Robert Peyton,* who braved the loyal English there, as Mr. Skelton embarked for England, maketh much noise; the rabble stirred in favour of him, when seized (though he was not in the King's Proclamation) he was forthwith released, and the Amsterdammers appear more fierce than any in his vindication, as being, they say, their burgher; and so it is thought Ferguson and his fellows are, which is the reason they escaped thus long.

' Several that were cited, appeared the 19th, before the Lords Commissioners of Ecclesiastical affairs. Their Lordships came to no sentence against any, but all have had copies of the petitions and accusations against them, in order to their fair trial.

' Some busy people give out that we may suddenly have a change of

* Sir Robert Peyton, Bart., had been attainted by Act of Parliament, and was therefore in banishment in Holland. He joined the Prince of Orange shortly before the Revolution, and was restored to his honours by the first Parliament that sat after that event. He enjoyed at several periods of his life different military commands.'

several great men at Court; and that my Lord Lieutenant is to be recalled; but all this I take to be only surmises.

'The counterfeit Duke of Monmouth was yesterday whipped from Newgate to Tyburn, and is to stand twice in the pillory.

'An idle story is raised about the town concerning my Lord Mordant.* The story was invented by a rogue at Utrecht, and told Mr. Skelton, in hopes to get some little money by it; but my Lord Mordant going undisguised to the fellow, heard the same repeated to his face, the fellow averring that he knew the Lord very well; but my Lord convincing him he was the person, put the rogue into such a confusion and shame, that none but a Dutchified English villain could have undergone.

'The Duchess of Portsmouth† arrived here last night, and it is supposed will winter here.'

The historical reader can hardly fail of wishing that we possessed many more of the same kind; history, if we did, would lose some of its severity as well as its uncertainty.

As we go further into the volumes, the interest of the letters increases, and we feel more and more engaged in the eventful progress of the times. No period of our history furnishes such matter for an annalist; and from the letters before us many amusing incidents may be drawn, which would serve to enliven the relation. Taking this into consideration, the following is highly characteristic of the times, and at one carries us into the midst of the excited and tumultuous nation :—

* 'This was the celebrated Lord Peterborough. He was at this time Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon; in 1689, he was created Earl of Monmouth, and in 1697, he succeeded his uncle, Henry, Second Earl, in the title of Peterborough. His bravery, his talents, his eccentricities, his friendship with Pope and Swift (who both celebrated him in verse), are all too well known to require to be here dwelt upon. He died at Lisbon, October 25th, 1735, aged seventy-seven.

† 'Louisa de Querouaille, the notorious mistress of Charles the Second, and mother by him of the first Duke of Richmond. The account given by Burnet of her being brought over from France, on her first visit to this country, by Villiers Duke of Buckingham, who wished to spite the Duchess of Cleveland, is curious and highly characteristic of the man. "The Duke of Buckingham assured the King of France, that he could never reckon himself sure of the King (Charles), but by giving him a mistress that should be true to his interests. It was soon agreed to. So the Duke of Buckingham sent her with part of his equipage to Dieppe, and said, he would presently follow. But he, who was the most inconstant and forgetful of all men, never thought of her more; but went to England by the way of Calais. So Montagu, then Ambassador at Paris, hearing of this, sent over a yacht for her, and sent some of his servants to wait upon her, and to defray her charge, till she was brought to Whitehall; and then Lord Arlington took care of her. So the Duke of Buckingham lost the merit he might have pretended to; and brought over a mistress, whom his own strange conduct threw into the hands of his enemies."

13th November, 1686.

' Last night the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and the Justices of Peace of Middlesex, were severely reprimanded before the King in Council, for having not restrained the liberty of the *populace* upon the 5th instant, who, contrary to several proclamations, as well as the Lord Mayor's own precepts, made bonfires, or something worse, to expose the Roman Catholic religion. Strict inquiry is to be made into the promoters of these insolencies in contempt of the Government.

' Our merchants trading into Spain have made complaints to the King in Council of the great prejudice they are like to suffer by the King of Spain's raising the price of the pieces of 8, whereby our people and others must be content to take one-fifth part less than their dues of all their debts and credits.

' The Committee of Council to inspect the Justices of Peace throughout England are, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Lord President,* Lord Chamberlain,† Earls of Huntingdon,‡ Peterborough,§ Powys, &c. Middleton, Lords Arundell, Dartmouth, Godolphin,|| Bishop of Durham, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.¶ I had almost forgot the Earl of

* Lord Sunderland.

† Lord Mulgrave.

† Theophilus (Hastings) seventh Earl of Huntingdon. He was a great favourite with James, who appointed him Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Leicester, Huntingdon, and Derby; Chief Justice in Eyre, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Colonel of the 13th Regiment of Foot, and a Privy Counsellor. These places and honours he lost at the Revolution. He died in 1701.

§ Henry (Mordaunt) Earl of Peterborough, distinguished himself for his attachment to the Royal cause during the civil wars. He was wounded at the battle of Newbury. In 1648, being engaged in the rising with the Earl of Holland to rescue the King, and being defeated, he was obliged to fly the country, and was voted a traitor to the Commonwealth. In 1673, he was sent Ambassador to Modena, to negotiate the marriage of James Duke of York with the Princess Mary of that house. In the reign of James the Second, he embraced the Catholic religion, and was made Groom of the Stole, and a Knight of the Garter. At the Revolution, the House of Commons resolved to impeach him of high treason, together with the Earl of Salisbury, but they afterwards abandoned their design.

|| Sydney Lord Godolphin, afterwards created, by Queen Anne, Earl of Godolphin. A statesman of talent and integrity. He died in 1712, having filled various high offices, and especially that of Lord High Treasurer. His great fault was, the being a gambler. Burnet says he loved gaming the most of any man he ever knew; and Pope confirms the testimony in the lines in the Moral Essays, which he has devoted to his character:—

“ Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His land unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! All interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.”

¶ Sir John Eatnley, Knight.

Craven.* They met twice, and have not yet finished. The Sheriffs are not yet pricked.

'We hear there is one frigate with about 20m. of Spanish money, and bars, arrived in the Channel.'—pp. 172—183.

'Mr. Ellis.'

But the most interesting letter in the collection is the following, in which the sequel of the momentous story is related. It well describes the route and agitation of the fugitive monarch, and furnishes a short commentary on the history of the great event which was hourly approaching its completion :—

'London, Dec. 19, 1688.

'Sir,

'The King returned on Saturday from Feversham to Rochester, and on Sunday about four in the afternoon came through the City, preceded by a great many gentlemen bare-headed, and followed by a numerous company with loud huzzas. The King stopped at the Queen-dowager's before he came to Whitehall, and the evening concluded with ringing of bells and bonfires.

'Those at Feversham, who rifled his Majesty of his money, &c. came with great contrition, and would have restored the same; but his Majesty not only refused to take it, but gave them ten guineas to drink his health.†

* William Earl Craven, a man of the most chivalrous gallantry and bravery, and well known as the devoted admirer of the unfortunate Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, whose cause and that of her husband he fought for in Germany, and whom he is supposed subsequently to have been privately married to. He served during the thirty years war under the great Gustavus of Sweden, and also in the Netherlands under Henry Prince of Orange. At the Revolution he lost his employments. He died April 9th, 1697, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years and ten months.

† All these things were transacted, in the belief that the King had left the nation; and indeed he was gone from Whitehall with that intention. He was got as far as a little place near Feversham, and had even embarked in a small vessel that was to carry him to a frigate ready to transport him to France. This vessel not being able to sail immediately, by reason of a tempestuous wind, Sir Edward Hales, one of the King's attendants, sent his footman to the post-office at Feversham. His livery was known by a man, who told some others that Sir Edward was not far off. The footman was followed to the river-side, and seen to make signs to some people on board a bark; whereupon the fishermen and other persons of Feversham immediately boarded the vessel where the King was. Sir Edward was soon known; and the King, being taken for his chaplain, had many indignities put upon him. Then, searching him, they found four hundred guineas, and several valuable seals and jewels, which they took from him. Amongst the people who crowded into the ship, there happened to be a constable who knew the King, and, throwing himself at his feet, begged him to forgive the rudeness of the mob, and ordered restitution to be made of what had been taken from him. The King received the jewels and the seals, but gave the four hundred guineas among them.

'The King, before his coming from Feversham, made the Lord Winchilsea* Lord Lieutenant of Kent, in the room of Lord Teynham,† as also Governor of Dover Castle.

'His Majesty sending the Earl of Feversham with a letter to the Prince of Orange, his highness detained the said Earl for high treason, declaring he did it for his disbanding the army without orders, &c. At which his Majesty was somewhat concerned.‡

'We had a general discourse that his Majesty would constitute the Prince of Orange Admiral and Generalissimo of all his three kingdoms. In effect it is almost done; for yesterday his Highness sent his orders to all the King's forces in and about London to march out to certain quarters, except only the Lord Craven's regiment, and six companies of the King's regiment to go and take possession of Portsmouth, assigning the Irish therein other quarters and subsistence-money.

'The Duke of Grafton has possessed himself of Tilbury Fort, and the Irish are sent away with passes; but Captain Nugent is committed to Maidstone for beginning the late disorder.

'Sunday last, Sir. Wm. Waller§ came to town, and was publicly at the coffee-house, church, and meeting; and the Lord Colchester, Col. Godfrey, and Sir Tho. Clarges,|| who went to the Prince, are also in town.

After this, he desired to be gone; but the people, by a sort of violence, conducted him to a public inn in the town. Here he sent for the Earl of Winchilsea, Lord Lieutenant of the county, who prevailed with him not to leave the kingdom, but to return towards London."—*Rapin*.

'* Heneage (Finch) second earl of Winchilsea. After the King's final departure, he was among the peers who voted for the elevation of William and Mary to the throne. He died in 1689.

'† Christopher (Roper) fifth Lord Teynham. James had made him Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Kent in 1687. He was a Roman Catholic. He died at Brussels just at this time, which occasioned the vacancy in the Lord Lientenancy.

'‡ "Dec. 13th. Somebody told the Prince how Lord Feversham had disbanded the King's army; and that the soldiers were all running up and down, not knowing what course to take: at which the Prince seemed very angry at Lord Feversham, and said, 'I am not to be thus dealt with.

"Dec. 16th, Sunday. Bentinck told me, the Prince was very angry with my Lord Feversham, and had committed him; that his Highness had answered the King's letter by Monsieur Zulestein, and desired his Majesty to stay at Rochester. I asked Bentinck, 'What could be the meaning of committing Lord Feversham?' To which he made me no answer; but with a shrug, 'Alas! my Lord.' This proceeding startles me."—*Diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon*.

'§ Sir William Waller was an active magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and a strenuous opposer of most of the measures of Charles the Second's Government. He was the only son of Sir William Waller, the celebrated Parliamentary General, by his second wife, Anne Finch, daughter of the first Earl of Winchilsea.

'|| Sir Thomas Clarges, Knight, was the brother-in-law of Monck, who raised him by his interest to fortune and consideration. Burnet says, "He was an honest but a haughty man. He became afterwards a very con-

'The Prince has given the Earl of Oxford the Duke of Berwick's regiment of horse, which his Lordship was formerly Colonel of.

'There came advice yesterday, that the Queen and Prince of Wales were safely arrived at Ostend in Flanders.

'Yesterday, Sir Roger Lestrangle* was seized and brought before the Court of Aldermen, and upon oath made by one Mr. Braddon, of something in his writings tending against the Government, was committed to Newgate.

'One Major Littleton and Captain Adderley quarrelled and fought a duel in the street, and the former was killed in the encounter.

'The Princess of Denmark made a splendid entry into Oxford, Saturday last; Sir John Laneer, with his regiment, meeting her Royal Highness some miles out of town. The Earl of Northampton,† with 500 horse, led the van. Her Royal Highness was preceded by the Bishop of London, at the head of a noble troop of gentlemen; his Lordship riding in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn; and his cornet had the inscription in golden letters on his standard, *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari*. The rear was brought up by some militia troops. The Mayor and Aldermen in their formalities, met her at the North Gate; and the Vice Chancellor, attended by the heads of the University, in their scarlet gowns, made to her a speech in English; and the Prince received her Royal Highness at Christ Church quadrangle, with all possible demonstrations of love and affection; and they will be to-morrow at Windsor.

'Last night the King went off from Court; and this day, about three

siderable Parliament-man, and valued himself on his opposing the Court, and on his frugality in managing the public money; for he had Cromwell's economy ever in his mouth, and was always for reducing the expense of war, to the modesty and parsimony of those times. Many thought he carried this too far, but it made him very popular. After he was become very rich himself by the public money, he seemed to take care that nobody else should grow as rich as he was in that way." Sir Thomas's only son, Walter Clarges, was made a Baronet during his father's lifetime, in 1674. Sir Thomas Clarges died Oct. 4th, 1695.

* Sir Roger L'Estrange, a most prolific writer of political tracts, and publisher of newspapers, was descended from an ancient family, and was born December 17th, 1616. He suffered for the Royalist cause during the civil wars; for which, after the Restoration, he was made Licensor of the Press, a lucrative situation, which he retained till the Revolution. He was besides this concerned in the publication of different public journals, and was the person who first set up the London Gazette, on the 4th of February, 1665. At the Revolution he fell into trouble as a disaffected person; and Queen Mary showed her dislike to him by the anagram of "Lying Strange Roger," which she made upon his name. He died September 11th, 1704, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

† George (Compton) fourth Earl of Northampton, to whose house of Castle Ashby the Princess had fled when she left Whitehall. He received various marks of the favour of his Sovereigns, during the reigns of William, Anne, and George the First, and died April 15th, 1727.

* † Compton.

of look, the Prince arrived at St. James's, with great acclamations of joy and hurra's.

'The gentleman that writeth the news-letters being indisposed, desires to be excused for writing not himself this day.

'For John Ellis, Esq. Secretary to the Commissioners for the Revenue of Ireland. At Dublin.'

We again express our satisfaction at the publication of these volumes. The more we have of such, the better will history be studied, and the more perfectly will it be known. Some of them will have also an effect which cannot be valued too highly; they will prove to general readers that the knowledge of facts, to be worth possessing, must be sought for by way of investigation, and will thus teach them to receive more cautiously any *ex-parte* representation of particular occurrences. Every other science is daily improving by the greater care and diligence with which its several branches are cultivated; we do not see why history should not be made an object of at least equal importance in the public mind. Let it be once made known that valuable truths are to be discovered by its more careful cultivation, and it will become so. Readers will not be content with national records, drawn up by men of doubtful accomplishments, and the writers of history will find it necessary to divide their labours, in order to secure more depth and certainty. It does appear to us, that it requires an Herculean mind to compose a narrative of the wars, revolutions, and changes in manners and policy which take place even in a century; but we know how these tasks are adventured upon, and with what perfect confidence hundreds and thousands base their political creeds—their strongest and most passionate feelings—on histories which careful inquiry is every day proving incorrect. We fear there is a grand mistake prevalent among readers on this subject. No general history, we venture to affirm, can be profitably perused without several subsidiary aids, or if it can, it requires a far more than ordinary degree of thought in the perusal. By the comparison of many testimonies, an intellect of no unusual grasp may be made to perceive the truth; whereas, none but the most powerful class of minds can separate the true from the false in a single testimony. Our great general histories, consequently, are very inadequate guides to the people at large, and all opportunities should be taken to press the necessity of their being illustrated by every document which can be employed for the purpose. We regard the doctrines of historical scepticism as the height of absurdity, and believe that truth may be really and substantially obtained when properly sought for; but there can be no doubt that, in many most important parts of history, the falsest notions are conceived by ordinary readers; and it cannot be otherwise, for they have no real security against the writer's negligence or prejudice, and things are seen as they truly are, not under a partial, but under a broad and unconfined light. The volumes of Mr. Ellis are not

likely to terrify the reader either by their size or the pedantry of their appearance or contents. They are of as easy handling as any book of tales, and the matter of which they are composed, is, in a great degree, of as amusing a character. We conjecture, a novelist, with a little care, might make their contents serviceable to many a high purpose in the drapery of his descriptions.

ART. V.—1. *Present State of Van Diemen's Land; containing an account of its Agricultural capabilities, with Observations on the Present State of Farming, &c. &c. pursued in that Colony; and other important matters connected with Emigration.* By Henry Widowsen, late agent to the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Establishment. 8vo. pp. 200. London: S. Robinson. 1829.

2. *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Maritime Colonies of British America.* By J. M'Gregor. 8vo. pp. 266. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

AMONG those persons who have of late years given their attention to the subject of emigration, several parties have been formed, whose opinions differ upon many points, but on none more decidedly than that of the region of the world to which the steps of the emigrant ought to be directed. All agree in assuming that the population of the United Kingdom is so abundant, that we may well spare millions of families, who instead of starving, and violating the laws at home, might be much more usefully occupied in cultivating the colonial dependencies of our empire. But whether such of those families as wish to improve their condition by emigration, ought to try their fortunes in our North American possessions, in New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Cape of Good Hope, or South America, are matters upon which the same unison of sentiment has not prevailed. Some writers have described in glowing colours the climate, the fertile hills and numerous rivers of Australia; others have given the preference to the Canadas, as being the nearest to home, and at least equally eligible in all other respects. The advantages enjoyed among the new locations at the Cape, have been magnified by every one who has visited them; while, on the other hand, the golden mines of Chile and Peru, and the diamonds of Brazil, have been exhibited in all their fascination to the gazing eyes of the poor and enterprising portion of our people.

As a general rule, we should recommend any person who is disposed to emigrate, to receive with great caution the hints which are tendered to him in publications expressly devoted to the praise of distant and uncultivated lands. If a work enter minutely into the nature and climate of the soil, and specify many attractions for the emigrant, he may conclude at once, that the advice comes from an interested party. The author is either the agent of a company, which has a speculation of its own in view, and which cannot be

conveniently accomplished without the assistance of many hands ; or he has purchased from the government a large tract of territory, which he wishes to dispose of to advantage ; or he is an emigrant himself, desirous of increasing the population around him. No one writer in any of these three classes, may possibly be desirous of practising the slightest deception upon his readers. He may not intentionally misrepresent a single object in the whole course of his descriptions. But if he have any personal object to accomplish, in reference to the country which form the theme of his admiration, it may, and ought to be, suspected that he exaggerates its advantages, and that he suppresses, as far as he can, the difficulties which it presents to the new settler.

Again, the emigrant, whithersoever he directs his course, should be prepared to expect at the commencement of his career, many obstacles which are likely to dishearten him, and many privations which, until he perfectly accommodate his habits to the new exigencies of his life, will almost drive him to despair. His first year, even under the most favourable circumstances, will be a year of misery. Far away from the land of his birth, from his kindred and friends, from those conveniences and arts of matured society, which he had been accustomed to witness, he finds himself in the gloom of an interminable forest, or unsheltered on a boundless wilderness, which his own hand alone must render habitable. He feels in all its force, the sentence pronounced upon man, that he must live by the sweat of his brow ; and days, and months, and perhaps years must elapse, before he derives from that apparently severe doom, the consolation with which it is pregnant. But if he apply himself to his task in the spirit of resignation and perseverance, determined to meet and overcome all the difficulties of his position, by degrees he will perceive his prospects clearing. His harvests succeed each other pretty regularly ; he sees that nature is willing to help him, and to smile upon his labours ; one comfort after another grows upon his household ; children come to cheer his heart, and soon to lessen his toils by sharing in them, and at length he feels that throb of independence, which, while it does but augment his gratitude to the Giver of all good things, bids him at the same time to assume that port of dignity and self-respect, which are among the sweetest rewards of industry.

Various plans of emigration have been suggested from time to time, in and out of Parliament, which have undergone discussion in this and other public journals. Of these plans, the most bold and comprehensive was that which Mr. Wilmot Horton proposed, and which to many minds at first appeared plausible enough. We apprehend, that the right Hon. Gentleman's views of the subject are now pretty generally felt to have been rather extravagant, if it were intended to reduce them to practice. The idea of transporting whole cargoes of our fellow subjects across the seas annually, to our distant settlements, and at an expence which would neces-

sarily be enormous, if acted upon for any time, would soon throw the whole operative population of this country into a state of agitation and discontent. That love of change which is naturally inherent in the human mind, and which is to be repressed, or tempered only by prudential considerations, would defy all restraint, and whenever the *res angusta* was felt at home, there would be millions to cry out—

“——— *Romæ durior illis*

Conatus.”

The emigration fund would have to be enlarged year after year, until at length the property of the country would undergo a sort of Agrarian distribution, which sooner or later would have a most disastrous effect upon the frame of our society, and upon the institutions by which it is maintained.

But although Mr. Horton's plans were by far too extensive for experiment, yet the discussion of them has tended in a great measure to settle the opinions of judicious men on this subject. It is often useful to be called upon to consider questions in their most formidable point of view, because we are thus enabled to look the danger in the face, and to cast about for practicable safeguards against it. Thus we find, that although every thing which has been asked for cannot always be done; yet when the earnest attention of men is called to the demand, they generally hit upon some intermediate concession, which carries with it the sanction of all parties, and is approved by the voice of wisdom. We confess that it is in some such point of view as this, we look upon the resolution which was adopted by the government towards the close of the last year, for forming a new settlement at Swan river, on the western coast of Australia. No extravagant hopes are held out to the colonists, and yet to men of small capital, willing to change their condition with a hope of improving it, encouragement of the most satisfactory description is given. No convicts, or prisoners of any description, are to be sent to the new settlement, the government of which is to be administered by a superintendant, according to the regulations contained in a bill, in the nature of a civil charter, which is, we understand, about to be submitted to parliament.

In saying thus much, however, we by no means intend to infuse any particular bias into the mind of the reader, in favour of Australia, as a place of colonization to be preferred to all the others which the British government has at its command. Its great distance from England must render it objectionable to every emigrant whose heart is in the right place. As far as his native land is concerned, he may be considered as abandoning it for ever, and losing every sympathy connected with it, the moment he beholds the Australian shore. Yet if he can divest himself of the associations which consecrate his first home, he will doubtless find much to compensate him in the home which he may make for himself in Van Diemen's Land.

Mr. Widowsen states, and from all we can learn, very truly, that

our settlements in that part of the world, though 'not rich in mines, sugar canes, cochineal, or cottons, are blessed with a climate, which on the whole is favourable to the health, comfort, and industry of Europeans; they exhibit an almost endless extent of surface, various as to aspect and capability, but taken together, suited in an extraordinary degree to the numerous purposes of rural economy—the plough and spade, the dairy and sheep-walk.' It certainly is a great advantage to the emigrant, that nature may be said to have prepared the soil for his hand, without putting him to much preliminary labour or expence. He has no forest to cut down, no beasts of prey to contend with; he has no reason to apprehend plague, ague, or any other disease from swamps; he is equally free from the extremes of heat and cold, and in short, he is placed in circumstances which are for the most part as propitious as it would be possible for him to find in any region of the globe.

The great drawback in all our Australian settlements, with the exception of the new one which has been formed at Swan river, is the presence of great numbers of convicts, who have been expelled from their native land, with the mark of infamy on their brows. By way of getting over the startling objection which naturally arises from this source, Mr. Widowson declaims in grandiloquent language about the 'satisfaction' which the free emigrant must feel in knowing, that 'it is his duty and interest to improve, not to contribute to, the farther degradation of these fallen beings: that it is his high privilege to be a reformer, ay, and a radical reformer, of his fellow creatures; that it becomes him, not to strengthen and perpetuate the fetters of physical slavery, but to break the chain, and cast away the cords of moral bondage.' Very fine words, truly! We suspect, however, that the 'high privilege' upon which our author fixes so great a value, would be surrendered without the least reluctance by every emigrant who has attempted to exercise it.

It is not necessary for us to enter into the comparative merits of Van Diemen's Land, and New South Wales. We regret to observe, that in some of the discussions which have taken place on the question of preference, an unworthy spirit has too frequently supplied the place of honourable emulation. Both countries have their advantages and disadvantages, and it will be for the emigrant, after a due course of inquiry, to select which of the two may be most likely to suit his peculiar views. We have not long since given an account of Mr. Cunningham's entertaining work on New South Wales: we now owe a few pages to what are improperly called the rival settlements in the sister island.

Van Diemen's Land was circumnavigated in 1798-9, by Lieutenant Flinders, who found it to be 30 leagues distant from any known part of New Holland. It is said to contain something more than 18,000 square miles of surface, the greater part of

which is yet unexplored. It is, however, every day becoming better known. The Van Diemen's Land Company have obtained a considerable grant upon the north-western point of the island, and as their exertions must necessarily be directed to the opening of communications with the principal towns in the southern parts of the island, the interior will soon cease to be a blank on our maps.

The first part of Van Diemen's Land usually made by vessels arriving from Europe, is South West Cape; thence they pass round by South Cape, and proceeding in a north-eastern direction, enter the river Derwent, which conducts them to Hobart Town, the capital of the island. The passage up the river is a tedious one; but the novelty and beauty of the scene on either hand, compensates in some degree for the weariness which the concluding part of a protracted voyage is always felt to produce. The eye, long accustomed to view only the boundless waste of waters, reposes with inexhaustible delight, on hills which crown the neighbouring banks, and which are 'covered to the summit with gum and other trees, exhibiting (in the season) a dark and sombre foliage.' Farms highly cultivated by the English plough, encourage the new emigrant as he approaches the town, and at length he lands upon the jetty, where he is surrounded by crowds of his countrymen, anxious to hear news from "Old England."

Hobart Town is as yet in an unfinished state. There are some good warehouses on the jetty, and at the top of the pier the Commissariat office and government stores serve to give some idea of the importance of the place. Entering the town the stranger is gratified with the view of "many substantial houses, and well-made Macadamized streets, running at right angles with each other." The total number of houses lately amounted to about one thousand: the population may be taken at six or seven thousand: it is probable that in a few years both will be doubled.

'The houses, generally speaking, are of wood with a small garden before them, but which is usually kept in so slovenly a manner, as to be any thing but ornamental to the premises. Almost all new buildings are either of brick or stone; the former appear of a good quality; the free-stone is very beautiful, but excessively dear; many houses are built of a rough-hewn stone, and then cemented with stucco; when this is well done it makes a very handsome and durable building. Proceeding up Macquarrie-street, in a straight line from the jetty, on the right stands the bank of Van Diemen's Land, and several good brick dwelling-houses, being the town residences of various settlers and others; at the corner of this and Elizabeth-street is the main guard, a poor low building fronting the gate of Government-house, which, with the grounds, are between Macquarrie-street and the harbour: here are generally to be seen some tame kangaroos hopping about, the governor generally having two or three in the garden. Proceeding forwards, on the left, is the court-house, a stone building; and, separated by Murray-street, is the gaol and factory; the latter place is where refractory female convicts are sent, until their

manners are improved by a system of correction that will be pointed out hereafter. At the back of the court-house is a space of ground running down to the sea, upon which it is intended to build a new gaol, having communication with the court: the present prison is certainly neither secure nor proper for the purpose. The females in the factory are also to be removed a little way out of town to a more airy situation, when it is to be hoped some little classification and attempt at effective discipline will be made amongst them.—Opposite to the court is St. David's church, a plain-looking brick edifice, with a weather-boarded steeple and a clock'.—pp. 22, 23.

For a more minute description of the capital of Van Diemen's Land, we must refer to Mr. Widowson's book; it is full of those details in which emigrants are interested, but which a general reader would find insufferable. It is sufficient for our purpose to add, that the rents of houses in Hobart Town are very exorbitant, and that its inhabitants are incessant in levying contributions on the stranger's pocket. The sooner he quits them, and proceeds to the place of his destination, the better.

We have been surprised to learn that the number of inhabitants scattered over the whole of Van Diemen's Land, did not in 1826, exceed twenty thousand. It must however be recollected, that the first location took place only in 1804; that it consisted of the most incorrigible desperadoes, who were transported thither as unfit even to live in New South Wales; that until very lately these felons formed a set of banditti, called "bush rangers," whose atrocities long deterred peaceable colonists from the island, and that the system of extortion was so abominable at Hobart Town, that to enter it was but to submit to open robbery. Some idea may be formed of the extravagant prices which were charged for every article, when a common tooth brush would not be sold for less than a guinea. The "bush rangers" have been suppressed; the tide of emigration is now setting in in its natural direction and force; but it is still to be lamented that the proportion of convicts sent thither is so large. Out of a thousand persons who were added to the population of the island in 1826, no fewer than six hundred were convicts. In addition to the other evils which these involuntary emigrants carry in their train, not the least is the great disproportion which they produce between the number of the males and females. Of the six hundred convicts just mentioned, only ninety-nine were females—a fact which speaks highly for the good conduct of the sex in general, and which we cannot wish to see otherwise, as far as crime is concerned. But it must be felt, nevertheless, that so great a disproportion is a serious evil—perhaps the greatest which crime can produce, since it tends inevitably to counteract the most important laws of nature.

The society of Hobart Town, if our author's account of it may be relied upon, does not appear to be particularly commendable. As to the politics of the colony, he earnestly recommends the

stranger to meddle with them as little as possible. The inhabitants are all in opposition to the government, with the exception of the military and civil officers, who are of course on the other side, and between the two parties a continual war is kept up in the newspapers.

The imports into the island for the year 1825, amounted to 76,406*l.*; for the year 1826, to 99,747*l.*, thus shewing an increase of 23,341*l.*, in the short space of one year, and this too, as appears from the list of articles imported, an increase not so much in rum, as in matters appertaining to substantial comfort.

The government of Van Diemen's Land was rendered independent of that of New Holland in 1825. The governor is assisted in his administration by an executive and legislative council. The mode of trial is much the same as that which is used in the neighbouring island. In criminal cases the Chief Justice is assisted by a jury composed of seven military or naval officers, appointed by the governor's precept. In civil cases he is aided by two magistrates of the colony, as assessors, who are appointed also by precept: if the plaintiff and defendant both unite in requiring it, they may obtain a jury of twelve men; but no person is allowed to serve on the jury who does not possess a freehold estate of at least fifty acres of cleared land, or freehold premises worth 300*l.* or upwards in the colony. It is singular enough, at least according to our notions of the utility of trial by jury, that during the residence of our author in Van Diemen's Land, the privilege upon which we set so great a value, was never once demanded, although he states that within his own recollection many important trials took place.

Mr. Widowsen carefully conducts his reader through the most interesting parts of that portion of Van Diemen's Land, which has been already settled. He describes the principal towns, which by the way have no peculiar features of attraction, and the country generally rich and pastoral, by which they are surrounded. In his descriptive chapters he has added several others of advice to the emigrant upon a variety of points—such as the best method of choosing a flock of sheep, the most approved system of breeding and feeding black cattle, of conducting a dairy, of gardening, and of managing agriculture in general. The natural productions of the island obtain also his particular notice; indeed he appears to us to have omitted nothing concerning which the new emigrant would feel any desire to be thoroughly informed. He had peculiar opportunities of inquiring into the various subjects of which he treats, as in his capacity of agent to an Agricultural Society established in Van Diemen's Land, he examined all the located lands in the settlement, and thus acquired a correct knowledge of the 'capabilities, advantages, and disadvantages of this new world.' His hints to settlers on first setting out, on their preparations for leaving England, and his description of the voyage.

outward, will be found to contain a great deal of useful information.

Before we close Mr. Widowson's excellent little volume, which indeed may be considered as an indispensable manual for any person who is disposed to fix his residence in Van Diemen's Land, we shall extract from it some curious particulars concerning the fate of the unfortunate La Perouse, which he obtained from an authentic source. It may be recollected, that in the year 1787, two French ships of war, *La Boussole*, commanded by Count de la Perouse, and *L'Astrolabe*, commanded by Captain de L'Angle, were sent out by the French government on an expedition of discovery, under the hope that a continent might be found to the south of New Holland. The expedition arrived at Port Jackson in January, 1788, whence it departed on the 11th of March following, and was never heard of again until the year 1809, when Captain Bunker in the ship *Venus*, put into Adventure Bay in Van Diemen's Land, to refresh on his way to Calcutta.

'On the shore was discovered the stump of a tree, on which were some French words rudely cut, but which time had almost obliterated. Captain Bunker, however, deciphered enough to induce him to dig beneath the tree, when he found a bottle sealed up; on opening which, the contents proved to be three letters left by the Admiral; one was addressed to the French Government, the others merely stated who he was, that he had touched there, and was gone on in search of a Southern Continent. As these letters were dated one month after his leaving Port Jackson, the opinion became general that the expedition must have been lost upon some of the reefs of Van Diemen's Land, or in that part of the South Seas.'—pp. 12, 13.

An impression to this effect had already induced the French government to dispatch, in the year 1791, the ships *Recherche* and *Esperance*, to make inquiries as to the fate of La Perouse. This expedition however returned to France quite unsuccessful, and nothing more was known to the 'world concerning the unfortunate navigator until the year 1827, when the following details were communicated at Hobart Town by a gentleman named Dillon, who arrived there in a vessel called the *Research*.' This vessel had been fitted out by the British government at Calcutta, for the purpose of endeavouring, amongst other things, to discover where La Perouse was lost.

'In September, 1813, Captain Dillon was an officer on board the *Hunter*, Captain Robson, bound from Calcutta to New South Wales, the Feejee Islands, and Canton. While at the Feejees, they discovered that several Europeans were living amongst the islands, some of whom had been left by their ships, others were deserters, and some of them had been shipwrecked. Whilst these men were getting a cargo of sandal-wood, beche-le-mer, and other articles for the ship, a misunderstanding arose between them and the inhabitants of a town named Wilain, on the sandal-wood coast, and which led to a fatal affray on the 7th of September,

when all the Europeans were killed, with the exception of Captain Dillon, a native of Stettin, in Prussia, named Martin Bucharth, and a sailor named Wilson; these three, and a Lascar called Chonlia, with his wife, a Feegee woman, got on board the *Hunter*, and as they would have been killed, had they landed again, Captain Robson gave them a passage to the first land he might fall in with on his voyage to Canton. The ship sailed from the Feegees on the 12th of September, and on the 20th made land, which proved to be the Island of Tucopia in Lat. 12° South, and Long. 169° East. The Prussian, the Lascar, and his wife, were at their own request left upon this island. On the 13th of May, 1826, Captain Dillon, who then commanded the ship called the *St. Patrick*, was on a voyage from Valparaiso, bound to Pondicherry, again in sight of Tucopia; prompted by curiosity to learn the fate of an old companion, he hove to, when a canoe put off from the shore, and upon coming alongside, was found to contain the Lascar; and soon after, in another canoe, came Martin Bucharth, both in good health. They had, it appears, during this long interval of time, seen only two English whalers, which had touched there at separate periods, each staying but a few hours. The Lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he sold to the people for a few fish-hooks: upon inquiring of the Prussian whence he had obtained it, he stated that upon his first arrival on the island, he saw in the possession of the natives this sword-guard, several chain plates belonging to a ship, a number of iron bolts, five axes, the handle of a silver fork, a few knives, tea-cups, glass beads and bottles, a silver spoon with a crest and cypher, and a sword, all apparently of French manufacture. As soon as Bucharth could make himself understood by the Tucopians, he inquired how they became possessed of them; when he learnt, that in about two days' sail in their canoes to leeward, was a large group of islands, called the Malicolo Islands, to which they were in the frequent habit of making voyages, and that they had obtained them from the inhabitants, who had many similar articles still in their possession. Upon an examination of the sword hilt, the initials of "La Perouse" were clearly discernible. By aid of the Lascar and the Prussian, Captain Dillon questioned the islanders as to the way in which their neighbours had become possessed of these things, when the following important information transpired. Many years ago, two large vessels arrived at the Malicolo Islands, one anchored at a place called Whanoo, and the other at Paiew (two islands a little distance from each other). Some time after they anchored, and before they had had any communication with the natives, a heavy gale arose, and both vessels were wrecked. The ship at Whanoo grounded upon the rocks. The natives came in crowds to the sea shore, armed with clubs, spears, and bows and arrows; some of the latter they shot into the ship. The crew, in return, fired upon and killed several of the natives. The vessel continuing to beat on the rocks, shortly after went to pieces; some of the crew took to the boats, but were ultimately run on shore, where they were every one murdered by the islanders. Of this vessel's crew, it seems, not a soul was saved. The other vessel, which grounded on Paiew, was driven on a sandy beach; the natives shot their arrows into her, but the crew, instead of resenting it, held up beads, axes, and other presents, upon which the assailants desisted. When the wind moderated, an aged chief came off in a canoe; he was received with caresses, and presents were offered him,

with which he went away and pacified his companions; many of whom then came off with yams, fowls, bananas, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c. and confidence was mutually established. The crew of the vessel was obliged to abandon her and go on shore, taking with them a great part of the stores, and out of the wreck of the large vessel they built a smaller one, with which they departed, taking as many of their people as they could carry, and promising to return for the remainder, whom they left among the natives: the vessel, however, was never heard of after her departure. Those who remained of the crew, distributed themselves among various chiefs, and having some muskets and powder, they were of great service to their new friends, in the occasional contentions which took place among the neighbouring islanders.—The Prussian, it seems, had never been to Malicolo, but the Lascar had been there twice; at Païow he had seen and conversed with the Europeans in the language of the islanders. They were old men, and told him they had been wrecked many years in one of the ships, the remains of which were still to be seen: no ship, they said, had touched upon the island since they had been there; most of their comrades, too, were dead, they believed, but they had been so scattered over the islands, that they could not exactly say how many were alive.

* Such remarkable coincidences, coupled with the sight of the sword-guard, determined Captain Dillon upon proceeding to the Malicolo Islands to examine the wreck, and, if practicable, to bring away the men with whom the Lascar had spoken. The Lascar declined to accompany him, but the Prussian on the contrary was anxious to go, and a Tucopian went on board. The vessel made the Malicolo Islands in a few days from her departure from Tucopia, but as she neared the land, it fell a perfect calm, and continued so for seven days: the provisions became short, and the vessel was leaky from long continuance at sea; Captain Dillon was therefore reluctantly compelled to take advantage of a breeze, and arrived after great difficulty at his port of destination.

* In the last advices, received in Europe, from De La Perouse, he thus announces to the French Government his future intentions. "I shall bear up for the Friendly Isles again, and shall fulfil most strictly all my instructions respecting the Southern portion of New Caledonia, the Isle Santa Cruz of Mandana, the Southern coast of the Arsacides of Surville, and the Lousiade of Bougainville, attempting to determine whether the last is separated from, or is a part of, New Guinea. I shall proceed about the end of July, between New Guinea and New Holland, by a different passage from that of the *Endeavour*, if any such passage exists. During September and October, I shall explore the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Eastern coast of New Holland to Van Diemen's Land, but only so far as to enable me to return to the Northward in time to reach the Isle of France by the beginning of December, 1788." Both before and after his visit to New Caledonia, the course of De La Perouse must have lain immediately in the positions of the Malicolo Islands, which are situated between Queen Charlotte's Archipelago and New Caledonia, all three being nearly North and South of each other.—pp. 14—17.

Mr. Widowson adds:—

* A farther confirmation of Captain Dillon's idea, is the story published

in the *Asiatic Journal* of October, 1825, of a whaler having found vestiges of De la Perouse, such as swords, medals, and a cross of St. Louis, on an island between New Caledonia and New Guinea. Under all these considerations, too much praise cannot be given to the Governor-General of India for the present undertaking. Captain Dillon's ship, the *Research*, is a fine strong cruiser, belonging to the Company; mounting sixteen guns, and has seventy-eight men. Owing to a disagreement that took place between the captain and Dr. Tytler, the surgeon to the expedition, which ended in a law suit at Hobart Town, the sailing of the vessel was unfortunately delayed for some time, but I trust they will still be able to learn something satisfactory of these unfortunate people.*

From Van Diemen's Land, and all its interesting associations, we now turn to the British possessions in North America, or rather to our maritime colonies in that quarter, which are the peculiar objects of Mr. M'Gregor's attention. We have connected his book with that of Mr. Widowson, in order to place in juxta position the two principal regions to which the eyes of our migratory population have been for some time directed. The testimony of Mr. M'Gregor is of the more value, as he has written chiefly from personal observation, and has confined himself to those colonies of which scarcely any account exists. This opinion of their importance may be seen at once, as he considers them superior in every respect to our West India islands. It seems almost a matter of course that he should prefer them also to our Australian empire. 'The soil, climate, and productions,' he says, 'adapt them for the support of as great a population as any country on earth; and in this respect they are infinitely more valuable than any of our other possessions. New Holland and Van Diemen's Land may be considered exceptions, but the distance of these countries from England will be for ever an important objection to them.' Although this preface seems to hold out a promise of no inconsiderable exaggeration, yet we must do Mr. M'Gregor the justice to say, that his volume is characterized throughout by great temperance and impartiality.

The first eight chapters are taken up with an account of Prince Edward Island, situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They minutely describe its general aspect, its counties and lesser divisions, its capital, Charlotte Town, its principal settlements, natural productions, climate, agriculture, and trade, concluding with a summary of its history. It cannot be expected that we shall go into all these details. The author's observations, however, upon

* Since my arrival in England, I have received from a friend the following intelligence respecting the expedition; the letter is dated Hobart Town, 9th January 1828: "Accounts have been received from Captain Dillon, that he has discovered several articles belonging to De La Perouse; and there can be no doubt of his having been lost at the Malicolo Islands. A French corvette, the *L'Astrolabe* has been here in search of Captain Dillon for the same object."

the climate are so extreme, that we make no apology for extracting them.

“The temperature of the climate of British America, as well as that of the United States, is extremely variable, not only in regard to sudden transitions from hot to cold, and *vice versa*, but in respect to the difference between the climate of one colony, or one state, and another.”

‘The following outline of the system of the natural climate of Prince Edward Island, is perhaps as correct as can be well obtained. From its laying within the gulf of St. Lawrence, it partakes, in some measure, of the climate of the neighbouring countries, but the difference is greater than one who has not lived in the island would imagine.

‘In Lower Canada, the winter is nearly two months longer than in this island, the frosts more severe, and the snow deeper; while the temperature is equally as hot in summer. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, the frosts are equally as severe; the transitions from one extreme of temperature to another more sudden, and fogs are frequent along those parts bordering on the Atlantic and Bay of Fundy.

‘The atmosphere of this island is noted for being free of fogs. A day that is foggy throughout seldom happens during the year, and in general not more than three or four that are partially so. A misty fog sometimes appears on a summer’s or autumnal morning, occasioned by the exhalation of the dew that falls during the night, which the rising sun dissipates.

‘In America the seasons have generally, though erroneously, been reduced to two, summer and winter. The space between winter and summer is, indeed, too short to claim the appellation of spring, in the sense it is understood in England; but the duration of autumn is as long as in countries under the same latitude in Europe, and is in Prince Edward Island, as well as over the whole continent of North America, the most agreeable season of the year.

‘The summer season may be said to commence about the last days of April, or as soon as the ice disappears in the bays and the rivers. In May, the weather is generally dry and pleasant, but it rarely happens that summer becomes firmly established without a few cold days occurring, after the first warm weather. This change is occasioned by the winds shifting from south to north, or to north-east, which bring down the gulf large fields of ice, that are by this time disengaged from the shores of Labrador, and which carry along also the cold evaporations that arise in the hyperborean regions. This interruption seldom lasts for more than three or four days, during which the weather is either dry and raw, or cold and wet.

‘When the wind shifts to the southward, the temperature soon changes, as the cold vapours are either driven back, or dissipated by the heat of the sun, which now becomes powerful. The southerly winds, as it were, combat and overcome those of the north, and restoring warmth to the air, fine weather becomes permanent. All the birds common in summer make their appearance early in May, and enliven the woods with their melody;

“It is said of Pennsylvania, that it is a compound of all the countries in the world. In Lower Canada, the houses cannot be kept comfortable without stoves. In Prince Edward Island, a common English fire-place is sufficient to keep a room warm, and stoves are by no means general.”

while the frogs, those American nightingales, or, as they are often called, bog choristers, strain their evening concerts. Vegetation proceeds with surprising quickness; wheat and oats are sown; the fields and deciduous trees assume their verdure; various indigenous and exotic flowers blow; and the smiling face of nature is truly delightful and in grateful unison with the most agreeable associations.

'In June, July, and August, the weather is excessively hot, sometimes as hot as in the West Indies, the mercury being 80° to 90° Fahrenheit. Showers from the south-west, sometimes accompanied with thunder and lightning, occur during these months, about once every week, or in every ten days time, which generally shift the wind to the north-west, and produce, for a short time, an agreeable coolness.

'The nights at this season exceed in splendour the most beautiful ones in Europe. To pourtray them with accurate justness, would require more than any language could accomplish, or any pencil but that of imagination could execute. The air, notwithstanding the heat of the preceding day, is always pure; the sea generally unruffled, and its surface one vast mirror, reflecting with precision every visual object, either in the heavens or on the earth. The moon shines with a soft, silver-like brilliancy, and during her retirement, the stars resume the most splendid effulgence. Fishes, of various species, sport on the water. The singular note of *whip-poor-will*, is heard from the woods; the fire-fly floats on the air, oscillating its vivid sparks; and where the hand of man has subdued the forest, and laid the ground under the controul of husbandry, may be heard the voice of the milk-maid, or the "drowsy tinklings of the distant fold." In another direction may often be seen the light of the birch-torch, which the mick-mack Indian uses in the prow of his canoe, while engaged, with his spear, in fishing."—pp. 35—39.

The months of September and October are described as very pleasant, rain occurring but seldom, and the temperature being neither hot nor cold. In November the frosts become severe, and in December winter assumes his settled ascendancy. During this season a beautiful phenomenon is seen, which almost compensates the eye for the absence of verdure.

'A phenomenon appears frequently during winter, known here by the appellation of *Silver Frost*. When a fine misty rain takes place, with the wind at the east or north-east, the frost not being sufficiently keen to congeal the rain until it falls, but at the moment it rests on any substance, it adheres and freezes, incrusting every tree, shrub, and whatever else is exposed to the weather, with ice. The forest assumes, in consequence, the most magnificent splendour, and continues in this state until it melts, or until the icy shell is shaken off by the winds. The woods, while in this state, especially if the sun shine, exhibit the most brilliant appearance. Every tree is loaded as with a natural production of silver spangles, and there is not, probably, any thing in the appearance of nature that would more effectually baffle the powers of a landscape-painter."—pp. 42, 43.

Cape Breton next engages the attention of our author. It is bounded on the south and east by the Atlantic, and on the north and north-west by the gulf of St. Lawrence. This island has fallen almost into oblivion, though in a naval point of view it is of con-

siderable importance to Great Britain. It is a capital fishery station, is capable of supporting a population of three hundred thousand persons, and certainly ought not to be altogether lost sight of.

The provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Lower Canada, the island of Newfoundland, and the fisheries of British America, are next successively treated of in detail. The advantages which these different colonies hold out to emigrants, are described with great candour and fairness, and we must avow our conviction, that they are well worth the consideration of any persons who are desirous of removing from the mother country. If they are to be tempted to Lower Canada, we think that the following character, which the author has given of its peasantry, will not lessen its other attractions.

‘There is not, probably, in the world a more contented or happy people than the Canadian peasantry. They are, with few exceptions, in easy circumstances, and are fondly attached to the *seigneurial* mode of settling on lands. In all the Canadian settlements, the parish church is the point around which the inhabitants like to dwell; and farther from it than the distance at which the sound of its bell can be heard, none of them can be reconciled to settle. They are not anxious to become rich; but they always possess the necessary comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. Their food consists of bread, butter, cheese, milk, tea, fish, flesh meat, &c. dressed in their own style. They are fond of soups, which are seldom, however, even in Lent, of a *meagre* description. Every Canadian has one or two horses, drives his calashe in summer, and cabriolle in winter. Their farms are small, and often subdivided among a family. Their system of agriculture is tardy, but so great is the fertility of the soil, that with very negligent culture, they always raise abundance for domestic consumption, and something to sell for the purchase of articles of convenience and luxury.

• We discover among the Canadians, the customs and manners that prevailed among the peasantry of France, during the reign of Louis XIV. They are the legitimate descendants of the worshippers of that monarch, and the Cardinal de Richlieu; and to this day a rigid adherence to national customs prevails among them: neither is example, nor the prospect of interest, sufficiently strong to induce them to adopt the more approved modes of husbandry, or any of the other methods of shortening labour, discovered during the last and present centuries. Contented to tread in the footsteps of their forefathers, they, in the same manner, till the ground; and, in a like way, sow the same seeds to the earth; and in the same style they gather their harvest, feed their cattle, and prepare and cook their victuals. They eat, dine, and sleep at the same hours, and observe the same spirit in their devotions, with as ample a proportion of all the forms of their religion, as their ancestors.

• The amusements of former times are also common among them, at their weddings, feasts, and dances. They delight in driving in calashes, and in cabriolettes; in dancing, fiddling, skating, &c. After vespers, they pass the evenings of Sundays in diversions; always, however, without disorder or drunkenness.

'The houses of the Canadians are, with few exceptions, built of wood; and the outside walls painted or whitewashed. They generally contain a large kitchen and sitting-room, and two or more bed-rooms, partitioned with boards off the sides and ends. They have seldom more than one chimney, which is the kitchen, and in which there is also a double stove, and in the sitting-room there is another. The churches, which are usually built of stone, with their neat spires cased with tin, are interesting features in the scenery along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

'Politeness seems natural to the Canadians. They never meet one another without putting a hand to the hat, or moving the head; and the first thing taught a child is to say its prayers and make a bow, or curtsy, and speak respectfully to a stranger. Much merit is certainly due to the priests; they watch carefully over the morals of their parishioners, and conduct themselves, not only as individuals, but as a body, with praiseworthy correctness.

'No country has been treated with so much indulgence by its conquerors as Canada. The Canadians not only enjoy in the fullest extent the free exercise of their own religion, with the revenue allowed under the French Government to support it; but they are in all civil matters governed by their own laws, according to the *costume de Paris*, which is the text-book of the Canadian lawyer. The revenue of the Catholic church in Canada I have always considered enormous; and if the clergy are not, and will not always continue to be, distinguished for more meekness, and want of ambition as an ecclesiastical body, than the history of the world has hitherto afforded an example of, their wealth may before long be rendered dangerous to the existence of the British constitution in Canada. Knowledge is power—so is wealth; and the members of the Canadian Parliament are not such ignorant men as many imagine: neither do the Catholic clergy want intelligence. The wealth of the clergy, with the influence which they and the seigneurs (or lords of the manor) possess over the people, will, if they find it their interest, enable them to shake the authority of any governor. At the same time, I do not believe that there is in the world a more peaceable or more tractable people than the Canadians. From interest, as well as gratitude, they are bound to feel a strong attachment for the British constitution. And they are well assured that, were they subject to the government of the United States, they would not be blessed with the mighty privileges which they now enjoy. Whether principles now exist, that will hereafter unfold themselves in effecting the independence of the Canadian, is at present extremely speculative. The retention of Canada during, and since, the American revolutionary war, and the brave resistance made last war by the Canadian Militia, must be attributed to the privileges and advantages which the people of Lower Canada enjoy under the British government; and not to any animosity they cherished towards the citizens of the United States.'—pp. 198—202.

The two volumes which we have now introduced to the notice of the reader, will afford him sufficient materials for forming a judgment upon the comparative merits of British America and Australia. We do not mean to offer any opinion on the preference which is due to either; but before the emigrant, who is in a state of hesitation, dissipates his doubts, we should strongly recommend him to take counsel from Mr. Widowsen and Mr. M'Gregor.

ART. VI.—*The Book of Health; a Compendium of Domestic Medicine, deduced from the experience of the most eminent Modern Practitioners; including the Mode of Treatment for Diseases in general; a Plan for the Management of Infants and Children; Rules for the Preservation of Health, and for Diet, Exercise, Air, and the Preparation of Food; Remedies in Cases of Accident: Rules for Preventing Contagion; a Domestic Materia Medica, &c. &c.* pp. 119. 8vo. Vizetelly, Branston, & Co. London: 1828.

It has been shrewdly remarked by Goëthe, that “he who studies his body too much, becomes diseased—his mind, becomes mad;”—and we are well convinced that many of the men and women of the present day, might with great justice have another clause added to the well-known Italian epitaph—“*stavo bene, ma star meglio, sto qui* ;” which being thus amended, would run, “I was well—wished to be better—*read medical books*—took medicine—and died.” In no other science indeed does Pope’s maxim, [that “a little learning is a dangerous thing,” hold so strongly as in medicine, for those who dabble in the medical lore, dealt out in works professing to be popular, are almost certain to suppose themselves afflicted with every disease about which they read. They forthwith take alarm at the probable consequences, and having some lurking suspicion that they may have mistaken the symptoms, they follow the prescriptions laid down in their book in secret, lest they should bring themselves into open ridicule.

The second step in this field of learning is the assumption of medical skill, and the professing of gratuitous advice to all who may require it, and to many who do not. The recent enormous circulation of works of this class, has rendered such prescribers almost co-extensive with our population; and it is no unusual occurrence to hear children under ten years of age, recommending cures for coughs or chilblains. It is an absurdity obviously open to humorous satire, and it has accordingly afforded the materials for more than one scintillation of the *vis comica*, since the time that Moliere wrote his “*Le Malade Imaginaire*.” Almost the only thing piquante in the last series of Theodore Hook’s “*Sayings and Doings*,” are the drugging and prescribing scenes between Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie; but they appear to us to fall short of an American sketch in a similar vein, from which we think it not improbable that Mr. Hook borrowed his Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie. As it will serve to illustrate our views, and at the same time put it in the power of those whom it may concern, to determine the point of plagiarism, we subjoin part of the American piece alluded to. The hero of the narrative is a young man rather pale as to complexion, and not to call fat, but healthy withal, and having no ailment whatever, except that of sometimes fancying himself in love, and putting on a melancholy face to match. In one of those

moods he meets in a morning walk with two friends : the narrative proceeds thus :—

“ Methinks you look a little pale,” said one, “ you had better try a cold bath ; nothing invigorates the frame like cold bathing.” “ Provided it be a shower bath,” interrupted the other, “ but in my opinion nothing is so fatal to health as plunging the whole body into cold water. It checks perspiration, impairs digestion, produces cramp, and—” “ Good-bye.” I exclaimed, rather abruptly, “ I believe I shall try neither at present.”

Continuing my walk a few minutes longer, I called at the house of a friend, with whom I was in habits of familiar intercourse. I found him at breakfast with his family. His wife, a fine motherly looking woman, with a large shawl thrown over her shoulders to protect her from the morning air, was pouring out the coffee, while the eldest daughter was watching a little urchin, whose ruddy cheeks, and laughing blue eyes, showed how much comfort he derived from the huge bowl of bread and milk he was in the act of devouring. In the simplicity of my heart I related the conversation I had just had in the street.

My friend shook his head slowly, and fixing his eyes upon me with a very solemn expression ; “ There is something in it. You *are* sick, my dear Fellow. You must ride on horseback.”

“ You must drink pearl-ash and cider in the morning to give you an appetite,” added his wife.

“ You should drink milk,” exclaimed the daughter, looking significantly at the chubby cheeks of her little brother.”

“ Tansy and wormwood pounded together, is a thousand times better,” said a maiden aunt, at the same time lying down her knitting,—“ take a little tansy.”

“ Spearmint is better,” interrupted the mother anxiously.

“ A little tansy, I say, and fresh rue,” resumed the aunt.

“ Yes, and *ginger*,” said the daughter—“ Aunt Dorothy always uses ginger tea with a drop of *brandy* to qualify it.”

“ My dear ladies,” I exclaimed, “ for mercy’s sake, spare me, I am not sick, and—”

“ Come,” said my friend, who had now finished his breakfast, and perceiving that I had with difficulty kept my countenance during these various prescriptions, “ I will walk with you ;” and taking me by the arm, we set forth together.

“ How are ye, my good fellow,” was the rough salutation of the first man we met. It was Captain Jones. My friend replied to his greeting very cordially ; but shook his head as he looked at me.

“ Aye, I see how it is,” said Captain Jones. “ Poor fellow ! consumptive. But never mind, take a voyage, and all will be well.”

I thanked him for his kindness, and passed on ; and for the first time in my life began to fancy that I felt something that was a little like a pain in my side, but I was not certain.

A few steps onward we met Mr. Thompson—long, lank, and lean—the very image of famine. He accosted us with a languid bow, and glancing his eyes at me, “ A fine morning this, sir, especially for those who, like you and I, are dying of indigestion.”

My friend, who was fond of quizzing me about a certain young lady, without saying a word, led me unthinkingly close to her father’s house, and,

though it was early, proposed to make a call; and being already recognized from the window by Mary, I could not gallantly make a retreat. As I turned towards the door, a chaise that was passing raised a cloud of dust, that filled for a moment my eyes and throat. I entered the room with a slight cough.

"Ah! that cough of your's," said Mary's mother, "it will bring you to the grave."

"Nothing but the dust," said I.

This answer seemed to awaken all her sympathies. She said something about the flattering nature of certain disorders, and proceeded at once to get me a dose of balsam of tolu. Her kindness was so importunate, that resistance was vain. I took the glass, and was in the very act of raising it to my lips, when the door opened, and three old ladies entered, two of them with black hoods, and the third with spectacles.

"I am a lost man!" I muttered to myself. But Mary was near, and I thought I read in her eyes some hope of life.

One of the black-hooded ladies immediately addressed me—"You will do well to take care of yourself, sir. You look as if your lungs were affected! Have you ever tried onion tea?"

"Never, madam. I am not sick, and I detest onions."

"Ah! you must not be too squeamish where health is at stake. Three tumblers of onion tea, taken hot every forenoon at eleven o'clock, would soon relieve you. There is no trouble in it—take only a peck of onions—"

"—And make them into a good poultice," interrupted the other black hood, "and wear them upon your breast all the time, and you will soon be well. Nothing opens the pores and relieves a cough like an onion poultice."

I turned a despairing eye upon Mary. "An onion poultice and a morning call! Shade of *Æsculapius*! What shall I do?"

"If you talk of poultices," said she with the spectacles, "my prescription is butter-cups and vinegar. Take a handful of butter-cups—"

"—And drink rosemary and honey," said the first black hood.

"That is good," said the second; "but butter and molasses is better."

"Or flax-seed tea," said Mary's mother.

"Or wheat bran," said Mary, "with boiling water poured over it, and sweetened with loaf sugar. You love wheat bran I know."

There was a little archness in her manner, that led me to suspect she was not above half serious. I made her a lowly bow in token of acknowledgment. As I slowly raised my head, I perceived the lady with the spectacles was regarding me very earnestly.

"Poor young man!" said she, "how feeble! you must wear a plaster on your back. A little Burgundy pitch."

"Or a back-board," said Mary, laughing.

"Don't sport with human life," said the second black-hood gravely. "Your friend here must be careful, or he is not long for this world, But if he will follow my prescriptions—"

"If he will follow mine," interrupted spectacles, "take a wine glass of Cayenne pepper and a pint of alcohol."

"—And by all means bottles of boiling water at your feet when you go to bed," said Mary's mother.

"And a flannel night-cap," said Mary.

"Double flannel," said the first black-hood, "or a petticoat would be better still."

"And a pair of stockings round your neck," said the second hood.

"Woolen stockings," added Mary.

"And drink during the night about two gallons of boiling cider," said spectacles, solemnly.

"And a spoonful of tobacco-tea every ten minutes," said Mary.

"Child, child!" said spectacles, sharply, "you talk foolishly. A poultice of burdock leaves for the feet."

"No—rye meal and cyder," interrupted the second hood.

"No, no—mustard-seed and vinegar," said the third eagerly; "I remember that—"

"Human patience could endure no more. I started from my seat, made a hurried bow, and left the house with so much precipitation, that as I passed over the steps, I stumbled, and nearly fell.

"Have you sprained yourself?" said a gentleman who was passing, "if you have, take a little opodeldoc."

"Chemical embrocation," said she with the spectacles, running to the door.

"Rub it with flannel," said the first black hood, pressing behind her.

"Take a pail-full of wheat-bran," said the second, coming out on the steps; "mix it with boiling water; stir it well with a mould candle, and"—

"Take a walk with me to the gardens this afternoon," said Mary.

The experience of every reader must testify that, though there are here a few caricature touches, the principal outlines are true to the life, and in good keeping: it is worth volumes of serious argument, in exposing one of the growing absurdities of the age, and one of the worst evils arising out of the diffusion of knowledge. Here, at least, ignorance is better than knowledge—the knowledge, we mean, which can ever be derived from reading respecting human disease; a subject of such extreme difficulty, that the most talented men, who have spent their whole lives in the study, are frequently at fault. To use the words of a celebrated medical professor (the late Dr. Barclay, of Edinburgh), "the most eminent physicians, after studying the history of a disease in various authors, after frequently observing it in their own practice, after trying to illustrate the nature of its symptoms by various dissections, and after the most unremitting attention to its remote and proximate causes, during a long professional life, have, notwithstanding, been unable to form, in particular cases, a decided prognosis, either with respect to its continuance, or its mode of termination; so that many have lived, who, by their prognosis, ought to have died; and many have died, who, by their prognosis, ought to have lived." That such is the fact, there cannot be a doubt, and since it is so, the utility of such popular medical works as shall propagate a race of American Black-hoods, or of Theodore Hook's Crosbys, is more than questionable. But if we come to such a conclusion on the general subject of popular medical works, what are we to think of the

'Book of Health,' which the author gravely informs us in his preface, is 'deduced,' not from the limited experience of an individual practitioner, but 'from the actual practice of the most eminent medical men of the present day.' In other words, as doctors are well known to differ, the reading public are to be instructed in the cure of diseases, by exhibiting the different, and frequently directly opposite practice, of 'the most eminent medical men of the day,' in a style, also, 'not too scientific to answer the purpose.' (*Book of Health, Pref.*)

Like most promises and professions, we find, upon looking into this work, that the author, so far from having made the slightest attempt to dilute the scientific terms with the leaven of popular phraseology, has trumped up a *melange* of undisguised scraps from Abernethy, Sir A. Cooper, Armstrong, Clutterbuck, &c., cut out chiefly from the unofficial reports of their lectures in the *Lancet*: The compiler's qualifications, indeed, for explaining, or even understanding, the terms, appear to be extremely doubtful, if we may judge from the gross blunders he has more than once committed; such as, *Inflammatory fever* is termed, by Dr. Clutterbuck and others, "Pyrexia, or symptomatic fever," (*page 66, note*) the compiler being entirely ignorant that "pyrexia" is the common general term in medical writers for all fevers, and the title, indeed, of one of Cullen's leading classes of disease. It would serve no good purpose to exemplify, in other instances, the slang of technical medicine, by extracts from the pages before us; we are quite certain they must be totally unintelligible to every non-medical reader, though for such the book pretends to be exclusively adapted. We cannot, however, let our author escape so easily on the important point of contradictions, which, though it might be easy to exhibit by the hundred, we shall only advert to one or two. Under the head of ulcers, for example, in which he pretends to give the descriptions and peculiar treatment of healthy, irritable, indolent, inflamed, gangrenous, and sinuous ulcers (which terms are all supposed to be familiar to the reader), we have the following concluding note upon ulcers in general—that is, any kind of ulcers—whether they be healthy or irritable, indolent or inflamed:—

'Mr. Abernethy, in lecturing on the treatment of ulcers, observes—"if any person would give me a pharmacopœia, I would undertake to say, that there should not be one thing contained in it, which sooner or later, I have not seen applied as dressing to sores, and their application at one time or other been found useful. But I am satisfied, that *I have seen ulcers get well by simply attending to the constitutional treatment.*" Mr. A. further remarked, that you will often see the patient examine and pinch the affected part; but he should be given to understand that a touch is a bruise to a local disease. Sir A. Cooper says "recourse *must* be had to a *variety* of applications; for, if one fail, another *must* be tried, and so on."—(*Book of Health, page 91, note.*)

Now, what is a non-medical reader to make of this? He is first

told in the text, that there are six different sorts of ulcers, each requiring a peculiar method of treatment : then follows the above note, in which he is presented with the high authority of Abernethy, for the opinion that ulcers will get well whatever may be applied to them, simply by attending to the constitution ; and this is flanked with the equally high authority of Sir Astley Cooper, that ulcers are best managed by a variety of applications without taking the least notice of the constitution. Another instance of this opposition of authorities, occurs in a note on the chapter on Typhus.

' Dr. Armstrong remarks, that " Dr. Paris, in his *Pharmacologia*, recommends small and repeated doses of opium in typhus fever ; but like many of the other directions in that work, it is extremely erroneous, and if adopted would generally prove fatal."—(*Book of Health*, page 89, note.)

Yet on looking into the text to which this note is appended, the same Dr. Armstrong recommended this fatal prescription of opium in typhus ! The reputation, besides, of Dr. Paris, is, at present, we believe, higher than that of Dr. Armstrong ; and yet these two eminent physicians are thus brought by our compiler into an opposition, which can serve no other purpose than that of puzzling the reader. If the compiler was himself incompetent, from ignorance of medicine, to reconcile such discrepancies, he ought not to have inserted a word on the subject. On meeting with such obvious contradictions, the judicious reader will pause ; but when a non-medical person is dogmatically directed to employ certain means in cases of threatened danger, he will, for the most part, implicitly follow his book. We cannot hesitate a moment, therefore, to denounce this so called *Book of Health*, as a very questionable, and sometimes a very dangerous guide ; for example, in the case of " Flooding," in which the practice he recommends would be much the same as cutting the patient's throat, viz :—

' If, however, the discharge be profuse, it is called " a flooding," and requires a prompt treatment for its suppression ; but, as the treatment is usually left to the attendant on the patient, it is unnecessary for us to enter largely upon the subject. When the rush of blood is prodigious, and the immediate extinction of life is threatened, it is necessary to give warm and active cordials. Madeira wine, or brandy, in an undiluted state, should be administered ; and, if the patient can be aroused, these stimulants must be dropped by degrees, or exchanged for food of a nutritive description. Some practitioners recommend the use of opium, especially in irritable constitutions, after the rate of one or two tea-spoonfuls for a dose ; but Dr. Clutterbuck entirely disagrees with its use.'—(*Book of Health*, page 55.)

Dr. Clutterbuck, then, we may fairly infer, has been affected with flooding in his own proper person, and from some idiosyncrasy, such as the celebrated Dr. Gall's being thrown into convulsions if he tasted mutton,—entirely disagreed with the use of opium, which is advantageous in ordinary cases.

Our readers, we are persuaded, would not thank us for extending our exposures of the dangerous blunders which abound in this grossly misnamed Book of Health.

ART. VII.—*A History of England, from the first Invasion by the Romans, to the twenty-seventh year of Charles II.* By John Lingard, D.D. Vol. vii. 4to. Baldwin and Cradock. 1829.

THE History now under our consideration, is one of the few works of the present age, which will descend to posterity. By the members of every religious body; by all who dislike the sceptic, or Tory principles of Hume; and by all who duly appreciate historical accuracy in facts and dates, it will be preferred to any History of our country which has yet appeared. We understand that it has been translated into French, and Italian; the English original has been printed, we believe, more than once, at Paris. To the praise of impartiality, we believe, few authors have so good a claim. Sometimes we have expected more animation; often, more of the author's own reflections; but, we have as often recollected, how frequently we have been disgusted by the profusion of ornaments of every kind, which we have met with in modern historians. Dr. Lingard almost uniformly lets the facts related by him speak for themselves. It certainly is difficult to discover from the work whether the writer be a member of the Established Church, a Catholic, or a Protestant Non-conformist, a Whig, or a Tory; but no reader will consider him to be an infidel, or an illiberal.

The former volumes brought the history to the execution of Charles I. Dr. Lingard thus describes the state of the two contending parties, and the feelings of the public mind at the consummation of that memorable event.

‘When the two houses first placed themselves in opposition to the sovereign, their demands were limited to the redress of existing grievances: now that the struggle was over, the triumphant party refused to be content with any thing less than the abolition of the old, and the establishment of a new and more popular form of government. Some, indeed, still ventured to raise their voices in favour of monarchy, on the plea, that it was an institution the most congenial to the habits and feelings of Englishmen. By these it was proposed, that the two elder sons of Charles should be passed by, because their notions were already formed, and their resentments already kindled; that the young duke of Gloucester, or his sister Elizabeth, should be placed on the throne; and that, under the infant sovereign, the royal prerogative should be circumscribed by law, so as to secure from future encroachment the just liberties of the people. But the majority warmly contended for the establishment of a commonwealth. Why, they asked, should they spontaneously set up again the idol, which it had cost them so much blood and treasure to pull down? Laws would prove but feeble restraints on the passions of a proud and powerful monarch. If they sought an insuperable barrier to the restoration of despotism, it could be found only in some of those institutions, which lodge the supreme

power with the representatives of the people. That they spoke their real sentiments is not improbable; though we are assured by one who was present at their meetings, that personal interest had no small influence in their final determination. They had sinned too deeply against royalty to trust themselves to the mercy or the moderation of a king. A republic was their choice, because it promised to shelter them from the vengeance of their enemies, and offered them the additional advantage of sharing among themselves all the power, the patronage, and the emoluments of office.

'In accordance with this decision, the moment the head of the royal victim fell on the scaffold at Whitehall, a proclamation was read in Cheapside, declaring it treason to give to any person the title of king, without the authority of parliament; and the same time was published, the vote of the 4th of January, that the supreme authority in the nation, resided in the representatives of the people. The peers, though aware of their approaching fate, continued to sit; but, after a pause of a few days, the commons resolved; first, that the house of lords, and next, that the office of king, ought to be abolished. These votes, though the acts to be engrafted on them were postponed, proved sufficient: from that hour the kingship, (the word by which the royal dignity was now designated) with the legislative and judicial authority of the peers, was considered as extinct, and the lower house, under the name of the parliament of England, concentrated within itself all the powers of government.'

Doctor Lingard then relates the progress of the republican arms in Scotland, and afterwards in Ireland; then, returning to Scotland, he, with them, accompanies the royalist army to its complete defeat, at the battle of Worcester. He then relates the subsequent adventures of the monarch, till his safe arrival in France. Dr. Lingard's account of the flight, and hair-breadth escapes of the monarch, is much more accurate and minute, than that of Lord Clarendon. That noble historian's narrative of them is beautifully dramatic and interesting; but, from a studied wish, if we are to credit his Roman Catholic accusers, to conceal the great share which many members of their religion had in the preservation of the royal fugitive, his lordship's relation is strangely imperfect. Dr. Lingard closes his account of this part of the monarch's life, with the following lines.

'The King's deliverance was a subject of joy to the nations of Europe, among whom the horror excited by the death of the father, had given popularity to the exertions of the son. In his expedition to England, they had followed him with wishes for his success; after his defeat at Worcester, they were agitated with apprehensions for his safety. He had now eluded the hunters of his life: he appeared before them with fresh claims on their sympathy, from the spirit which he had displayed in the field, and the address with which he had extricated himself from danger. His adventures were listened to with interest; and his conduct was made the theme of general praise. That he should be the heir to the British Crowns, was the mere accident of birth; that he was worthy to wear them, he owed to the energies of his own mind. In a few months, however, the delusion vanished. Charles had borne the blossoms of promise; they

were quickly blasted under the withering influence of dissipation and pleasure.

We wish Dr. Lingard had, in the last and present volumes of his work, given us a more detailed account of the Irish-Catholic Confederacy, established at Kilkenny, in 1642; it is an interlude, but an interlude of great importance, as the confederacy had, at one time, nearly overthrown the Parliamentary ascendancy, and established the royal authority in Ireland. In considering this part of the Irish history, it becomes necessary to ascertain the character and views of the Duke of Ormond. Two able writers, Mr. Plowden, and Dr. O'Connor, have done this at great length; the former describes him as a person whose talents were very moderate; who entertained a most erroneous and unjust opinion of the Roman Catholics; and, in consequence of it, rather wished that the royal cause should be ruined, than that it should succeed by the exertions of the Roman Catholics; and, therefore, surrendered the city and castle of Dublin, and all the insignia of state, to the Cromwellians, while he might have preserved them and the royal ascendancy in every part of the kingdom, by receiving the confederate army, then the only compact body of troops attached to the royal cause, into Dublin.

Dr. O'Connor assigns the most splendid talents, and the soundest and most honourable views, to the Duke of Ormond; he denies the Duke's prejudices against the Roman Catholics; they were confined, he says, to that portion only of the Catholic body, who, in consequence of their ultra-montane principles, wished to establish the temporal sovereignty of the Pope throughout the island, and make it a fief of the holy see. He finds some arguments in favour of his hypothesis, in the reception with which Rinnucciri, the papal nuncio, met with in Ireland; and in the acts of undue authority, which he repeatedly exercised. We incline to Mr. Plowden's opinions: we think the jealousy entertained of the Catholics by the Duke of Ormond, was equally unjust and impolitic; and that the ruin of the royal cause in Ireland, was in a great measure owing to it. But it was also greatly owing to the interference of the nuncio. These dissensions of the Catholics among themselves, to whatever cause they were owing, rendered them an easy prey to the arms of the parliament. It is impossible to read, without horror, the sufferings which, in those moments of triumph and revenge, the parliamentary generals inflicted on the humbled and prostrate Catholics.

"The Irish," says Mr. Matthew O'Connor, in his history of Ireland, 'now received the chastisements due to their dissensions. All the male adults capable of bearing arms, with the exception of a sufficient number of slaves to cultivate the lands of the English, were transported to France, Spain, and the West Indies. A great number of females were transported to Virginia, Jamaica, and New England. The rest of the inhabitants, of all sexes and ages; the young, the aged, and the infirm, were ordered on pain

of death, to repair, by a certain day, into the province of Connaught, where, being cooped up in a district, ravaged by a war of ten years' continuance, desolated by famine and pestilence, and destitute of food or habitations, they suffered calamities, such as the wrath of the Almighty has never inflicted on any other people. Thousands of these miserable victims perished of cold and hunger; many flung themselves headlong from precipices, into lakes and rivers, death being their last refuge from such direful calamities.

'So little were their rights, or even their existence, taken into the account, that Harrington thought the best thing the Commonwealth could do with Ireland, was to farm it to the Jews for ever, for the pay of an army to protect them during the first seven years, and two millions a year from that time forward. Moryson, a protestant historian, and an eye witness, observes, that "neither the Israelites were more persecuted by Pharoah, nor the innocent infants by Herod, nor the christians by Nero, or any other pagan tyrants, than were the Roman-Catholics of Ireland at this fatal junction, by the commissioners."

Dr. Lingard successively pursues, through all its varieties, the histories of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate; in both, Cromwell is the principal figure. Between him, and his numerous adversaries, Dr. Lingard holds the scales with an impartial and steady hand.

We shall conclude our account of the important volume before us, by transcribing the character which the author of it gives of Cromwell.

We are sensible of the length of the extract, but we think its beauty will excuse us to our readers, for presenting it, uncurtailed, to their perusal.

'Till the commencement of the present century, when that wonderful man arose, who, by the splendour of his victories, and the extent of his empire, cast all preceding adventurers into the shade, the name of Cromwell stood without a parallel in the history of civilized Europe. Men looked with a feeling of awe on the fortunate individual who, without the aid of birth, or wealth, or connexions, was able to seize the government of three powerful kingdoms, and to impose the yoke of servitude on the necks of the very men who had fought in his company to emancipate themselves from the less arbitrary sway of their hereditary sovereign. That he who accomplished this was no ordinary personage, all must admit; and yet, on close investigation, we shall discover little that was sublime or dazzling in his character. Cromwell was not the meteor which surprises and astounds by the brilliancy and rapidity of its course. Cool, cautious, calculating, he stole on with slow and measured pace; and while with secret pleasure he toiled up the ascent to greatness, laboured to persuade the spectators that he was reluctantly borne forward by an exterior and resistless force, by the march of events, the necessities of the state, the will of the army, and even the decree of the Almighty. He looked upon dissimulation as the perfection of human wisdom, and made it the key-stone of the arch on which he built his fortunes. The aspirations of his ambition were concealed under the pretence of attachment to 'the good old cause;' and his secret workings to acquire the sovereignty for himself

and his family, were represented as endeavours to secure for his former brethren in arms the blessings of civil and religious freedom—the two great objects which originally called them into the field. Thus his whole conduct was made up of artifice and deceit. He laid his plans long beforehand; he studied the views and dispositions of all, from whose influence he had any thing to hope or fear; and he employed every expedient to win their affections, and to make them the blind unconscious tools of his policy. For this purpose, he asked questions, or threw out insinuations in their hearing; now kept them aloof with an air of reserve and dignity; now put them off their guard by condescension, perhaps by buffoonery; at one time addressed himself to their vanity or avarice; at another, exposed to them with tears (for tears he had at will) the calamities of the nation; and then, when he found them moulded to his purpose, instead of assenting to the advice which he had himself suggested, feigned reluctance, urged objections, and pleaded scruples of conscience. At length he yielded: but it was not till he had acquired by his resistance the praise of moderation, and the right of attributing his acquiescence to their importunity, rather than to his own ambition.

Exposed as he was to the continual machinations of the royalists and levellers, both equally eager to precipitate him from the height to which he had attained, Cromwell made it his great object to secure to himself the attachment of the army. To it he owed the acquisition, through it alone could he ensure the permanence of his power. Now, fortunately for this purpose, that army, composed, as never was army before or since, revered in the Lord Protector what it valued mostly in itself—the cant and practice of religious enthusiasm. The superior officers, the subalterns, the privates, all held themselves forth as professors of godliness. Among them, every public breach of morality was severely punished; the exercises of religious worship were of as frequent occurrence as those of military duty; in council, the officers always opened the proceedings with extemporary prayer; and to implore with due solemnity the protection of the Lord of Hosts, was held an indispensable part of the preparation for battle. Their cause, they considered the cause of God; if they fought, it was for his glory; if they conquered, it was by the might of his arm. Among these enthusiasts, Cromwell, as he held the first place in rank, was also pre-eminent in spiritual gifts. The fervour with which he prayed, the unction with which he preached, excited their admiration and tears. They looked on him as the favourite of God, under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, and honoured with communications from heaven; and he, on his part, was careful, by the piety of his language, by the strict decorum of his court, and by his zeal for the diffusion of godliness, to preserve and strengthen such impressions. In minds thus disposed, it was not difficult to create a persuasion that the final triumph of 'their cause,' depended on the authority of the general under whom they had conquered; while the full enjoyment of that religious freedom which they so highly prized, rendered them less jealous of the arbitrary power which he occasionally assumed. In his public speeches, he perpetually reminded them that, if religion was not the original cause of the late civil war, yet 'God soon brought it to that issue:' that amidst the strife of battle, and the difficulties and dangers of war, the reward to which they looked was freedom of conscience; that this freedom to its full extent they enjoyed under his

government, though they could never obtain it till they placed the supreme authority in his hands. The merit which he thus arrogated to himself was admitted to be his due by the great body of the saints : it became the spell by which he rendered them blind to his ambition, and obedient to his will ; the engine with which he raised, and afterwards secured, the fabric of his greatness.

‘ On the subject of civil freedom, the Protector could not assume so bold a tone. He acknowledged, indeed, its importance ; it was second only to religious freedom ; but if second, then, in the event of competition, it ought to yield to the first. He contended that, under his government, every provision had been made for the preservation of the rights of individuals, so far as was consistent with the safety of the whole nation. He had reformed the chancery, he had laboured to abolish the abuses of the law, he had placed learned and upright judges on the bench, and he had been careful in all ordinary cases, that impartial justice should be administered between parties. This indeed was true ; but it was also true, that by his orders, men were arrested and committed without lawful cause ; that juries were packed ; that prisoners acquitted at their trial were sent into confinement beyond the jurisdiction of the courts ; that taxes had been raised without the authority of parliament ; that a most unconstitutional tribunal, the high court of justice, had been established ; and that the major-generals had been invested with powers the most arbitrary and oppressive. These acts of despotism put him on his defence ; and in the apology he pleaded, as every despot will plead, reasons of state, the necessity of sacrificing a part to preserve the whole, and his conviction that a ‘ people blessed by God, the regenerated ones of several judgments forming the flock and lambs of Christ, would prefer their safety to their passions, and their real security to forms.’ Nor was this reasoning addressed in vain to men who had surrendered their judgments into his keeping, and who felt little for the wrongs of others, as long as such wrongs were represented necessary for their own welfare.

‘ Some writers have maintained that Cromwell dissembled in religion as well as in politics ; and that, when he condescended to act the part of the saint, he assumed for interested purposes a character which he otherwise despised. But this supposition is contradicted by the uniform tenour of his life. Long before he turned his attention to the disputes between the king and the parliament, religious enthusiasm had made a deep impression on his mind ; it continually manifested itself during his long career, both in the senate and the field, and it was strikingly displayed in his speeches and prayers on the last evening of his life. It should, however, be observed, that he made religion harmonize with his ambition. If he believed that the cause in which he had embarked was the cause of God, he also believed that God had chosen him to be the successful champion of that cause. Thus the honour of God was identified with his own advancement, and the arts which his policy suggested, were sanctified in his eyes by the ulterior object at which he aimed—the diffusion of godliness, and the establishment of the reign of Christ among mankind.’

We think our readers will agree with us, that, in the preceding account of Cromwell's character, Dr. Lingard has justly appreciated his talents, has done justice to his merits, and has not aggravated his crimes or failings. In a contemporary writer, we

have seen a comparison between Cromwell and Napoleon, and the preference given to the former. Now, the achievements of Napoleon are as superior to those of Cromwell, as their relative size of the territories, which were the scenes of his exploits. The dissimulation, and egoism of each, were the same; but, while Napoleon possessed, in a higher degree, every talent that Cromwell displayed, Cromwell had nothing of those grand, or enlarged views, which, in every stage of his career, distinguished Napoleon. The Irish and Scottish forces, against whom Cromwell fought, were generally inferior in number to those brought by him into the field, and were torn into parties, and therefore enfeebled by their religious differences. Napoleon fought against the veterans of Europe, commanded by its ablest generals, with armies inferior to them in numbers, and large proportions of whom consisted of new-levied troops. Yet, till his disastrous expedition to Moscow, he uniformly triumphed, and his victorious banners were seen in the capital of every continental state in Europe, whose sovereign had either attacked or resisted him. Cromwell was a fanatic: Napoleon protected every art and every science, and enriched his country with a thousand monuments of the arts and sciences of other nations. Nothing survived Cromwell that honoured his memory. France is yet proud of many works and institutions which she owes to Napoleon; and she is yet governed by his *Code Civil*, one of the most noble and salutary productions of the human mind. Let us be just—Cromwell was a great—Napoleon, a much greater man: it is painful to add, that Liberty can count neither among her friends.

We have mentioned that the present volume of Dr. Lingard's History, closes at the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Charles II.; that portion of it which relates to the remainder of that monarch's reign, we shall consider, in our review of the following volume of the history before us.

In a short advertisement, prefixed to the present volumes, Dr. Lingard informs us, that the succeeding volume of his work will contain "the history of the remaining part of the reign of Charles II.; the whole reign of James II., and a copious index; and conclude the work." But we cannot thus part with Dr. Lingard; we beg leave to observe to him, that no history of a great nation is complete without a regular and detailed account of its literature, arts, sciences, agriculture, commerce, and manners. Without this, Dr. Lingard's History will be incomplete—we therefore expect it from him; and when he shall have favoured us with it, we shall hope to hear he is employed on a continuation of his history till the end of the reign of George III.

ART. VIII.—*Mémoires du Maréchal Suchet, Duc D'Albuferrec, sur les campagnes en Espagne depuis 1808, jusqu'en 1814, Ecrits par lui même.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris et Londres: Colburn. 1829.

THERE never, we judge, was a series of events about which so much has been written, as those which occurred within the last half century. The important interests which they involved would be, perhaps, sufficient to explain this circumstance. But we are more inclined to attribute it to the insatiable thirst for miscellaneous reading, which at present forms the indulgence of people of almost every class. We confess we are a little sick when we look back, for three or four years, at the pile of books which have been given us to wade through, on the eternal subjects of the French Revolution, and counter-revolution; on Buonaparte's victories and exile; on the confederacy of the Rhine, or the battle of Waterloo. We are fully ready to allow that each, and all of these several topics are adapted to awaken a lively interest, and that it would be an evil of no slight consequence, to be deficient in information on points so intimately connected with the past and present state of Europe. But it would be difficult to frame an apology from this remark, for many of the campaign and memoir writers to which we have alluded. We could pardon, indeed, their frivolity, and their book-making experiments, but we cannot so easily pass over the dangerous tendency which we observe in the fashionable passion for their compilations. If any one will trouble himself to look over a Catalogue of the works which have been published respecting the concluding campaigns of the late war, he will see that not one in ten deserves the smallest credit for authenticity; that some have, without disguise, assumed the air of romance; that most of them have been written by unknown and anonymous authors; and that the matter of which they are composed, depends entirely for its value, on the truth of some single testimony. We do not mean to say, that the fire-side students of military science will be seriously injured by conceiving some wrong notion respecting the plan of the battle-field; or, that the politician is likely to be led into error by the false conceptions he may hereby form of armies, and the expence of their maintenance; but we have not the smallest doubt that when truth and fiction become closely intermixed—when readers are tutored into receiving the hearsays of any man who has crossed the channel and carried his sword into some two or three battles—when books on such subjects begin to be valued for the amusing style of their contents, we have no doubt that a considerable deal of harm is done to the veraciousness of spirit with which we would have all books of public memoirs sent into the world.

Such of our readers as are interested in publications of the class

to which we allude, will have no difficulty in applying our observations. But the same mine which has already produced such a fund of wealth to the speculators in military literature, still contains abundance of ore, which, we doubt not, succeeding labourers in the same toil will manage to work up into marketable articles. Although we by no means intend to class the volumes now before us with those, the respectability of which is so questionable, they in some measure produce that feeling of dislike which always accompanies the reading of a work which treats of a subject already grown old by continual handling. Let this feeling however be removed, and there is much in the nature of the publication to destroy it; and the memoirs of the Maréchal Suchet will be received and perused with considerable satisfaction.

This celebrated general, whose name makes such a conspicuous figure in the history of modern France, was among the first who fought the great battles of the republic. Having distinguished himself in the early campaigns of Italy, he early rose through the inferior grades to the rank of lieutenant-general. He held an important post in the battles of Loano, Dego, Castiglione, Lonato, Rivoli, Trente, Bassano and Arcole. In 1799, when the campaign was undertaken which proved so disastrous to the French, and in which, by the loss of the battles of the Adige, &c. the republic received such a severe shock, he received from Massena a command in the Grisons. His conduct in this situation obtained him the warmest applause from the Commander-in-chief; and when Chirine, the *chef d'état-major-general* was killed, Suchet was appointed to the important post, by which he obtained the second rank in the principal division of the French army. Shortly after this, Joubert, under whom Suchet had formerly served as *chef d'état major*, was appointed to command the army in Italy. Suchet was directed, at his request, to join him, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of sharing in the campaign, which was the last in which his distinguished friend was to appear.

Suchet, after the death of Joubert, was directed to wait the arrival of General Championnet, who was appointed to the vacant command. At this period he was in constant intercourse with Moreau, whose respect he secured, and from whom he received the most flattering assurances of esteem. Championnet died before he could exercise his command (perishing, as it is supposed, of a broken heart, caused by the grief he suffered at finding the army in the most deplorable condition). But Napoleon now obtained entire possession of the empire, and Suchet obtained, through the recommendation of Massena, the rank of lieutenant-general, and was sent to undertake the defence of the river Ponent. From his conduct in this and the following campaigns, he firmly established himself in the highest reputation for military talent. But the scene of his exertions was now to be removed. At the close of the year 1808 he was sent to Spain, in which country he arrived at

the high rank which he held to the close of his career. His appointment to be general en chef of the army of Arragon, gave full scope for the exercise of all the various qualifications with which he was endowed, to secure success in his operations. He distinguished himself in the situation which he filled, as much by the good management which he exercised in the provinces under his control, as by his conduct in the field; and he has received the praises of his countrymen for the best principles which could guide the actions of any man occupying the high station which was awarded him.

In commanding and directing the movements of the army of Arragon, he surpassed the highest expectations which had been formed from his known ability. The extract which is given in the work before us from the *Journal de l'Empire*, expressed the high opinion which Napoleon entertained of his services. It attributed to his conduct several of the most important achievements of the French arms in the Peninsula. It compares his campaign to that of the Duc de Vendôme, and after having united his name with a mention of the greatest battles that had been fought, it attributes to him the honour of having arrested, on the banks of the Var, the invasion of foreign armies, and of having long before given a prelude of the brilliant successes which now attended him.

Suchet was always eagerly desirous of the praises of Buonaparte; these he obtained to his utmost wish, and the Emperor was accustomed to pay him the high compliment of saying, "*Ce qu'il écrit vaut encore mieux que ce qu'il dit, et ce qu'il fait vaut mieux que ce qu'il écrit : c'est le contraire de bien d'autres.*" From his entrance upon his career in Spain to the end of the year 1808, he had no opportunity of personally pushing his interest at the imperial court, but he had no cause to complain of neglect, for he obtained successively the rank of *Général en chef, Maréchal, Duc d'Albuféra, Colonel General de la Garde, Commandant* of the two armies of Arragon and Catalonia. Napoleon, it seems, repeatedly expressed his high ideas of Suchet. O'Meara says, in his *Memoirs*, that in answer to a question which he put, desiring the Emperor's opinion as to who was the best of all the French Generals, he received for his reply—"It is difficult for me to say, but I think Suchet; formerly it was Massena, but we may now consider him as dead; Suchet, Clausel, and Gérard are, in my opinion, the best of the French Generals." Madame Campan has the following anecdote:—"Napoleon said, that if he had two such *Maréchals* as Suchet in Spain, he would not only have conquered the Peninsula, but have kept it. His justice, conciliating and careful mind, his military tact and bravery, obtained for him unheard of success. It is a sad thing, added he, that Sovereigns cannot create such men at their will."

The good opinion formed of him by Buonaparte was that of people in general. Durable recollections of him remain, it is said,

in Italy. At Saragossa a public promenade is called by his name, and at the news of his death the Spaniards of the place ordered a funeral service to be performed for the repose of his soul. That his conduct rendered him deserving of respect, we have a letter from General Clinton, of our own army, given in proof. It expresses the most grateful feelings for the *Maréchal's* kindness and attention to the English prisoners who had fallen into his hands. But *Suchet's* respectability did not end with the downfall of Napoleon. The King of France provided for his family in the most ample manner, and conferred upon it many and distinguished attentions. This celebrated man died on the 3d of January, 1826, at the age of fifty-six, and, if we are to believe his biographer, is to be ranked among the first military characters of this or any other age.

The Memoirs of which the volumes before us are composed, were compiled during the latter years of *Suchet's* life, when he employed himself in the leisure of his retirement in comparing together the various documents which had been collected around him during his active exertions in the field, and from these notes we shall endeavour to take the passages which appear most likely to interest the reader. *Suchet* was appointed to succeed the *Duc d'Abrantes*. On the 21st of May, he left Saragossa, which was in the most miserable condition. As the general events of the war are too well known to our readers to need any fresh recital, we pass to that part of our narrative in which the *Maréchal* comments upon the reduction of the important fortress of Mequinenza.

'The fall of Mequinenza completed our possession of all the fortified places of Arragon. We had taken from the enemy the last dépôt of arms and ammunition—the last refuge of the corps which had been defeated on the left bank of the Ebro. Catalonia had lost an advanced post, from which it could trouble Arragon, and pour upon it on every favourable opportunity bodies of armed men. This possession would have been of the most valuable use to us if Cordova, Berga, and Sen d'Urgel had been occupied in their turn by our army in Catalonia, for we could then have secured the submission of the high valleys between the Ebro and the Pyrennees. But it was not so; and the result was, that during the whole of the war the mountaineers of Arragon and Catalonia received orders, arms, and ammunition, to harass or attack us. As it was necessary to take advantage of the enemy's discouragement, two hours after the reduction of Mequinenza, the Commander-in-chief ordered General Montmaria to form his brigade, and having penetrated into Valencia, to make himself master of Morella. This movement was executed with celerity. On the 13th of June our troops entered the Chateau of Morella, where they found eight mortars in a bad state, and without ammunition: The enemy had neglected to occupy this advantageous and easily defensible post. The Commander-in-chief determined to put it into a respectable condition, since it offered the double advantage of covering Arragon and of menacing the kingdom of Valencia. The Spaniards discovered, too late, the importance of its occupation. General O'Donju, at the head of a corps of Valencians, approached, at the end of June, and took

a position, which announced his intention of surrounding and depriving the French troops of succours. General Montmarie, with the brave 14th regiment and the 3d of the Vistula, suffered him not to achieve this manœuvre. He marched without hesitation against him, vanquished him, and put him to flight. The possession of Morella was no longer disputed. The army of Arragon there made its first establishment, which was subsequently enlarged, and it preserved it till the entire evacuation of Valencia. After the example of the Moors, who had a long time before fought on the same theatre, we made ourselves masters of the most elevated posts, to fortify them, to make them depôts of ammunition and stores, and, above all, to exercise a moral influence over the population, which, even in places where it had submitted, often shewed itself unsettled or hostile. It was continually disposed to deny or under-rate the advantages which we obtained in the open country; but the capture of a place or of a fort, that of men and cannon, was a result positive and incontestible, of which the traces could not be effaced, which put their conceit to default, and overcame their incredulity.—vol. i. pp. 169—171.

The Duc d'Albufera has been commended, and it appears justly, by the writer of the biographical notice prefixed to these volumes, for the promptness and decision with which he pursued every advantage which he gained over the enemy. Thus it is observed, that he had no sooner obtained the important victory over Blake at Maria, than, without suffering himself to lose any part of the advantage by delay, he followed and succeeded in still further discomfiting the vanquished forces at Belchite. On entering Lerida, he dispatched a force to invest the important fortress of Mequinenza; and no sooner had this place capitulated, than he formed the design of attacking Tortosa, and actually sent, as we have seen, a detachment from his army to obtain possession of the important but neglected position of Morella. This promptness in action marked his conduct through the whole of his career as a commander; so that it really seems, that it has not been an unjustifiable partiality which has ascribed to him the praise of not deserving the reproach which was applied to Hannibal, *vincere scis, victoriâ uti nescis*, and of meriting the high eulogium which was conferred on Julius Cæsar, *nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum*.

Suchet's route to Tortosa, and the investment of that place, were attended with the utmost difficulty. Having, after the greatest exertions transported his artillery to the walls of the besieged town, his next care was to provide for the maintenance of his troops. For this purpose he despatched thirty vessels laden with corn from Mequinenza. But they had no sooner commenced their course, than they were attacked by an ambuscade of six hundred Spaniards, and it was not till after a severe contest, it was left to proceed on its destination. Tortosa was then closely invested. On the 20th of December, 1810, the principal attack against the demi-bastion of St. Pierre commenced.—On the 29th, at the beginning of day,

their completed batteries began their fire. Operations were carried on so vigorously that the garrison was soon convinced of its inability to defend the place, and on the first of January, 1811, at ten in the morning, the white flag was hoisted. A proposal was then made by a deputation from the place for a cessation of arms for fifteen days, after which they would surrender, if succours did not arrive. This, however, was denied; the works were accordingly continued. An order was given to redouble the fire on all sides, and the mine was about to be fired, when three white flags were seen floating over the town and the different forts. In order to avoid either a surprise or an unnecessary parley, the commander desired the immediate surrender of one of the forts. This was a demand which was not expected, and the governor, whose situation was one of the least pleasant which can be imagined, would willingly have avoided the condition proposed, by alleging that he could not be sure of the obedience of the garrison. An occasion, therefore, was now presented, which required the Commander-in-chief to possess and exercise the most perfect presence of mind; nor was it wanted, as will be seen by the following passage:

'The French force was under arms; its commander, accompanied by the generals and officers of his brigade, and followed by a single company of the grenadiers of the 116th approached in advance to the castle; addressed the sentinels, and announced to them the termination of hostilities. He then left some grenadiers at the first Spanish post, advanced, and demanded of the officer on guard to conduct him to the governor. This old man had need of being strengthened against the disposition of his troops, and against his own indecision. He saw the commander-in-chief enter the chateau; and started with astonishment at the sight. The garrison is under arms, the cannoniers at their pieces, expecting an order to fire; their countenances announcing that there is not a moment to be lost. The commander-in-chief takes an elevated tone, and complains of the delay which is made in surrendering up one of the forts; he announces that he has been scarcely able to restrain his soldiers, who were burning with impatience to pass the breaches; he threatens to make the garrison pass under the edge of the sword, for having demanded a capitulation and then hesitated to perform the conditions, when the laws of war demanded their fulfilment, and the ramparts were ready to commence action the moment he should issue the command. During this discourse General Hubert had led forward the grenadiers. The governor, intimidated and surprised, directs a deposition of arms. He orders the soldiers to obey his voice only, and promises immediately to execute all the articles of the capitulation, which were drawn up and signed on the carriage of a cannon. The guard of the fort was instantly surrendered to our grenadiers. The news of the event spread through the city with the orders of the governor, All the troops obey, assemble, and take arms to file off. General Abbé, appointed to command in Tortosa, immediately placed guards at the gates of the city and on the breaches, entered at the head of six hundred grenadiers, established picquets and patrols, and occupied the forts, the magazines, and public edifices. The commander-in-chief descended from the

château, had the garrison filed off, and after having made them lie down their arms, sent them directly to Xerta, from whence they were conducted to France.'—vol. i. pp. 247—249.

The next great step of the Duc d'Albufera, was to make himself master of the fort Saint Philippe, and open a road to Tarragona, the obtaining possession of which was one of the most splendid of his undertakings. On giving his orders to Suchet to commence the investment of Tarragona, Napoleon added to his forces a part of the army of Catalonia, and every thing appeared favourable to the design, when he received information from Maréchal Macdonald and the governor of Lerida, that the citadel of Tiguères was in the power of the Spaniards. This untimely event, however, instead of retarding his movements, hastened him to commence the affair immediately. Neither the incomplete state of his army, nor the want of many of the aids which he had expected to ensure success to the project, deterred him from making the attempt, and he set forward. Buonaparte, it is said, afterwards warmly approved his decision, and exclaimed, when speaking of it, '*Viola qui est Militaire !*'

'In war,' says the Maréchal, speaking of his determination, 'opportunity is every thing—the most precious thing is time.' On the 3d of May they came under the walls of Tarragona; on the 4th the determination was taken to drive the enemy back upon the city, which was effected, and the investment completed. The English fleet had been for some time in sight, and began to assail them, but a battery was immediately constructed, which kept them at a distance from the scene of operations. There was every appearance of a very strong resistance being offered from the fortress, but Suchet provided for the worst consequences which could result from the attack; and temporary hospitals, and every thing which could lessen the sufferings to which his soldiers might be exposed, were got ready before the commencement of the siege. The importance of Tarragona, it appears, warranted the employment of all the means which were at the command of the commander to ensure success. The city, which is situated on the coast, is built on a rock of great height, isolated from the surrounding country, and on three sides of it, of almost perpendicular steepness. To the natural advantages which it possesses for resistance are added those of art, which have been employed with great skill in its defence. By the ground on which it stands gradually declining towards the west and south-west, it is divided into the high and low town, the latter being defended by Fort Royal, a bastion about three hundred toises from the high town, and two hundred from the sea. 'Many difficulties, and those of the worst kind, were thus presented,' says Suchet, 'to the attempts of the French army. But what limits,' continues he, 'can arrest the determinations and the resources of a people animated by enthusiasm? The longest and most difficult works, which governments are always

slow in undertaking, or unable to accomplish, the mass of the population, once roused and excited, at once complete without trouble; the moment they are commanded by chiefs who know how to direct their efforts.' This is the true sentiment of a man who received his education amid the tumult of revolutions, and who owed his rank and fortune to the success which followed the bold experiments which ambition then made, with popular passions for its materials. We cannot follow the Maréchal in his details of all the operations which attended the progress of this memorable siege. Great numbers of men were every day lost in repelling the vigorous sorties which were repeatedly made from the garrison; but the works went steadily on, and on the 28th of May, a fire was commenced against Fort Olivo. The quick and resolute attack of the besiegers was as vigorously answered by the guns of the battery, and on the next evening hopes were entertained of the fort being assailable. The preparations for the assault were such as served to heighten the fears of the besieged. The night was dark and melancholy, and the drums loudly beating the signals through the whole line of the army, were replied to by the roaring of the cannon from the citadel. 'The vast amphitheatre which Tarragona presents was lit up,' says Suchet, 'by the fire of the cannon and mortars, by the musquetry, and the different granades which were hurled forth, and floated burning about in the darkness. The fleet, also, firing rockets and other projectiles at hazard, added to the effect of this nocturnal combat.' The struggle was desperate, but the French succeeded in making themselves masters of the fort, which was the greatest defence of the main citadel. The remarks which the Maréchal makes upon this event, are as characteristic of the Frenchman as any we have seen. He expresses, in great warmth and surprise, that the Spaniards should have endeavoured to make the loss appear as little as possible to their own soldiers. 'They found means to reanimate their confidence, and to kindle again their animosity against us.' The General need not have been surprised, we think, at this; but to show how desperately the besieged were determined not to come to any terms with their assailants, we may mention, that proposals having been made for a cessation of arms to give time for the burying of the dead, the Spaniards signified that they would not pull a trigger less for the purpose. The other forts by which Tarragona was defended, were next attacked, and successively taken. The conflicts, however, are described to have been desperate, the hopes of the garrison having been continually inflamed by the arrival of succours which the English fleet succeeded in bringing them. On the 28th of June, a practicable breach having been made, Tarragona itself was taken, and an end put to a siege on which Suchet considers the French power in Spain to have most materially depended.

Suchet again manifested that quality of force and determination for which he has been already mentioned as distinguished. He

had no sooner established order in Tarragona, and provided for the sick, than he began his operations against Vich, from whence he proceeded to Mont-Serrat, which he attacked and took, and the possession of which recovered the command of all the lower Catalonia. But the events which were soon to follow were such as rendered his conquests, it is probable, of but little real importance to the great interests of Europe; and in reading a work of this kind, the deep moral value of the story must frequently press itself upon the reader's attention. The immense waste of money and human life, the outrages which men are led to commit upon their fellow beings, and the importance which is given to occurrences which are only worth regarding as fearful occasions for calling out the wildest and the worst passions,—these altogether render the perusal of a military memoir, half painful and half ludicrous; calling up distressing sensations at the view of so much suffering, and the laugh of the satirist at its origin. Without any straining after a moral, it is really exquisitely absurd to hear such men as Maréchal Suchet speaking with the utmost solemnity of events which contributed almost solely to his own personal reputation—of actions which he was frequently pleased to ascribe to a high morality, but which were the results solely of the lowest of all natural gifts, natural courage; and to hear him, moreover, speaking as if there were no instrument which was so necessary to the good of God's earth as war—no men so truly devoted to truth and freedom, and great deeds, as the well-worked machines of a great army. We can endure the expression of many sentiments of this kind in the hero of a melo-drama, but to have to read them as the expression of a man in his sober senses, to find them so frightfully obscuring the light of natural reason, is really painful, and we hardly know whether to rank ourselves among the disciples of the laughing or the crying philosopher of old times. After the great achievement of the Duc d'Albufera and his gallant army had been sufficiently celebrated to make it appear as if the salvation of a whole free nation had been the consequence, the bubble, not of their reputation, but of the supposed good cause itself, burst. Napoleon was defeated, France invaded, the imperial government overturned, and ministers and generals made to change masters. On 13th of April a communication was sent him from Paris, informing him of the extraordinary events which had been taking place. Colonel Saint-Simon informed him of the entry of the Allies into Paris, of the abdication of the emperor, and the other occurrences of the same period. Suchet assembled his generals, and consulted them as to what measures they would advise him to pursue: the opinion given was, that as the army had been at all times essentially faithful to France; that it would continue to perform its duty by recognizing the Princes who, after a long exile, were recalled to the throne. Such and so easy is military honour and fidelity!! Suchet sent in the adhesion of the army of Arragon and Catalonia, and infor-

mation was immediately given to Maréchal Soult. On the 19th of April, Suchet received the Prince de Neufchatel, Major-General, and the new Minister of War. A few days after this he went to Toulouse, accompanied by the principal officers of his army, to hold an interview with the Duc d'Angoulême. The reception which they met with is represented to have been of the most flattering kind; the army of Arragon and its leader were complimented for their courage and conduct, and the Prince expressed his delight at finding himself in the midst of French soldiers. To this may be added the expression contained in a letter written by him to the wounded General Harispe. 'I know with what distinction you have served our country; he who has well served it, has well served the king—these two interests can never be but one.' On the fourth of May, the Prince arrived at Narbonne, where he reviewed the army of Arragon and Catalonia; and by his gracious demeanour secured their good feelings. Suchet accompanied the Duke in his review of the army of the Pyrennees, and after that prepared for disbanding the force, which was to be sent into the South of France.

These volumes possess many attractions for the purely professional reader, and are written in a style calculated to convey a very lively impression of all the scenes and actions in which their celebrated author distinguished himself. In many parts they are eminently picturesque, but their great merit consists in the accuracy of their details, and of the numerous data which they furnish to guide the military reader in his judgment of the several engagements which they describe. As a piece of autobiography, it is creditable to the good sense of the Maréchal. It is modest and unpretending in its tone, and contains few or none of those faults with which personal memoirs are usually blemished. We should imagine from the preliminary observations prefixed by the editor of the work, that Suchet possessed one of the highest intellects, and talents of almost every description; that his virtue was as pure and noble as ever animated a lover of truth, and that all his actions proceeded from the impulses of the grandest and most noble principles. All this, however, is highly absurd. Suchet possessed most of the qualifications of a good general—he was prudent, active, and not a monster of severity towards his soldiers—he loved the flattery and the power of promotion of Napoleon, and he loved the same good things in the Duc d'Angoulême and the new King. Much is pardonable in the mistaken estimates of character which apologists of this kind frequently make, but it is an insult upon truth and human nature to let the names of men, like the generals of Bonaparte, go down to posterity as the brightest which belong to the page of history.

The work, we understand, will shortly be translated into English; at present, the title page possesses a rather strange appearance, by giving the name of an English bookseller as its publisher, both in Paris and London.

ART. IX.—*The Castilian*. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, author of "Gomez Arias." In three volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1829.

MR. TRUEBA does not come before the English public altogether unknown. His tale of "Gomez Arias," has not indeed earned for him a name of immortality, although it has been loudly pronounced a masterly production, by some of our "gentlemen of the press," as he is pleased to call them. Enough, however, of genius gleamed through that composition, to induce us to open with some degree of curiosity, a new novel from the same pen. We have, moreover, been interested by the circumstances, not by the way, wholly unprecedented in our time, of a Spaniard being so well acquainted with our language, as to use it with the same fluency and precision, as if it were his own. We are aware that Mr. Trueba has received his education in this country, having been brought up, we believe, at Stonyhurst; nevertheless, we experience an agreeable surprise in finding that a foreigner has so completely conquered the difficulties of our dialect, as to fill with it volume after volume, without betraying in more than two or three instances, a tendency to his native idiom.

But when we get over the agreeable reflections arising from the homage which is thus offered to our language—a language which, compared with that of Spain, is almost barbarous—we begin to look for something beyond the mere facility of composition. Sentences neatly turned, will not be sufficient to engage our continued attention, through upwards of a thousand pages; unless they be inspired with some charm which lies deeper than their preface, they will soon cease to fix the eye; the attraction of mere novelty soon wears away, and before we proceed far, we are obliged to judge of the foreigner by the same standard which we should apply to one of our own authors. We lose all idea, as critics, of that duty of hospitality, which as men we hold inviolable; the republic of letters, knows no distinction of country; there all are truly equal in the eye of the law, and princes and peasants, Englishmen and aliens, enjoy the same privileges by the tenure of actual merit, or are condemned to the same penalties by the want of it.

Having said thus much, we hope that we shall not be accused of entertaining any undue national prejudices, if we venture to differ from some of our brother critics, upon the qualifications of Mr. Trueba, as a writer of novels. That he has a highly poetical and romantic mind, we are ready to admit. He appears to be thoroughly acquainted with, and a great admirer of, the works of our most popular minstrels, and to have formed his taste much more upon the model of Sir Walter Scott, than upon that of Cervantes. Indeed, it is a striking feature in his productions, that they seem to proceed from an English, not a Spanish mind. There is not

a single trait in them that would disclose his country, if he had concealed his name.

We are aware that this may be said of other modern Spanish writers, who have never been out of the provinces of the Castiles or the Asturias, and that it may be accounted for, in a great measure, by the similarity of mental pursuits, which has for some time prevailed in England, France, and Spain. Nevertheless, it is the business of every writer of fiction, who aims at pre-eminence, to make his works as national as possible in their character. The traditional and historical literature, the scenery and costume and peculiar manners of Spain, are full of associations which it ought to be a Spaniard's pride to awaken. It is absolutely necessary for him to be national in every thing, if he relates a tale the action of which is laid in his native plains and mountains, and is conducted by personages chiefly of his own country. We can never be induced to feel we are transported to the banks of the Guadalquivir, if the people who are talking and making love, or fighting through every scene, talk, and live, and quarrel like Englishmen. A little scrap of the Spanish language, a favourite Spanish exclamation, or idiom introduced now and then into the mouths of the actors, instead of tending to produce any delusion of this kind, altogether prevents it. Many English readers of novels, do not understand any language but their own; these foreign ornaments are not only lost upon them, but so many impediments thrown in the way of their amusement, and as such they feel them. It is infinitely better for a novelist who tells a story of Spain, to make his heroes and heroines talk like Spaniards, than talk in Spanish—a distinction which Mr. Trueba's reflection will teach him to be not without a difference.

In this respect the conversational part of 'The Castilian,' is miserably defective. If the names of places and persons, and the Spanish phrases were omitted, there would be nothing left on the page to distinguish the country to which the parties engaged in debate belong. We hope, that if our author be not already married or engaged, he will take a few lessons as soon as possible, in the art of love-making, for his attempts in this way, so far as they appear in the work before us, betray the most deplorable inexperience. Equally unhappy is he in affecting occasionally the language of the olden chivalry. It is not "thou" and "thee" and "sir knight," and "lady fair," that awaken recollections of those day dreams, which belong to the times of the tournament and the serenade. We require something more essentially in keeping with those times, to work up the spell which brings them back from their dark repose to our immediate contemplation. It is ludicrous for any man to venture on the charm, who does not hold in his hand the wand, and in his mind the faith of the enchanter.

It was a misnomer to call this novel, 'The Castilian.' The

real hero of the tale is Don Pedro, whose character is drawn with considerable power. About him alone is the reader interested; to his affairs all our attention is directed, and every thing beside them which the author introduces, is felt to be so much superfluous matter, imposing upon our patience a tax which we most reluctantly pay. The love story in which Constanza, Don Ferran, and Don Alvar, are the principal actors, and which, as this is a work of fiction, ought to hold the most prominent place in our estimation, lags always behind the fortunes of Don Pedro, as a kind of "dead weight." It is in every respect a failure. Every fresh attempt which the author makes, to raise it to the position which he intended it to occupy, but sinks it deeper than it was before. Nothing can be imagined more inconsistent than the character of Constanza. Long and ardently attached to Don Ferran, by whom her affection is fully returned, long and obstinately pursued by Don Alvar, who at length became to her an object of horror, she nevertheless gives up her lover, and gives her hand to his and her enemy, with the most Platonic fortitude. Doubtless, she commits this enormous absurdity for the purpose of saving Don Ferran's life, who, being by the fortune of war in the power of Alvar, is liberated through the influence of the lady upon the condition just mentioned. In the actual vicissitudes of human affairs, such a transition might very possibly sometimes happen; but it is not natural; it is not poetically just; and where an author has the power of ordering events as he thinks fit, he deserves but little praise for skill in the management of his tale, when he runs headlong in this manner against the best sympathies of his reader.

As a decided proof of the truth of the character which we have given of this work, we may state that the third volume, which is wholly taken up with the historical part of the romance, is by far the most interesting of the three. Indeed, it requires no slight degree of resolution to get at the third, through the two first volumes, which are formidably tedious. We do not intend to hold up the character or story of Maria de Padilla as particularly deserving of respect; but it does seem to us that without in any degree breaking in upon the unity of his plan, he might have made a much more ample use of the connection which subsisted between that lady and the king. It would have enabled him to relieve the early portion of his work from the heaviness which oppresses it, and to have marked in a more striking manner the contrast which Pedro's attachment to that woman offered to his general system of cruelty.

Pedro succeeded to the throne of Castile at the early age of fifteen. His reign, while it lasted, was a series of commotions, produced by several causes, but chiefly by his mode of government, which, by attempting to centre all the powers of the state in himself, set the principal divisions of society against each other. He had several illegitimate brothers, the most distinguished of whom

was Don Enrique, who was of a turbulent and most vindictive character, and ultimately gained the object of his ambition, by seating himself on his brother's throne. The historical part of the present novel consists of the struggle which was made by Pedro, assisted by our own "Black Prince," to recover the sceptre which he had lost,—a struggle which terminated in his discomfiture and death.

We have said that the author appeared to us possessed of a poetic and romantic temperament. It is one thing however to delight in music, and another thing to execute it with effect. It is not every lady who loves poetry, that is a poet, or who admires Mrs. Radcliffe, that can write a tale like the "Mysteries of Udolpho." We can perceive here and there aspirations of a high order, but we do not recollect more than one or two passages in the whole of the three volumes, which can be classed under the head either of the poetical or romantic. Perhaps the opening scene may be thought to belong to the former.

'In a garden on the banks of the Guadalquivir, appeared two figures, seated on the edge of a fountain, and almost concealed amid the rich and luxuriant foliage, with which they were surrounded. They seemed to retain nothing of humanity but the form; for they spoke not, they moved not, apparently so absorbed in thought, as almost to become identified with the mournful tranquillity that reigned around. Amidst the uncertain shadows, that now stole across the scene, they might almost have been mistaken for two of the classical statues which adorned the place.

'The night was far advanced, and all was hushed, save when the sullen plunge of an oar broke upon the ear, or the hoarse voice of a fisherman was heard at intervals, beguiling the tedious hours, by chaunting some wondrous story, or some fearful legend. The moon, whose beams fell broad and refulgent upon the river, soon sent her most chastened rays through the thick and clustering shrubs which adorned the garden, revealing more clearly to view those two silent beings, who had now advanced from their concealment. One appeared to be a youthful and elegant female, and her companion, by whom she was supported, a young man of courtly and gallant demeanour, but whose noble bearing seemed strangely at variance with the poverty of his garb. This induced the belief that he must be some distinguished person in disguise.

"Then here we must part," he said, turning to his fair companion, whose expressive features betrayed her emotion; "once more, my Costanza, fare you well! Nay, droop not thus; we shall meet again."

'She looked mournfully in his face, a smile played upon her lips, but she could not speak what she felt; a silent tear upon her cheek was the only answer she could make to the soothing accents of her lover.

"Shame on that tear, Constanza," resumed her companion, in a tone of kind reproof; "the daughter of Don Egas should not evince a weakness unworthy of herself and him. You were once, I remember, praised for your courageous spirit and resolution."

"I did not *love*, then," she answered with a sigh.

"Nay but we have already parted once before, said the Castilian, catching her emotion, and repeating her sigh.

“ Not under the same circumstances, my Ferran. Oh, no ! think not so lightly of my fortitude. It is not the only danger that encompasses you, which thus fills my heart with anxiety, though it be not our first farewell : when you before departed from my side, it was to go to the field of glory. I beheld in you, one of the gallant band that marched fearlessly to crush rebellion. You then only risked the fate of a warrior going to battle ; and the dreadful image of death was not so appalling to my imagination ;—but now—” —vol. i. pp. 13,—16.

The reader need be under no apprehension that we are going to inflict upon him the remainder of this love scene, which dwindles down to a mere common-place. Constanza, who enjoys a name she little deserves, being constant to nobody, had been already engaged from her infancy, to a kinsman of her own, Don Alvar de Lara. Her father, Don Egas, is a specimen of a political temporizer, favouring Don Ferran's hopes, when the prospects of the fugitive king, to whom the latter was attached, begin to look bright, and reverting without any trouble to his prepossessions in favour of Don Alvar, when the star of the usurper, whose fortunes the latter followed, is in the ascendant. From the interview which we have just mentioned, Ferran was summoned to the presence of his royal master, whom he found in a fisherman's hut. The hut, its furniture, and inhabitants, are all very characteristically decried.

‘ In a few minutes he descried the fisherman's shed, and upon approaching the place, he was startled by a sharp shrill whistling. He advanced cautiously : his anxiety, however, was soon dissipated, for he met none but friends ; two men were patrolling before the little entrance of the humble dwelling, which they immediately allowed him to enter upon recognizing his person. Ferran was not a little amazed at the picture which now presented itself. He found Don Pedro sitting on a wooden bench, and very tranquilly eating some fried fish, which a tall muscular girl, a complete *gitana*, was assiduously preparing for his royal appetite. No expression of sadness, or dejection, was discernable on his brow, but a sense of dignity and pride seemed to uphold his spirits, even in his present reduced state. His handsome features appeared calm, but ill assorted with the stormy passions that raged within his breast. Still there was nothing feigned in the appetite and recklessness with which he swallowed the humble fare set before him. Around the hut stood the old fisherman and his sons, watching every movement of their royal master. They were armed, as was the king, who kept his sword drawn by his side. This, together with two or three different weapons that hung round his girdle, and a coarse dress with which he was attired, gave the appearance of a mountain bandit to him, who but a few days before had been the sovereign of Castile.

‘ Indeed, the place where the caprice of fortune as well as his own errors had compelled him now to seek refuge, corresponded well with his present personal appearance. It was a slight, low, miserable hovel, illumined by the glimmer of a single *candil*, and rendered doubly untenable by the thousand apertures through which the wind made the most unceremonious entrance. The whole of the furniture consisted of the solitary little table and stool, both occupied by the king, and a cray

bench by the fire. The fire too, from the peculiar construction of the chimney, had the advantage of dispersing its own smoke for the benefit of the guests, not a single whiff being squandered away in the air above; all which, together with the strong smell of oil, that proceeded from the iron *sarten*, so cleverly handled by the fisherman's daughter, contributed to give no agreeable impressions to Ferran de Castro, as he entered the obscure and miserable tenement.

'Upon his arrival, Don Pedro turning with rather a stern and distant manner:—

"Beshrew thy heart for a loiterer, Ferran," he cried, "methought thou too had'st played me false."

"My liege!" proudly returned the Castilian, "a thought so derogatory to my well-proved fidelity, could not be harboured by your highness."

"Thou art a full hour later than it was agreed upon," retorted the king; "and for the knight of fidelity, assuredly such neglect is not in good keeping with his character; but I will save you the trouble of framing excuses. I pardon you for this time, in consideration of its being one of the fair sex to whom you have been devoting your time; you are in love, Sir, and report speaks highly of your mistress; you need therefore say no more, for Don Pedro, amongst the many follies and crimes laid to his charge, was never accused of being a knight recreant,—of want of gallantry to the ladies. And now, my faithful knight, will you partake of my dainty supper? Come, Sir Knight, for by San Fernando, this fish is good enough for a king; and I am sure his highness of Trastámara himself would find it deserving of his delicate and royal palate, however *illegitimate* his taste on other points may be."

He delivered these words with a painful effort at gaiety; then fixing his expressive eyes on the earthen plate, he muttered with an energetic but low voice, "The bastard!"—a revulsion of feeling contracted his brow, and dashing his clenched fist fiercely against the table, with a burst of anticipated triumph and revenge, he wildly exclaimed—

"But my day will come, so Heaven keep him in life only a few months longer!"

The dark damsel who was bringing a fresh supply of the homely fare, alarmed at the sudden exclamation of the king, and at the violence of his manner, stood still in visible consternation, which being observed by Don Pedro, he suddenly relaxed into a subdued tone, and repeated, "Yes! my day will come; but in the meantime let us have some more fish,"—vol. i. pp. 47—52.

Mr. de Trueba is not so happy in his descriptions of external nature—at least, they are not touched with the same marks of fidelity. There are few things of which a Spaniard boasts more than the scenery on the Guadalquivir. Yet we, who have glided down that magnificent river more than once, could never perceive on either hand any of those towering castles, and smiling villages, of which Mr. de Trueba, following the fashion of his country, so enthusiastically speaks.

The dawn now began faintly to glimmer, and distant objects became visible, though still somewhat shrouded in the grey mists of morning

Nothing in nature can surpass in effect an extensive view from the Guadalquivir, at the gentle hour that precedes the appearance of the splendours of a southern sun. You see the far rising mountains and scattered villages, gay villas and towering castles, all rendered more imposing in the misty and majestic shadows, expand to view in that soft and awful stillness, yet a-kin to night. Gradually the veil is lifted by the approaching glow of day, and, in an instant, those objects hitherto so imperfectly beheld, begin to display a thousand variegated hues, the dawning promise of the splendour and gaiety that will soon gladden the earth.

'The fields are sparkling, the shrubs loaded with dewy fragrance, while the surrounding towers and quiet villages, with all the wild and diversified landscape, open full upon the sight; swiftly the galley skims along the limpid waters, while those whom it bears along gaze with melancholy and fond regret on the well-known objects that adorn the banks of the far-famed river.

'Not a word was spoken, for every heart was replete with those associations which invariably attend a long farewell to scenes of past grandeur and delight. One after another in quick succession, the gay smiling villages that crown the banks of the Guadalquivir, were left behind—a few moments more and they were lost to sight—another villa—a sumptuous garden appears—the galley still advances, the prospect enlarges—one moment is allowed to scan its beauties, and then it is lost again to view. Thus many of the seats, many a proud castle of the grandes and *ricos-homes*, passed in swift succession before Don Pedro and his companions.'—vol. i. pp.—62—64.

Perhaps we should enumerate amongst the best passages in this work, the tumultuary proceedings of the mob, which took place in Seville, previously to the entrance of Enrique to take possession of his capital. There is a good deal of spirit, also, in the account which is given of the sudden attachment which is felt by all parties towards the successful usurper, and of the accommodating doctrines which they used, in order to get over their conscientious scruples on the occasion.

Meantime Don Pedro solicits the assistance of the Black Prince, then at Bourdeaux, for the purpose of recovering his throne. The Prince, ever ready for enterprizes, accedes to the request, collects a band of "free companions," and, attended by a few noblemen, marches into Spain, meeting Don Pedro on the way. The English reader is naturally interested in every thing that concerns this favourite warrior; and, indeed, the expectation of awakening national sympathies on this point, is alleged by the author as one of his reasons for the selection of his subject. He is mistaken; however, in his estimation of the English character, if he imagines that we are altogether so nationally biassed—at least when we take up a novel—as to prefer a hero from our own land to those of other countries. If the story be well constructed, and written with such power as to take possession of our feelings, we care not whether the prominent figures on the scene be English, French, Italian, Turk, or Spaniard. Indeed, generally speaking, there is an

impression amongst us, arising, we presume, from the common supposition that no man is a prophet in his own country, which leads us to think that our historical worthies move somewhat awkwardly through most of the fictions into which they have been introduced. Shakspeare and, perhaps in one or two instances, Sir Walter Scott, have produced exceptions to this rule, for which they are indebted, not to our history, but to their own masterly powers of delineation. But we doubt very much whether Mr. Trueba has been quite so successful. We confess that we feel much less anxious about the proceedings of the "Black Prince" in this tale, than about those of Don Pedro. He is always the leading personage in our estimation; every person engaged around or against him holds a situation subordinate to him in point of interest. We must, however, extract the author's description of the march of the English army through the Pyrennees, which, though evidently laboured for effect, is picturesque:—

‘ They were now entering the terrible and rugged passes of the Pyrenean mountains, where the winter had already commenced in all its rigour. As they marched by Roncesvalles, what emotions were excited in the breasts of the Spaniards! It was there that Bernardo del Carpio defeated Charlemagne, with the flower of French chivalry, and by this glorious act, handed down to posterity an imperishable memorial of his own fame, and his country's valour. Huge rocks, narrow defiles, and tortuous ravines, made their progress extremely difficult. Still, with dauntless perseverance and steady patience, knights, and squires, and archers, slowly toiled on their way. A death-like silence prevailed through those vast solitudes, save when a shrill scream proclaimed that the dull owl was startled in his heavy slumber, or when the hungry wolf, prowling about for his prey, gave one long, dismal howl, which reverberated along the wilderness. In separate divisions the army was seen winding along the line of march, whilst the neighing of horses and the glitter of armour now broke in upon the deadly monotony which had just before prevailed.

‘ No sign of life could be descried; the herds and flocks, that in the summer months served agreeably to diversify that picturesque and majestic scenery, had now retired to the southern pastures, to take shelter from the inclemency of winter. Now and then a wretched hovel was half visible, almost buried in the snow; but upon a nearer approach the fatigued trooper had the disappointment to find it deserted. During the day, however, the glowing rays of the sun, dancing upon the polished armour and glittering casques, served to cheer and enliven those tranquil solitudes. But at night, when the moon shone with a pale, sickly brightness, on the immense masses of snow which crowned the mountains, and the cold grew still more piercing, the soldiers made huge fires to protect themselves from the chilling night-winds, and from the depredations of the hungry and ravenous animals that haunted the recesses of the mountains, and whose dismal howling created a strange feeling in the minds of the superstitious soldiery.

‘ Then was heard the monotonous scream of the night-bird, and sometimes, on a projecting rock or pointed crag, the wolf was seen baying dismally at the moon, but at the sight of the roaring fire, he vanished like a

phantom. The wily fox, on the contrary, was observed, with steady step, silently approaching the place where the sound of voices encouraged the hopes of plunder. Sometimes he would approach near enough to be surprised by the alert archer, who, with sure and deadly aim, directed his arrow, and brought the incautious intruder to the earth.'—vol. i. pp. 190—192.

Soon after the entry of the English troops into Spain, the famous battle of Nazara was fought, which restored Don Pedro to his throne, and compelled Enrique, in his turn, to become a fugitive. The country submitted peaceably to the fortune of war. These royal vicissitudes afford the author an opportunity of depicting and satirizing that weakness of human nature, which, from one cause or another, induces us all, in whatever clime we breathe, to worship the "rising sun." There is no country which has not exhibited scenes of courtly, temporizing policy, which afford to the cynic abundant matter for censure. There are, however, many other frailties belonging to man more exposed to just reproach than this. In the first place, when great changes take place in a nation, it is not sufficiently considered by the historians who describe them, that such occasions always pre-suppose the existence of two parties—that which brings about, and that which resists the transformation. It is not exactly the same crowd which hails the success of one King to-day, and runs to receive his more successful rival the next. It is true that, among the courtly and ambitious, violent alterations of opinion sometimes take place, which people in general refer to the influence of self-interest. But it would be, at least, quite as just, in nine cases out of ten, to refer them to an overpowering necessity, which attends all great transitions in a state, and leaves individuals no alternative but to submit to it with a good grace, or to retire at once to a hermitage. The inconsistencies imputed to individuals would, perhaps, be more correctly ascribed to the strange fluctuations which take place in human affairs, and which, in truth, are among the best proofs of the imperfection of our condition.

Matters thus go on smoothly enough with the restored monarch for a season. His natural disposition to cruelty soon, however, alienates his new friends, and strengthens the hands of his enemies; secret meetings of the grandees and clergy, one of which the author very dramatically describes, are held, for bringing about the return of Enrique.

'Several of the most powerful members of these two classes assembled, under the cover of night, to concert their measures. One of the most subtle, active, and intelligent of the conspirators, was the Arcediano* Rivera. It was in his dwelling that most of these meetings were held. At the very time that the King was yielding himself to thoughts of love and pleasure, and Don Egas to the most flattering dreams, the Arcediano

* The Archdeacon.

and his companions had assembled in conclave. A large, spacious apartment, in a sequestered part of the city, was the place of meeting. Here, at the dead of night, were seen sitting, by the reflection of a sombre lamp, about twenty persons, whose dress and deportment bespoke a band of desperate and lawless ruffians, but who, notwithstanding, belonged to the highest rank in society. As a measure of precaution, they had adopted the most uncouth disguises; and, to avoid the vigilance of the adherents of the King, they took care neither to assemble in great numbers, nor to repair to the rendezvous in groups. A dismal silence pervaded the place at this moment. The nocturnal congregations seemed in anxious expectation of some arrival; looks of anxiety were exchanged every time the clock tolled the hour; each seemed to commune with his own thoughts upon some important enterprise. At length, a man of mean appearance, who had served as scout, came, in joyous haste, to announce some important intelligence.

“He is come—he is safe,” said he, in a low tone.

“Heaven be blessed!” ejaculated the Arcediano, with fervour.

“Amen!” responded the whole assembly.

“Introduce him instantly,” now said a fierce-looking man.

‘Presently the long-expected person was ushered in; he was a young cavalier of gallant appearance, enveloped in a long cloak. This he threw by, and began to embrace his associates.’—vol. ii. pp. 94—96.

This was Don Alvar, the slighted lover of Costanza, whom by the way we have most ungallantly forgotten. Alvar was attached to the fortunes of Enrique, and was the chief agent of the conspirators. Pedro was deprived of the aid of the English, by the illness of their Prince, which, together with the endless anxiety and mortification caused to himself and his companions, by the conduct of Pedro, ultimately compels him to abandon the country.

The second volume is chiefly taken up with the progress of the conspiracy, if such it ought to be called, with the festivities which took place at Seville, in consequence of the marriage of Pedro's daughter to the Duke of Lancaster, and with an attempt on the part of the King to engage the affections of Costanza, and detach her from Ferran. In order to secure the separation of the lovers, Pedro lodges the cavalier in prison, from whence he is afterwards liberated, when his services are required against Enrique.

One of the most affecting passages in this second volume, is that in which the feelings of Pedro are delineated, at the time when intelligence began to thicken upon him from all quarters, of the increasing successes of his rival.

‘He grew restless and dissatisfied; even the favourite exercise of the chase, to which, as well as every chivalrous pursuit, he was partial to excess, was now wholly neglected. He was observed to take particular delight in solitary walks at night, about the streets of Seville, assuming the strangest disguises, and entering the most humble and obscure dwellings, to gather from the public voice the sentiments entertained of him, and the daily progress of the rebellion. These expeditions were always

attended with the most bitter mortification, which a variety of little circumstances tended to increase. He heard some severe truths, mingled with torrents of abuse and curses. He grew sombre and taciturn; his disposition for playful satire deserted him, and a settled expression of fierceness and suspicion banished the traces of every other feeling. His court was no longer attended by cringing sycophants or timorous and subservient cavaliers: he found himself alone in the midst of the magnificent and populous city of Seville. In these hours of sadness and foreboding, he would occasionally wander through the gardens of the palace, and as he passed near the bower and baths of Donna Maria Padrilla, his heart softened, and the unforgettten object of his adoration would shed over his seared breast the gentler dews of human sympathy, and for a moment counteract the baneful and rancorous feelings which held dominion there. Woman! to thee alone is granted the magic influence that heals the wounded and lacerated heart of man, and calms its stormy passions! It was only a woman that could have softened, and even controlled, as she once did, the temper of Don Pedro; and the pleasing, though melancholy, recollections of her charms and her love, now threw round the sombre and deserted sovereign a soothing melancholy, such as is imparted by the illusions of some past dream.

‘He became more and more attached to his children, particularly to the consort of the Duke of Lancaster. Whence this unusual sympathy in the heart of a man, apparently callous to all the softer emotions of humanity? Whence this reverting to objects already gone and mouldering in the dust—this silent communion with the dead? It is a feeling implanted in human nature. Those who are most deficient in tender feelings, and all the gentler moods of mind, yet bear within their heart, though in a deeper mould, the seeds of those mortal affections which misfortunes may blight, or the foul exhalation of passion may stifle in their growth. They are too firmly rooted to become extinct: some tender recollections of the past will exert their mild and benignant influence over the mind, and will cause them again to bud forth, sometime to expand into fresh beauty.

‘Don Pedro, despite of the courageous tone of his character, and the fiery impetuosity of his passions, was not proof against the abandonment which he experienced by all once attached to his court. He had before been subjected to the caprices of fortune, and to the treason of his vassals and friends, but in all his former troubles he perceived, or fancied he perceived, there were many sincerely attached to his person.

‘Besides, he was now oppressed by a sensation as strange as it was undefinable. Certainly the means of opposing his rebellious brother were now not less than during the former contest: he was yet possessed of a considerable treasure, the greater part of the kingdom remained faithful to him, and he could rely with confidence on the integrity of many of his chiefs; yet he was pursued by a gloomy presentiment that darkened every prospect—his imagination no longer presented the flattering pictures which in hours of sunshine it had conjured up. Don Pedro sunk into that state of sombre dejection to which even the most undaunted and stout-hearted men are sometimes subject. Every external object assumed an aspect of hostility: and human means of resistance to the threatened catastrophe appeared less than they really were. It was now that the mind of the king, intensely suffering under the melancholy which oppressed him,

sought through superhuman agency to see the shadow of his coming fate.'—vol. ii. pp. 222—226.

It is related in the chronicles of Ayala, and mentioned also by Mariana, that the evening before Pedro set out to contend with his bastard brother, once more for his kingdom, he consulted a learned Moorish sage of Granada, who foretold his death, "according to a prophecy of the English sage Merlin, who died about 400 years before that period." The circumstance is made use of by Mr. Trueba, with great effect.

'Don Pedro was not entirely free from superstitious belief in cabalistical skill, and the influence of the stars in directing and controlling the powers of man. In his former days, when not harassed and distressed by repeated misfortunes and by his own violent passions, he had scorned to yield to the superstition of the times, though he never persecuted the sages in astrological science, as it was then practised at Seville; nor would he interfere with the incantations and magical pretensions of Celestina and the rest of the weird sisters of Triana. Indeed, Don Pedro had rather given countenance to a celebrated Moorish astrologer, named Abrahén-Aben-Zarsal, whose art was held in dreaded respect. This magician lived a short distance from Seville, the tenant of a small ruined tower, where he had his laboratory, and from which he issued forth his portentous predictions. He had come from Granada, where he had been persecuted by the Mahomedan king: who, either not approving of the Moor's terrible prediction of the destruction of his own kingdom, or from some other cause, was exceedingly inimical to his mystical trade. In this dilemma, he had sought refuge in Seville, where he had experienced a welcome reception from Don Pedro, whose vivid fancy more readily received those impressions favourable to the art professed by the crafty Moor. He had once, between jest and earnest, consulted him, and came away highly satisfied with the astrologer's predictions, though he might have been somewhat puzzled to account for the satisfaction he felt, as the mysterious words admitted of very different interpretations.

'In his present gloomy mood, the king very naturally reverted to the learned astrologer; the shadows of superstition now fell doubly dark upon his mind, and almost obscured the light of reason; while an undefinable and anxious craving for an immediate solution of the dreaded enigma of his life, at length determined him to visit the sage in his solitary and mysterious abode.

'Accordingly, that very night, and with only one attendant, he resolved to seek an interview with the sorcerer. A sensation of shame at first checked his curiosity; he was loth to consider himself a weak man, but every consideration gave way before the gloomy frame of mind to which he was now habituated. The night came on, and with the utmost secrecy he assumed his disguise, and left the Alcazar, accompanied only by Rufino Diez. This humble individual had been of some service to the king, who had every reason to believe he was devotedly attached to his interests. The manly tone of his character, the energy of his mind, far superior to his birth, and the unconquerable hatred with which he was regarded by the partisans of Trastámara, especially the clergy, all tended to attach Don

Pedro to a being whom, even in the absence of every other feeling, circumstances and interest might render faithful.

Indeed, Rufino seemed more devoted to the king, in proportion as he was abandoned by his courtiers and attendants. Like every man become hateful to his fellow-creatures, Don Pedro was deeply sensible of offices of kindness, displayed in despite of general odium. Thus he felt a regard for the zapatero, and made him the companion of his nocturnal peregrinations and sombre moods. In the company, therefore, of this man, and in profound silence, Don Pedro now arrived at the tower of the astrologer.

It was a ruinous building, which in former times might have been accounted a fortress of a secondary rate, but was now so old and dilapidated, that nothing remained entire but a spiral tower, which at one time corresponded with another now crumbling into fragments. This ancient pile was situated in the centre of a plain, near a village, from which the sage supplied himself with the necessaries of life, and where his occasional visits were wont to produce no small sensations of reverence and awe. The moon shone refulgent and shed a silvery radiance on the moss-clad ruins; the awful silence of which imparted to the breast of Don Pedro a thrill of superstitious terror, such as the place and hour were naturally calculated to excite. One solitary light glimmered from the turret, where the sage passed his hours in solitary study, deeply investigating the hidden mysteries of the stars. Don Pedro loudly thundered at the gate; the hollow sound reverberated along the slumbering ruins, which had not for a long time been disturbed by such rude demands for admittance. The dull and moping tenants of those deserted walls were startled from their rest, and presently the ill-boding birds set up a shrill, lugubrious concert, noways pleasing to the ear.

The entrance gate was opened by an old man. The king declared the purport of his visit, and ascending slowly a winding stair-case, was ushered into the sanctum of Abrahen-Aben-Zarsal.

The appearance of the astrologer was in strict keeping with the spirit of his mysterious avocations. His long beard, silvered with the frost of age, his pale visage and the fire of his penetrating eye, were blended with the deep furrows of meditation, harmonizing well with his flowing robe, and the scientific apparatus with which he was surrounded.'—vol. ii, pp. 226—232.

We cannot afford room for all the conversation which takes place between the king and the astrologer on this occasion. It is sufficient for our purposes to add, that at parting, the sage, with his eyes duly distended, his arms stretched out, and his voice sufficiently awful, warned Pedro to "beware the eagle of Bretagne," and the "Torre de la Estrella."

The story once more returns to war. The king's forces are defeated battle after battle, and at Toledo are so completely routed, that he is obliged to fly, attended only by Don Ferran and a few faithful followers. They take refuge in the castle of Valpardo, the seat of Don Egas, who receives the royal fugitive with doubtful hospitality. Here Ferran again meets Costanza. The machinery of secret doors, and staircases, affords the author the means of harassing our imagination through the early part of the third

volume, and excites no small interest for the safety of the king, who is hotly pursued by his enemies, headed by Alvar. The castle is surrounded by them the morning after his arrival, he is of course obliged to have recourse to the secret passage, and common-placed as the idea of such a hiding-place is, we cannot but admit that the scene which it produces is wrought by Mr. Trueba to a degree of the most intense interest. Alvar, assured that Pedro was in the castle, issued orders for setting it on fire, unless the fugitive was surrendered.

"The fox must be unkenneled now; nothing can save him. Don Pedro, come forward!" he cried energetically; "see that you involve not in your ruin those who have befriended you."

A horrid pause ensued. Don Egas stood motionless, in an attitude of hopeless suspense; Costanza reclined in agony against a casement, and the different attendants evinced, in their mournful looks, their consternation at the idea of the approaching calamity.

"Come forward, Don Pedro," again shouted Lara, "come forward, or resign yourself to a fiery grave! 'tis for the last time I now call upon you."

A noise was heard;—it was a hollow sound proceeding from the wall; a smile of triumph was on Lara's lip—a cold shudder ran through the Vargas. In awful expectation the eyes of every one were directed towards the spot, whence the noise proceeded; gently a panel is removed, an aperture in the wall becomes visible, and the object of pursuit advances into the apartment, his countenance partly concealed by his cloak. A shout of joy from his enemies, hailed his appearance:—Vargas and his daughter cast a look of gloomy despair upon each other.

"'Tis well, Senor," said Don Alvar, addressing his enemy, "you have taken this prudent resolution; else, in a few minutes, my threat would have been carried into execution."

He received no answer from the figure, which stood motionless at the entrance of the panel, apparently in reckless unconcern. Lara could no longer restrain the transport of his pride and exultation, at the success of his pursuit.

"Thanks to Heaven, our labours are at an end! Your capture, Senor, happily restores peace and tranquillity to Castile; her sufferings have been prolonged, but they are at last brought to a termination, by the long desired accession of Don Enrique to the throne."

This vindictive speech seemed to have excited no ordinary emotion in the person to whom it was addressed, and the temper of Don Pedro became discernible in the strong convulsion which his frame seemed to sustain. The prospect of his lost crown had operated more strongly upon him, than the dread of his inveterate rival's revenge.

"Submit, Don Pedro, to your fate," said Don Alvar; "resistance would be madness in the present case; you must, therefore, quietly suffer yourself to be conducted before Don Enrique."

"Rebellious traitor! do not rejoice in your supposed achievement," cried the figure, with a powerful voice; "Don Pedro will yet be enabled to punish the revolt of a bastard brother, and his factious nobles. Rejoice not, De Lara; I repeat, your vigilance is baffled; Don Pedro of Castile, with the help of God, is safe."

‘What mean you?’ cried Don Alvar, in amazement; ‘you are then—no, no, ’tis impossible—he could not escape. Who, in the name of Satan, are you?’

‘Don Ferran de Castro!’ cried the noble Castilian, throwing aside his disguise.

‘A cry of wonder burst from every one. Lara stood motionless for a moment—but soon his passionate feelings gained the ascendancy over his amazement. He stamped fiercely in his disappointment—a foam actually whitened his compressed lips, and his eye was lit up with the terrible flash of irresistible rage. It produced, however, no signs of emotion in the calm features of Ferran de Castro. With a proud dignity he beheld the ebullition of his rival’s temper, and though he might expect the utmost violence from the impulse of his vengeance, he yet appeared perfectly collected and firm, in the expectation of his fate. Don Egas was partially relieved from his racking anxiety by this unexpected apparition, though his perplexity increased when he perceived the effects which the disappointment of Lara was likely to produce. Costanza’s situation was one of exquisite torture. She beheld her betrothed in the power of his revengeful rival;—a separation from him was now inevitable, and a cloud of gloomy forebodings began to darken her soul. Lara suffered his fierce looks to wander from one to another, and his bitter disappointment seemed somewhat relieved by the misery he beheld depicted in the countenances of the group; but the composed and tranquil demeanour of Don Ferran more than all exasperated his mind.’—vol. iii. pp. 48—52.

Alvar orders Ferran to be imprisoned as a traitor, but he is subsequently liberated through the interposition of Costanza, on the condition which we have already mentioned, that she should become the wife of the man whom she hated, and who was the avowed enemy of her lover! Such a woman was badly selected as a heroine. Ferran escapes to Toledo, where Pedro had been for some time closely pressed by Enrique. A desperate battle, described with great animation, takes place between the troops of Enrique and such forces as Pedro was enabled to collect. The latter is again defeated, and he flies for safety to the castle of Montiel.

‘The famous castle of Montiel stood upon a solid rock, which rose in the midst of a plain, about six leagues from Toledo. Nature had made it a strong fortress, and art had added every thing that might be wanting to render the place inaccessible to besiegers. Access could only be gained by a small, narrow, steep path-way, impeded at intervals by angles and turnings, constructed in such a manner, that from any part of the castle the movements of those who mounted could be easily perceived. The rest of this mountain was steep and rugged; so much so, that it was totally impracticable to gain access to the place, except by one small path. The castle was so favourably situated, that it was an ancient tradition, that it had never been taken from the possessors. It had also the advantage of a spring of clear water, and a great many store-rooms, while, from the many loop-holes, numberless shafts could be sent with deadly destruction upon the enemies below. Besides the awe with which the castle was regarded, for its antiquity and strength, a sensation of wild

superstition mingled with those feelings, and accounted for the various tales and prognostications attached to it. At a short distance from it stood the Star-tower, of which the famous Merlin, the English magician, had predicted most awful things. A knight was reported to have been murdered in one of its subterraneous cells; and a dismal groan was heard at midnight, on the eve of some great event, and whenever any stranger came to demand admittance into the castle.

‘ To this terrible place Don Pedro and his slender party, little dreaming then of Merlin and the murdered knight, now advanced at as quick a pace as their exhausted condition would permit; but upon their arrival they found the garrison in hostile array. No banner waved in the tower, except the one of the lord of the castle, and the king felt sad misgivings, lest this last refuge should be also denied him.—vol. iii. pp. 243—245.

Enrique, with his victorious troops, pursues the fugitive, and lays siege to the castle of Montiel. Pedro again effects his escape; but the conclusion of his story, involving one of the most striking catastrophies which history has recorded, must be told in the lucid and powerful language of Mr. Trueba.

‘ At the appointed hour, he put on his armour and left the castle of Montiel, accompanied only by Ferran de Castro, Men de Sanabria, and Diego Gonzalves, his three most devoted partizans. There was something alarming in the king’s manner; he went first, as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, and preserved a disconsolate silence. In this manner they quitted the main portal of the castle, and passed near the famous star-tower. The moon shed a flood of radiance on the ancient pile, and brought vividly before the eyes of the cavaliers every surrounding object. As they came nearer, Don Pedro for a moment checked his horse, and seemed somewhat startled, though the emotion was transitory, and he soon recovered his composure. The cause of his alarm soon became evident; he had seen over the entrance to the tower, written in large characters, the ominous words—*Esta es la torre de la estrella*. The prognostics and fearful traditions connected with that awful tower, rushed upon his mind; but his undaunted energy and noble pride soon steeled him to his purpose, and Don Pedro proceeded on without making any remark on what had affected him. But he soon met with another object, which, under his present circumstances, was calculated to awaken the greatest terror. He heard a sort of exulting cry, and as he turned, he fancied he perceived the ominous old man who had already twice before crossed him in his path. He turned away, with an involuntary shudder, from the haggard and lurid eyes of the visionary: but all these presages tended to augment the gloom that hung upon his brow. A party of horsemen now advanced towards them and challenged them to halt.

‘ “ Who goes there ? ” cried the chief—“ answer quickly, or look upon your death ! ”

‘ “ Hold ! Sir Begue de Villaines,” said Don Men de Sanabria, recognizing that chief and advancing to him : you are well acquainted with my treaty with Sir Bertrand, to which you gave your free consent. These are Don Pedro and his devoted followers; you cannot mean to play false now, and if such be your real intention, our lives shall not be cheaply purchased.”

"What!" cried the king, in an angry tone—"are we already betrayed? By Santiago, this is somewhat sooner than I expected."

"No, my liege," said Men de Sanabria; "I trust the French knight will not turn traitor."

"No, by my troth," replied the Begue de Villaines; "that you shall soon find. I mean to act as occasion demands; but not knowing who the party might be, I was excused in detaining you."

"Sir Bertrand Duguesclin," observed Ferran de Castro—"is, no doubt, in attendance in his tent: be pleased, Sir Knight, to conduct us thither."

"Follow me, and be of good cheer, for every thing is prepared for your reception."

Don Pedro and his attendants obeyed. Slowly, and in silence, they bent their steps to the tent of Duguesclin; an undisturbed tranquillity seemed to prevail around: the soldiers slept in security, and before the tent of the French knight there was only one sentinel to be seen. Don Pedro vaulted unhesitatingly from his horse, and followed the Begue de Villaines into the tent. The three faithful attendants, however, as if actuated by a mournful presentiment, remained on guard at the entrance. But Don Ferran de Castro, when he saw his master enter alone, could not resist a secret impulse to follow him; and, accordingly, requesting his companions to be on the alert, he proceeded close upon the footsteps of Don Pedro. The tent was only dimly illumined by the light of a single lamp, so that objects were scarcely discernable. At the side of a small table, reclined Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, as if plunged in profound reverie. The arrival of his guest awakened him from his trance, and he advanced towards the king with stately pace, but with much courtesy of manner.

"Sir Bertrand Duguesclin," said Don Pedro, in a steady tone, "behold me in your tent! The King of Castile trembles at nothing, though by some this act would be considered highly imprudent; for, in sooth, it much resembles venturing into the lion's den. I am here, alone: defenceless, but not afraid. Adhere to your promise; assist me in this hour of peril, and the dearest object in the world to me: even Don Ferran de Castro will remain as a pledge for the fulfilment of my promises. Soon as I reach Toledo, the two hundred thousand dollars shall be sent to you, and the castles be delivered up to you which you yourself may select. The night now wears apace; let this transaction be speedily concluded!"

Sir Bertrand spoke not; and the Begue de Villaines approached the extremity of the tent. Don Pedro cast a withering look round, uneasy at the impassive tranquillity of the French knight. After a short pause, Sir Bertrand began: "Don Pedro, the misfortunes which oppress this kingdom must be brought to an end; and you, no doubt, will be ready to make concessions which—"

"Concessions, none!" fiercely cried the king. "None which can be considered unworthy the dignity of my crown. Already I have broadly expressed my sentiments on this head; they are unchangeable, and I marvel, Sir Bertrand, that you should hold such language when I come into your tent with a very different purpose."

"You will consider," returned the French knight, "that you are now at our mercy, and that your cruelties have been such as to justify any

violence offered to your person. The deaths of Blanche, Don Fadrique, and so many other victims—”

“Basta! Sir Bertrand,” cried Don Pedro, impatiently—“I came not here to listen to remonstrances and uncourteous rebukes: I am under no obligation to account for what I may have done in my kingdom. This, however, will I tell you, that the traitorous brother, and the other victims whom you deplore, might have been alive had they not revolted against their king; and as for Blanche, you yourself, Sir Bertrand, and your crew, may claim some part in her death. It was the aid you afforded the rebels that gave them power. Now I charge you, as you are a true knight, to fulfil those promises in virtue of which I have been brought into your presence.”

Don Pedro delivered these words in a manly and resolute tone, and fixing his eyes intently on Sir Bertrand, seemed, by his angry looks, to reproach him with his dilatoriness. At this instant, the canvas that covered the back of the tent was suddenly drawn aside, and a troop of cavaliers, completely armed, entered the place. They were French knights, but Don Pedro appeared in no way disconcerted; on the contrary, he supposed they had come in order to fulfil their agreement.

“Now, Sirs,” he said, confidently—“it is high time for us to depart.” No one uttered a word; but soon after, a knight detached himself from the rest of the party, and came towards Duguesclin and the Begue de Villaines. It was Trastamara; but whether from a sensation of terror, or from some other cause, he remained still, and appeared as if rooted to the ground. He cast an anxious look around, and seemed as if he failed to recognize his brother: so much altered, indeed, did he appear, owing to the misfortunes he had lately endured. Don Pedro, nothing daunted by the sudden appearance of his rival, stood in stern tranquillity, as if awaiting what this visit might portend. It was then that one of the knights cried out to Trastamara, pointing to the king—“My liege, behold your enemy—and your prisoner!”

Don Pedro cast a ferocious look, and in a threatening and decided voice, “Yes, I am he, I am he!” he cried, at the same time advancing.

Don Enrique sprung upon him, and with a sudden thrust stabbed him in the face with a poignard. The king, with a shout of mingled anguish and indignation, closed upon his rival. They now wrestled with equal animosity, and resolution. It was a terrific sight, an unnatural contest—they were kings and brothers, and the prize of their contest was a throne. A sudden thrill of horror, seemed to deprive the spectators of the power of interference; no one attempted to separate the infuriate foes. Trastamara endeavoured to inflict another wound, but the armour of the king baffled his intention. Besides, he was so closely locked in the fierce embrace of his rival, that he was now obliged to exert every effort to keep his position, so as not to allow himself to be overpowered. Meantime the deep gash which he had inflicted on the face of Don Pedro, bled profusely, and it was mournful to behold the two rancorous brothers thus bathed in their common blood. The pain of the wound, and the sense of injury, powerfully seconded the gigantic exertions of the king, although his situation seemed desperate. The faithful Ferran de Castro witnessed

the conflict with agony, yet as they were equally matched, and no one of the knights had offered to interfere, a feeling of chivalry prevented him from assisting the king. But the king stood in need of no assistance. After a struggle of a few minutes, he overthrew his rival and fell upon him across a bench.

"Traitor!" he cried fiercely, "I am thy king, and thy superior; yea, even as a man."

But the attendants now trembled for the consequences; the more so as Don Pedro, animated by his success, and stung to madness at the sight of the blood that flowed from his wound, had completely mastered Don Enrique. In this alarming crisis, Sir Bertrand cried out to the bystanders—

"What, Sirs, will you see your master butchered before your eyes? Will you tamely behold the scene, without affording aid to your sovereign?"

The hint was immediately taken, and the Count of Rochebreton, who was the nearest to the prostrate foes, now seized Don Pedro by the legs and turned him over, by which means Trastamara got uppermost, and, in his turn, pinned his foe to the ground. At the same time, Sir Bertrand cried, "I neither make king, nor mar king."

The Castilian, as soon as he beheld this treacherous transaction, drew his weapon, and darted against the Count of Rochebreton; but he was prevented from either assisting the king, or wreaking his vengeance upon the Frenchman. The spectators closed upon him, and succeeded in disarming him, but not before he had inflicted a mortal wound on the foremost.

"Don Men—Don Diego," he cried, faintly, "strike for your king!" But those cavaliers had already been secured by numbers, and were prevented from affording any aid.

Meantime, Don Enrique, with perfect security, plunged again his dagger, already wreaking with gore, into the neck of his unfortunate brother: the blood, black and foaming, spurted violently, and stained his countenance; while Don Pedro, unable to defend himself, but no ways daunted by this frightful scene, ferociously fixed his eyes upon the fratricide, and in a loud and frenzied voice cried out—

"Traitorous fiend! abominable bastard! this is well, and, more than all, bespeaks thy base and dastard soul. I curse thee, and I despise thee—thou shalt mount my throne, but it is by treachery alone: in open field thou couldst not match me. I die, but I feel one consolation. Ay—I had vanquished thee—I had brought thee to that lowly ground where thy traitorous body ought long since to have been rotting. I fall by treason—the curse of Heaven upon ye! Undaunted I have lived—and fearless I die. Ferran, my good Castilian, farewell; and, as thou valu'st thy murdered master, never—"

He could speak no more; a dizziness came over him, and his eyes were covered with the film of death. One strong momentary convulsion shook his frame, and then, uttering a dismal groan, he expired.

Thus ended Don Pedro of Castile, surnamed the cruel, in the prime of life, not having, as yet, attained his thirty-fifth year. His tragical death seemed, for a moment, to have awed the spectators of the dreadful scene. In sooth, Don Pedro offered a most appalling spectacle; his ferocious

eyes were open, and seemed, even in death, to threaten vengeance against his foes; his teeth were fiercely clenched—a bitter grin of anger and scorn sat on his lip, and the clotted gore that defiled his countenance, caused a sensation of pity and horror.’—vol. iii. pp. 335—347.

In order to wind up the tale we must add, that Alvar was mortally wounded at the siege of Montiel, and thus Costanza becomes almost a bridal widow. Enrique, after being established on his throne, orders Ferran for execution. This ungenerous proceeding seems to have been devised only for the purpose of restoring Costanza to the good graces of the reader, for just at the moment that the mandate is about to be carried into effect, she appears before the king in her widow’s weeds, petitions for the life of Ferran, supported by a similar petition in writing from her late husband—obtains her suit, and is married to ‘The Castilian! We make no comment upon this lame conclusion of a love story, which, though intended for a leading feature of the work, becomes an episode that scarcely fixes our attention.

The episode of the ZAPATERO, though meant to be a secondary one, is much more interesting, and infinitely better related, than that of ‘The Castilian.’ Whether this story of the shoemaker be well founded or not, it is of no consequence to enquire. In such a country as Spain it is highly probable, under some of Enrique’s successors, similar deviations from the ordinary course of promotion have undoubtedly taken place. We must do Mr. Trueba the justice to say, that he has turned the Zapatero to the greatest advantage. His first appearance on the scene, his conduct throughout the piece, and the termination of his career, are highly dramatic.

ART. X.—*The Manual for Invalids*. By a Physician. pp. 348. London: Bull. 1829.

ALAS! poor Kitchiner!—a fellow of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy for joking a hypochondriac out of his humours, for curing the sick by piquant doses of wit, and for laughing down (*καταγελῶντα* as Lucian has it) the healthy into a peptic regimen, in order to escape sickness,—Alas! poor Kitchiner! thou art gone! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment? your careful counting of the number of munches necessary to fit a mouthful of mutton “for its journey down the red lane?”* your inimitable duets between beef and cabbage?† your exquisite directions for tickling an oyster to death?‡—All—all are gone, and not a thread of your mantle has

* Kitchiner’s *Peptic Precepts*, p. 295, 4th edit. “Qu’il faut trente-deux coups de machoire pour qu’une aliment soit assez bien trituré.”—*Alm. des Gourm.*

† Kitchiner’s *Cook’s Oracle*, No. 505.

‡ *Ibidem*, No. 181.

yet alighted on any one of the numerous *pretensorelli* to fill the chair of dietetics vacated by your decease. Dr. Paris is too strictly philosophic, and has too much of the elegant polish of a finished classical scholar, to think of defacing his beautiful paragraphs with a joke, having before his eyes a due fear of the censure passed by Mons. La Harpe on our English productions, which that *homuncio* in criticism pronounced to be a "*mélange du sérieux et du bouffon, du grave, et du burlesque, qui défigure si grossièrement les pièces Anglaises et c'est un reste de barbarie.*"* Dr. Andrew Duncan, jun., again—the scribe of the dietetic articles in the *Encyclopædias*, has more learning than he knows what to do with, and would do well to digest his own multifarious reading, before he attempts to instruct others about the digestibility of salads and *salmagundi*. Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson we can scarcely pass over, seeing that he is dignified with the title of Professor of Dietetics in the London University; but he being incapable of uttering a sentence or penning a paragraph which is not garnished by some sesquipedalian technicality, we must put him *hors de combat* with respect to books intended to be intelligible to unprofessional beef-eaters. Abernethy, indeed—the renowned John Abernethy, must have been the very man M. La Harpe had in his eye, when he indited the above passage about the serious buffoonery and burlesque gravity of the English—and Abernethy would be the very man we should nominate as a successor to Kitchiner, were he not tainted so hopelessly with the absurd heresy of Spurzheimism, and too adhesively wedded to his blue pill and old Lewis Cornaro, the gossiping Venetian egg-eater. One has only to look at the portrait of Abernethy in the print-shops, to discover at a glance, his peculiar fitness for seasoning any dish whatever with *saucés piquantes* of his own invention. He is represented with both hands crammed into his breeches pockets, and standing with his whole soul screwed up to the pitch of a joke, which he seems to be in travail with, and ready to bring forth, *tuto celeriter, et jucunde*, as the young physicians say at the Westminster Society. It appears to us, indeed, that Abernethy usually carries all his wit in these same breeches pockets, at least, we are certain he often pays them a visit previous to his sporting his best things to make his pupils merry withal, and illuminate his history of "dry bones," and mangled limbs, by flashes from the fire of genius. Look at his humourous eye in the portrait—the very emblem of a humourous eye—which seems at first glance sedate and sober, but kindles into merry glee the nearer you look into it, and is redolent of wit and fun, while the lip is all on the quiver and *qui vive*, to give utterance to what has ascended from the very bottom of his breeches pockets. The slight compression of the lip, which, we may remark, is caused by the superlative tact of the humourist, not to let his joke escape too soon,

* La Harpe, *Lycée*, vol. i, p. 7, 4th ed. 8vo. Paris.

and flash in the pan, as it were. No,—he likes first to enjoy it himself, and roll it like a “sweet morsel under his tongue,” while he concocts it and licks it into shape, as a bear does her cub, taking good aim the while to make the ball hit its mark :—as Addison has it—

“He bridles in his struggling joke with pain,
That longs to bounce, and fire the laughing train.”

The author of the ‘Manual for Invalids,’ now before us, is altogether unqualified for taking a station among such popular writers upon diet and regimen, for though he tells us he ‘trusts that a long life devoted to the study of the laws of animal economy, and to the circumstances which precede the change from health to disease, has qualified him for the task he thus undertakes’—We must tell him that he has not (at least successfully) made any progress in the study of intelligible writing to the unprofessional; for his book is as well interlarded as Dr. Anthony Todd Thompson himself could desire, with all the slang of the Medical Schools; and it must therefore remain a sealed book, to those for whom the title page and the preface announce it to be intended. We shall endeavour to exemplify our remarks, by contrasting a few passages upon the more interesting topics which he pretends to discuss, with some which we humbly conceive, better adapted to the object intended. We shall begin with a very popular one, “Early Rising,” upon which our author—who has the vanity to ‘trust that he is qualified for the task he undertakes,’ thus holds forth :—

‘There can be no doubt but that the atmosphere most conformable to the *expansion* of the lungs, and the more perfect *oxygenation* of the blood, is that of the morning. After a state of repose, when all the *voluntary muscles* have for many hours been in a state of inaction, the *heart* is found to be more powerful, more regular, and more slow in its *contractions*, than at night, after the fatigue, the anxiety, and the irritable, fidgety sensations accompanying the *actions* of the laborious exertion during the day.

‘How the heart should possess a power of restoring its own energies, while its action continues, is one of those *first principles* which we know, but of its cause we remain as ignorant as we were when in the cradle.

‘Upon the perfect function of the brain, which constitutes what we have denominated mental power, not only health, but even happiness itself, do greatly depend. All nervous irritation, all mental irritability must be dispersed by that *regular vascular excitement*, which takes place after a perfect night of repose. In a good sleep the *action* of the body, which makes impression on the mind, if not altogether at rest, is much more so than when the body is awake. When a person goes to sleep, he puts himself in a recumbent posture, which is not a posture he commonly assumes when awake. In this position he is supported by a great number more points than when standing, sitting or walking; therefore, more points being pressed upon, it requires less exertion to avoid the effects of such pressure. So far, therefore, the body may be said to be more at rest when

asleep, than when he is awake. A twelve, or sixteen hours' uninterrupted continuation of active exertion, causes such an *impetuous strain of consumption*, as produces a more *violent pulse*, a kind of general fever, commonly called an evening fever: sleep then comes to the relief of both the body and the mind; and after seven or eight hours' pause of this kind, *the stream of vital consumption* is so much checked, and what has been lost is so fully renewed, that *pulsation*, and all its other movements, are again performed, slowly and regularly, and the course of life proceeds in a healthful manner, as before.

'I have given a variety of reasons why the invalid should, if possible, take the advantage of the morning air, which is a time when every *formation*, both *animal* and mental, is most perfect, and best calculated to convert the *tonic power* of the air into *gentle excitement* and pleasant feelings; for the exertions, both of body and are mind, greater than could be supported for a continuance, were it not for those intervals of repose which they receive during sleep.'—p. 83.

Now, we submit, that all this is stilted up far too high upon technicalities, to be intelligible to the non-medical reader, though the subject certainly did not call for, or require it; and though it is one which ought to have been plainly dealt with, as highly important for the consideration of morning sleepers, who waste the precious hours of rest, in every species of health-destroying occupation. We should say, that assemblies, late parties, routs, revels, or midnight studies, and even idle gossiping, and six-penny whist,—continued to a late hour,—are all deadly instruments of destruction to the nerves, and no less so to the memory, and other powers of the mind. Hence it is, that, independent of drinking and other dissipation, those who indulge in late hours (employ them as they will) are certain to suffer, and to be affected with the whole tribe of nervous and bilious complaints, wandering pains, head-aches, trembling hands, unnatural hunger or loss of appetite, disordered bowels, and flatulencies of the stomach, with a listlessness and disinclination to all activity, or business, and an inability for study or meditation. The prevention of all which evils, it ought to have been the aim of this little book, to teach plainly and practically, with the permission of the reader, for the author to indulge in an occasional excursion into the "High-ways and Bye-ways" of philosophy, for the purpose of picking up a useful hint, or practical precept, which could not be had elsewhere. But the readers (if it find any) must not expect any thing of this kind here; for the author will at once bewilder them in a labyrinth of words, or bemire them in a scientific morass—instead of following, as he ought to have done, the advice of Milton, in his book on Education, no less just than beautiful, where he says, "We shall conduct you to a hill side, laborious indeed at first ascent, but else so smooth, so gentle, so full of goodly prospects, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." We shall now produce our promised contract,

by showing how the late Dr. Kitchiner treated the subject, which this *Manual Physician* has buried under his technicalities.

‘The machinery of man, like the works of a watch, after a certain time wants winding up, or it will go down—when this time comes, till a gentleman is wound up by food, and rest, he cannot talk any better than the watch can tick till that is wound up again. When the body and the mind are both craving repose, to force their action by the inflaming spur of spirituous stimulus, is the most extravagant waste of the *Vis Vita*, that barbarous fashion ever invented to consume her foolish votaries—for with all possible deference,—we presume, the reader will forgive us for not terming it a wise bargain, to purchase hours of hilarity at the heavy price of sleepless, feverish nights, and days of head-ach, nervous tremours, bilious pains, &c.

‘There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning between sleeping and waking. He who is awake may be at work or play:—He who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action;—but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering, are wasted without pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed, the seldomer you will be confined to it. When old people have been examined in order to ascertain the cause of their longevity, they have uniformly agreed in one thing only, that they “ALL went to bed,” and “ALL ROSE EARLY.”

‘What is to be said FOR the folly of not going out to an evening party until you ought to be going into your bed? Every body has enough to say AGAINST it! but nevertheless, the very persons who exclaim loudest against this foolish fashion, are frequently found amongst the foremost of those who follow it:—how comes this? Why this is quite unaccountable!—No, indeed,—No,—pray pardon me,—but with the utmost submission, it is among the strange things which are very easily accounted for. It is fashionable! It is extremely GENTLE!! However, these midnight meetings, under the inviting appellation of GENTLE parties, are in fact a barbarous invention of the idle and the imbecile, to undermine health and annihilate the independence of the industrious and the healthful.’ —*Dr. Kitchiner's Essay on Early Rising*.—p. 55.

The contrast between the two passages is striking—very striking, and is unquestionably in favour of the latter.

Perceiving that he has headed one of his Chapters ‘the Science of Chemistry recommended as a study—to the Invalid’ we turned to it in expectation of meeting with some explanation of the several processes employed in the preparation of the articles of food and drink; but instead of this we find nothing but a series of vague and useless generalities, such as a Frenchman would be apt to write in a preface to a book on Chemistry in general. He talks of it as affording “various interesting employments for the mind,” and asks whether “the invalid is not consulting the restoration of his health, in turning his attention to the beautiful phenomena of chemical science? but he deigns not to unfold any of the said “beautiful phenomena.” He adds, however, that “without it he cannot even understand the process by which his food sustains his

strength, nor the *manner of remedies employed as curative agents* in affording him relief when afflicted with disease." Still he does not describe one of these processes, nor explain the chemical mode of action of any remedy—but proceeds in his useless style of generality to say that chemistry 'is a science which investigates the composition of material substances, and the permanent changes of constitution which other mutual actions produce. It is a branch of natural Philosophy, which unfolds the nature of all material bodies,' &c. &c. page 17. Now all this vague stuff has no more connection with the professed object of the '*Manual for Invalids*,' than what the author has thrust in, still more out of place, about Brown the traveller, Columbus, Isocrates, David Hartley, the Jesuits, and Montaigne, to show, mayhap, that he knew a few things *ultra crepidam*.

With respect to chemistry, however, there cannot be a doubt that not the least important of the many obligations which we owe to it are the principles daily employed in the preparation of our food; and it is rather singular we think, in this age of improvement, when we find compendiums, and easy introductions to Chemistry in every body's hands—that almost none of them—no, not even the voluminous systems of the science, mention in detail the processes, so important to our existence and our health, and which our author would have been better employed in detailing, than in mustering his generalism. May not this have arisen, on his as well as on the part of some of his predecessors, from the wit and the ridicule so often directed against what may be called the literature of the kitchen? Are our systematic chemists, indeed, afraid of the world's dread laugh? When really, after all, there is nothing so very laughable in preparing nourishment, which we daily want, and cannot dispense with.

Instead of wit, the propensity to pamper and to gormandize ought to be met with contempt, or with pity. Every body must despise such a character as Justice Greedy in the Comedy, but it is only a piece of foolish and unmeaning cant—(and there is not much meaning in any sort of cant)—to affect to ridicule, what is useful and indispensable.

We have sometimes remarked that such wittings are most notorious hypocrites; for, while they affect temperance, and frame their pastoral eulogiums on the Hermit's Fare of roots and spring water, they are secretly longing after, and will be among the first to partake, and enjoy the nicest tit-bits of a corporation feast: just like the moralist whose delicate feelings are shocked, when criminal indulgencies are barely hinted at; but who will not scruple to revel in secret in the grossest sensualities, and even when he cannot actually do so, will, with little less criminality, allow his thoughts and his fancy to wanton and wallow in imaginary scenes of debauchery and vice—though it is of much more importance to keep the thoughts and the fancy pure, than to square the language

of our every-day intercourse down to the level of meaningless hypocrisy, and the false and smooth-going decencies of *cant*.

The chemical processes employed in preparing our food, may be resolved into the different modes of applying heat to animal and vegetable substances, and this is done in two ways, either directly, or through the medium of some fluid such as water or oil; in a word, by roasting, broiling, or baking; or by frying, boiling, or stewing. All of these render the substance softer than in the raw state, and new chemical combinations are formed which render it entirely different in flavor and in nutritive properties. The chemical changes are so great, indeed, that in many cases the original constituents can no longer be recognized or separated. It would have been useful if our author had condescended to explain some of these.

Upon the subject of drink, we do not find that our author has said any thing. If we are to trust Mr. Abernethy's judgment and experience on this topic, no sort of diluent or fluid ought to be taken during or after our meals, since this would be likely to injure the stomach, by rendering its juices less efficacious in the digestion of our food. Hunger and thirst, he thinks, are incompatible sensations. A hungry animal would eat to satiety, and the stimulus of the food would bring on a discharge of the juices of the stomach, which have the power of digesting the food; and it is not probable that the sensation of thirst would be experienced till this operation of the stomach is effected. If the sensation of thirst then occurred, water would appease it, without frustrating the digestive functions.

His rule, therefore, in taking vinous liquors for persons to whom habit has rendered them necessary, is that they should not take them during their meals, lest the temporary excitement which they produce should make them take more food than the powers of the stomach are capable of digesting; but afterwards they may be allowed so much of them as may be required to induce agreeable feelings, or, to express the fact more clearly, as much as is necessary to prevent those uncomfortable sensations which the want of them may occasion; and it may be added, the less they take the better. People deceive themselves on this point. A disordered stomach will feel uncomfortable after eating; fermented liquors remove for a time the unpleasant sensations. Potion after potion is swallowed on this account, often without producing permanent tranquillity, and much to the injury of the stomach. Wine drinkers, he shrewdly remarks, do not drink wine after every meal, which proves that wine is not necessary to their digestion.

With Abernethy, however, we should not be disposed to agree on this, any more than upon the practice of swallowing his eternal blue pills, delicious though they may be, and perfumed, as they usually are, with roses as fragrant as the Persian nightingale ever fell in love with. We should say that the quantity of drink, as well as the kind of liquor, must depend altogether on the sort of

food eaten. If we were to live almost wholly on vegetable food, like an Irish peasant or a Hindoo, we should for the most part require no drink at all, except when exhausted by heat or perspiration; for water constitutes so large a proportion of all the vegetables, that little else is necessary. The peasants accordingly, who live on vegetable food, seldom drink any thing but ardent spirits, and that necessarily in small quantities. They seldom or never drink large quantities of beer or porter, and have little relish for it. The case is very different with those who live on a large proportion of animal food, as in the case of the working classes in London, who could not live were they not to indulge in copious potations of some kind or other; for as their animal food contains but little water, and besides is strongly stimulant, and spurs on the secreting glands to take so much fluid from the blood, there must be a supply provided to over-balance the expenditure, or intolerable thirst, fever, and other diseases will ensue.

If, therefore, we eat a large quantity of beef or pork, more particularly if it be salted, or if we drink much wine, or *hard* malt liquor, the stimulus which it produces on the glands causes a greater expenditure of fluids than it supplies. For example, it spurs on the kidneys to give out more wine, the liver to give out more bile, the skin to throw off more perspiration, the lungs to throw off more moisture, and the fountains of the mouth to produce more saliva—and, of course, all these are to be supplied from the blood, so long as it can afford the supply. When the blood has, at length, parted with as much fluid as it can spare, the fountains of the mouth, as well as the liver, kidneys, lungs and skin, thirst for more, and become hot and uneasy, because they cannot get it, as there is so much animal food used, which produces a high stimulus, and so little watery vegetable food.

The feeling of thirst is given us to indicate the want of fluid in the blood, for when in its course the blood comes to the fountains of the mouth, and cannot supply fluid enough to moisten them, thirst is the necessary consequence. But when this is the case, it must be obvious that drinking will not and cannot *immediately* quench thirst, be the drink taken what it may, in quantity or quality; for, before it can properly quench thirst, it must pass into the stomach and be digested, to fit it for mingling with the blood, and this process always requires some time. From not knowing this simple fact, many persons, when thirsty, drink too much, and oppress their stomachs with a superfluous quantity of liquor. We have known even water-drinkers very much injure their stomachs by too copious libations.

Another important subject for invalids, upon which the author of the Manual has not said a word, is dress, though he condescends to be more than usually plain and familiar upon the structure of the skin, and its various affections. He probably considers dress, like the chemistry of cooking, to be a subject too low for the lofty

style of verbiage, which he supposes to be philosophy. We shall, therefore, take it upon ourselves to give him one brief hint, which he is welcome to use should he ever feel inclined to print (he will not find it easy to publish) another volume of instructions, directing people, when it is necessary, to "consult a physician." (*Pref.*) The hint which we allude to, refers to the use of flannel, which is so very prevalent, and frequently so very injurious to the wearers.

We would remark then, that invalids, and those who have weak constitutions, are more liable to be troubled with cold feet or hands, than with feelings of cold on any part of the trunk of the body. This fact would naturally suggest to a rational observer, an additional pair of socks or stockings, with warm shoes and gloves, rather than a flannel shirt, though this glaring absurdity is precisely what has long been in fashion, and is even prescribed by physicians of reputation, who are in other respects well informed philosophical practitioners. The consequence, therefore, of wearing flannel shirts by those whose hands and feet are liable to become cold from weakness, is, that a greater portion of the blood, that is, of the life of the system, is expended on the parts irritated by the flannel, and of course there must be less to spare for the extremities and other parts of the system. In this way, it is, that the heads and feet of the weak become colder by the use of a flannel shirt. In stronger people, and perhaps in warmer climates, this increased coldness of the extremities may not be perceptible, as the strong can better bear some increased expenditure of blood on the skin, without their extremities suffering from the loss; and in warmer climates, the extremities may not be so liable to become cold.

Dr. Darwin mentions a very curious fact, which strongly illustrates these principles. A child, six years old, having been inoculated for small pox, had its bosom and face, at the beginning of the fever, covered with a fiery red colour, and exceedingly hot to the touch, while the feet were cold and pale. On exposing the bosom and face to colder air, with the feet only slightly covered, the fiery red colour disappeared in a few minutes, and the circulation of the blood being thus equalized, and a due proportion sent to the feet, they immediately became as warm as natural. It may be fairly inferred from the preceding facts, that all unnecessary increase of irritation from warm clothing, is more injurious to feeble, than to robust constitutions.

Flannel, as we have seen, increases the perspiration, and therefore, must contribute to weaken and emaciate the body; as is well known to jockies, who, when they are too heavy for riding, find the quickest way to lessen their weight is by sweating themselves between blankets, in a warm room. This practice, as is found by experience, infallibly weakens the system by the excess of so general a stimulus, brings on a premature old age, and lessens the span of life. The same thing may be inferred from the quick matu-

city and shortness of the lives of the inhabitants of Hindostan, and other warm climates.

It is also to be remarked, that when the heat of the body in weak persons, is increased by the irritation of the points of flannel, a greater consequent debility succeeds, than when it is produced by the warmth of fire; for the flannel produces the increase of heat by irritating the skin, and bringing to it an increased current of warm blood, while the fire increases it by actually giving out its own heat, without the same increased expenditure of blood. Upon these principles the wearing of a new flannel shirt, not too fine, for six, eight, or ten days, (not longer) may often act as powerfully in drawing off the attacks of disease from the lungs, the liver, or the bowels, as a couple of blisters, half a foot in diameter.

On arriving in the course of our perusal of the volume, near the end of our toilsome journey, we marked out the following passage, entitled by the author, a 'Philosophical Commentary,' which we imagine he would himself prefer to see selected as a specimen of his best manner. He holds forth in these words:—

'From a retrospective review of what has been adduced, it will appear evident that a certain state, or *predisposition of organic structure*, is essential to the attainment and preservation of health. There is a variety in the *primordial stamina* of different persons, which renders them more or less liable to be affected by external agents. Experience has demonstrated, that it is not essential to great duration or longevity, that the person should possess perfect health, for there are many instances on record, where the party has continually been subject to *functional affections*, and yet have lived to an extreme age. The human species differ very widely from every living creature with which we are acquainted; not only in the *complexity* of their *organization*, but in *being a party* to which mind, and all intellectual feeling so particularly belong. The bodily organs of man will soon cease to act in unison, unless his internal feelings correspond nearly with his external circumstances; he is surrounded with many wants, but he has also a greater amplitude of means to gratify them, than any other creature;—his being appears more expanded, his *organization* is very complicated and delicate, and his *intensive life* and *self-convincing powers*, are, therefore, very great. His very existence, appears in a physical view, as little else than incessant change, an almost perpetual alternation of destruction and restoration! Fresh component parts are every moment collected from surrounding agents, called into life from an inanimate state, and transferred from the *chemical* to the *organic* and *living world*; which now lose many of their *chemical affinities*, and in exchange, become subject to the laws of *vital organization*.'—p. 299.

The only part of the volume with which we were interested, contains some smart exposures of the puffing system of advertisers—not however from the pen of the author, but from the preface to a scarce tract in his possession. As there are few of our readers, we are persuaded, who would not be pleased with his passage, after being bewildered among the 'vital organizations' of the author's 'thoracic and abdominal viscera'—we shall here extract it.

' In short, we seem to be the wisest, wealthiest, and certainly may, if we please, be the very happiest people under the sun, as it is universally allowed, we are the most generous and disinterested. In evidence of this position, have we not advertisements daily offered to the public, containing invitations to health, beauty, vigour, wives, places, pensions and honours?—all of which may be obtained for money. And what leaves nothing to be wished for, in this glorious country, is the candid and generous offers of money itself; that very essential article, so often made in every part of the metropolis. Some gentlemen, indeed, confine their offers to persons of fashion, upon security *natale solum*; the greater part of these beneficent beings, like the sun and rain, are disposed to dispense their blessings indiscriminately on all. But should a mistaken pride, or any other reason, prevent the acceptance of these kind and disinterested offers; there are gentlemen to be found, for money, deeply skilled in the science of calculation on the mysteries of the *cabala*, who would most readily direct your choice of the most lucky numbers in games of chance, or in the lottery, or such other methods of applying your money, as will to a certainty ensure your acquiring an independent fortune without the least risk, and in a very short time! All which advantages they would doubtless have long since secured to themselves, were they not actuated by that love for mankind, and contempt of sordid lucre, which always distinguishes true philosophy.

' Not to mention other gentlemen, who will make irregular and decayed teeth give place to others of six different enamels. We have professors, also, who will undertake to raise up fallen noses, or make new ones, at the choice of the patient. Broken jaw-bones are not allowed to form in a callous in the regular way *ex natura*; but mechanical means are employed, which make the bones much the better since the accident! We have one person who is a great benefactor of mankind, for he absolutely undertakes to cure all, and every disorder to which the frailty of our common nature has rendered us liable—and this he offers to prove clearly to our senses, if we are not incorrigibly ignorant, by a process called occult demonstration,—he being (to use his own words) mechanically accurred and anatomically perfected in the human structure! We all know, and many feel, to their costs—that the gout is a most painful disease; but we ~~are now~~ happily informed, that an infallible cure has been discovered for that dreadful disorder; and that persons who are suffering under its paroxysms, so as to be utterly unable to move, may be radically cured, either by the month, the year, or even for life, without any annoyance from medicine, but simply by muscular motion; or by another secret, which the generous possessor offers to disclose to the public, for the paltry sum of twenty thousand pounds! In addition to this,—all the disorders contained in the long catalogue of human miseries, will be found to yield to the stupendous power of the vapour baths of a modern worthy, whence, like Jason from the Kettle of Medea, the patient springs out totally renovated!!!

' There are many advertisements which do not altogether, perhaps, reflect honour upon the parties concerned, or that of the country where they are suffered; but even this, like every thing else, is matter of opinion; such, for instance, as those relative to the seats in parliament; or that of guardians, offering to bestow their wards in marriage upon certain considera-

tions. But the first is no new matter, having been the usage time out of mind; and as for the other, what may appear as sordid in the proposal, will serve, like shade in a picture, or discord in music, to form a contrast and set off the disinterested offers of other advertisers.

‘Though it may, perhaps, be objected, that some of the outrages upon common feeling here related, are not now existing; or that the writers are dead;—to this I answer,—that if some causes have ceased to exist, others equally absurd and abominable are every day created by living actors, which many know to their cost. In fine, folly and ignorance, whenever it is to be found, immediately produces a demand for fraud and every species of imposition.’

‘Beware of hypocrisy of every description;—you may as well believe that the Pope can send you to perdition, as that an advertising charlatan can, by any empirical nostrum restore you to health.’—p. 327.

Had the rest of the volume run in this vein, it might probably have found readers; in its present form it is not adapted for any class—being too trifling and vague for professional men, and far too technical, prosy, and dull for the unprofessional invalid.

ART. XI.—*Précis de l'Histoire Ancienne*, par M. M. Poirson et Caix, professeurs de l'histoire aux collèges royaux de Henri IV. et de Charlemagne. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

THE success of Niebuhr's ingenious scrutiny (frequently fanciful as it appears to us) into the early History of Rome, has produced the usual effects of literary success—a crowd of imitations—all endeavouring to attract notoriety by mincing their little scraps of scepticism, and nibbling at the facts which have been considered as indisputably established for the last two thousand years. There can be little doubt that such discussions frequently prove useful, but they are not without their evils, among which the most serious is the tendency they have to unhinge our belief in all history; but we must, as in all human things, be contented to take a portion of evil with what is really good, and so must we take the researches of Niebuhr, the great historical reformer himself, as well as his numerous disciples and imitators, among whom we must reckon Poirson and Caix, the joint authors of the work now under review. We well recollect a remarkable saying of the Professor of Greek, while we were attending the University some twenty years ago—namely, “that we now knew more of the Greek language (meaning its structure) than the old Greeks themselves;—and if M. Niebuhr's School of History become as fashionable as it threatens to do, we shall perhaps come to know more of the transactions of the classical ages, than the very actors and agents themselves.

We find our authors, accordingly, entering into investigations upon the History of Greece, replete with interest and novelty, referring both to the early and the later ages of Greece—upon the periods which preceded the wars of Philip, as well as those which

followed the epoch of Alexander the Great, up to the Roman conquest.

Such appears to us to be the character of this production. It brings to light several facts which have hitherto been unknown or ill understood; distinguishes with an apparent precision—(not as we think always accurate) the different races or tribes of the Greeks, with their several origins; and endeavours (with rather more success) to clear up the chronological epochs from the disorder and confusion in which they have so long been involved—particularly the period intervening between the arrival of the Heracleidæ and the Macedonian war, and that which immediately succeeded the conquests of Alexander, till Greece became a Roman province.

These researches, we may remark, not only throw a different aspect over the whole history of Greece; but they tend to awaken new and more accurate ideas of the progress of civilization. The authors, however, have not philosophized upon the consequences of their discoveries with the same originality and boldness as they have scrutinized the facts themselves,—a circumstance which, considering the speculative cast so prevalent in the literature of France, appears to us to be not a little singular and marvellous. To give our readers a specimen of this production of the new school, as we may call it, of History, we shall here note a few things which caught our attention on perusal, beginning with the earlier ages of Greece, previous to the Macedonian war.

We shall pass over the aborigines of Greece—they were the children of the country—the sons of the earth itself, as the old historians express it. There is no country which has not had its Aborigines, that is to say, there have been every where people who had lost all trace of their origin, and knew not whence they came; for we may apply to history, the celebrated axiom of Bridroison, *that they are the sons of somebody*. So, every people must have its origin somewhere, come from some first place, and descend from some first man, and above all from God. *A Jove principium*—there must commence the foundation of all history, language, and philosophy. Whoever denies this maxim, must believe that we were born one fine morning in spring, after a shower of rain, like mosses or ferns.

The first people, whom history mentions as the inhabitants of Greece, are the Pelasgi. But who are these Pelasgi? Niebuhr, in his Roman History, has taken up one hundred pages in endeavouring to discover over what countries they extended, and found them scattered over Greece, Epirus, Crete, Italy, Thrace, and Asia Minor, and, in fact, every where. But whence did this people come, who had spread themselves over all the earth—this people famed by their powerful destinies and great misfortunes, and whose memory was preserved by traditions—this people, who forged for themselves a confused and fabulous antiquity—whence come they? Niebuhr.

does not say. M. Poirson, who has made deep researches upon the subject, states them to have come from Arabia, Phœnicia, and the land of Canaan, before or about the time of Inachus, 2,000 years before Christ.

Thus the Pelasgi formed part of that redoubtable nation of shepherds, who, about the year 2156 before the commencement of our era, invaded Egypt, and established a kingdom under the name of Hycsos. The Greek civilization thus descended from those plains of Chaldea, and Mesopotamia, from which, according to the book of Genesis, Abraham departed; and Arabia should, therefore, have done, 2000 years before our era, what she really did six centuries afterwards. She should have sent her Hycsos and her Pelasgi to the conquest of Egypt and the West, to accomplish which, afterwards, she sent her Mahometans; and if religious traditions and mythological fables are every where attached to the memory of the Pelasgi—if the mysterious priesthood of the *Telchines* existed in Greece as far back as the time of Inachus, who will tell us in those remote times, in which imagination delights to plunge itself, that there was not, as in the days of Mahomet, some great reformation, or change of religion, which might have dispersed the Arabs over the world?

Asia continued to pour forth her hordes of people into Greece. Civilization and the gods of Egypt went into Attica, with Cecrops, 1650. Cadmus left Phœnicia, and travelled to Thebes in 1580. Danalis, the Egyptian, went into Argolida, in 1572. In 1389, the Phrygian Pelops passed over into Thessaly, and afterwards into the Peloponnesus. Thus Greece owes her civilization entirely to the Asiatics. Sometimes it was wafted from Arabia—at other times from Egypt—and again from Phœnicia and Phrygia, exhibiting in each instance different developments of arts, manners, and religion. Our authors compare it to a book with editions of different dates, but with little, if any, change in its composition. The destinies of Greece manifested a very different genius from that of the East. Is it not to Greece that Europe owes the first germ of her infant civilization; and could she have produced this had she ever been subjugated to the yoke of oriental thralldom, which always has imbued the highest advances of eastern civilization, whether it arose under theocracies or under despotisms? In Asia, whenever a priest, or a despot, has issued his commands, nobody has ever dared to answer "No;" and in Asia, consequently, man has never had the spirit to break loose from his slavery, nor to rise to the dignity of freedom; there, he has none of that energy and independence which stirs up a noble and manly pride—he is ready to bow the knee, and abase his mind at the nod of the oppressor. It was not, therefore, possible for the East to lay the foundations of Grecian freedom—the first germ of that civilization, which, at this moment, is advancing with increased splendour over the whole face of Christendom.

In 1610, Deucalion, son of Prometheus, King of the Scythians, founded a colony in Thessaly. These were men from the regions of the north—these were the fathers of Grecian and European civilization. They were of the race of Japhet—the *audax Japeti genus*—who did not receive from the hands of the gods the fire of reason to go, and, as the Eastern nations, burn it in sacrificing upon altars, but who, with uncommon temerity, stole it from heaven, and made use of it, in despite of forbidding Jupiter himself. Prometheus is emblematical of the civilization and genius of Europe—a genius whose love is independence—whose confidence is in itself—whose hatred and rejection is the yoke of every form of theocracy or despotism—a genius of a fiery and aristocratical spirit, which has long been blamed for the assistance which it gives the feeble—a genius which has never submitted to slavery, and which has vanquished the spirit of the East, whenever they have contended for the superiority.

It is the nature of the genius of the North, and is also its destiny, to be eternally embodied with, and to conquer, the genius of the East. We might even add, that it feels a pleasure in the part which it is destined to act, and even throws a little malice on the side of its natural bias and propensity; for it seems only to await till the civilization of the East fancies itself superior, and on the point of triumphing, to rush forth, and snatch from its grasp the laurels of victory, and to overthrow all the works which it had been erecting. Take the war of the Medes for an example—take the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, who submitted to the yoke—take Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Bœotia, who have each in their turns yielded. The genius of the East was eager to bear the sway, but Salamis destroyed its hopes. Before the time of Alexander, Greece became a vice-royalty of Persia; the gold of the Great King was the successful weapon by which it was subdued. Then rose up Alexander, and the genius of the East was attacked and defeated upon its natural soil. Nevertheless, it recovered from its fallen courage, and, with an insinuating address, formed intrigues in the courts of Alexander's successors. Again it was ready to prevail, and was again forced to shrink back into retirement by the arms of the all-conquering Romans. At Rome it practised the same manœuvres which it had done in Alexandria and Antioch. In a word, it surmounted the throne, in the person of Dioclesian, and was repelled by the invasion of the barbarians. There is no form—no religion—no learning—no philosophy—no government, which the genius of the East has not assumed, and which has not, in like manner, been assumed by the genius of the North, to cope with and surpass its rival.

M. Poirson has the merit of having revived the history of this struggle in Greece, before the period of the war of the Medes. We will follow him, step by step, and continue to take advantage of his discoveries. He will pardon us for explaining his researches in

a point of view different to himself, and for seeing the happiness of Greece and Europe, in circumstances which appear to him to threaten only ruin and disaster.

The Æolians, Achæans, and Ionians, a people descended from Helenus, son of Deucalion, were spread over central Greece and the Peloponeus. The Dorians occupied the northern parts of the country, and retained the manners and notions of the North, whilst their brethren of the line of Helenus, were intermixed with Asiatic colonies. At the time of the Trojan war, the two last-mentioned tribes, in appearance, were united; for, indeed, if, on the one hand, Agamemnon, who was of the Phrygian race, was set over the army, the Helenidæ, on the other hand, were the most powerful; for out of fifty-one principalities, thirty-four belonged to them, and the other seventeen to the Pelasgi, the Phœnicians, and Phrygians.

They were not only two people living in the bonds of peace, upon the same spot of earth—they were two united and confederated people, forming but one nation—worshipping the same gods—practising the same arts—and submitting to the same form of government. Such was the state of Greece at the time of the Trojan war.

After the lapse of three centuries and a half, passed in wars, in peace, and alliances, all distinction and difference between the race of Helenus and the Asiatics had been effaced. The genius of the North and the genius of the Orient seemed united; and this, according to M. Poirson, was the most brilliant epoch of the first civilization of Greece. Then came the Hæraclidæ, and the invasion of the Dorians. Greece was thrown back into a condition of barbarism; and from the year 1190, until 494 before Christ, a period of more than 600 years, Greece remained in a state of middle-age.

It is here that M. Poirson has made one of his most curious discoveries. He has retraced the middle ages in Greece, and, by that means, however opposed it may appear to be to the spirit of system, he will have aided the new science of history—a science particularly simple in its nature, although accused of presumption and audacity, which supposes, with the most common theology, that there is a Providence, which guides this terrestrial ball—which supposes, with philosophy, of whatever school it be, or howsoever it may explain human nature, that the mind as well as the body, has its peculiar laws—and from all this deduces the idea, that history itself, the mere recital of the works of Providence, and of the development of human nature, must also be subject to certain laws. In a word, such is all the philosophy of history, which, in proportion as it studies events, establishes formulæ, that are of the greatest aid to the learned, and serve them as a sort of conducting clue in their studies and researches. Upon the faith of our modern middle-age, the philosophy of history had a right to trust in this

formulæ, that every country has its middle-age. From the researches of M. Poirson, the formulæ may be more boldly published.

Let us study now the history of Asia Major, and the history of Ancient Italy ; and with this idea before us, we shall see what new lights will appear. We dare say, upon this ground, that the Romans were the barbarians of Italy—that between the end of the Etruscan civilization, and the commencement of the Roman civilization, after the Punic wars, Rome had its middle age.

Every middle age resembles this—ancient or modern—Greek, Italian, or German ; it has some special and distinguishing character. See, for instance, the middle age of Greece, as described by M. Poirson. At first, all its royalties were military—the general, in fact, was king : such was the first race of the French Merovingian kings. Then arose the aristocracy, which, in other words, is our feudal system ; and then came the emancipation of the people—that is, the history of Europe, from the 16th century. The middle age every where led to slavery and aristocratical predominancy. Here, then, are two traits especially characteristic.

Another formula of the philosophy of history is, that every middle age is progressive. This maxim is warmly disputed. In these days our modern middle age has passed for an epoch of barbarism and confusion ; and it is with some difficulty that the new school of history can establish the opposite opinion ; and, in this instance, our authors renounce their discipleship, and treat of the middle age of Greece with no more favour, premising, to the no small irritation of certain French savans, that the period of the Trojan war was one of manifest barbarism.

Were we to hazard our own opinion upon the subject, we should be disposed to take a middle course between the disputants. We would not, with the one, deny to the middle ages, either of Greece, of Rome, or of Modern Europe, every spark of civilization, and pronounce them altogether morally and intellectually dark ; neither would we, with the other, impute to these ages the lights of civilization, which they have fancied as shining amidst the darkness—peopling the gloom with stars, countless in number, and scintillating with a brilliancy ever increasing.

ART. XII.—*Essai sur l'Histoire de l'esprit Humain dans l'Antiquité.*
Par M. Rio, Professeur au Collège de Louis le Grand. Paris. 1 vol.
8vo. 1829.

THE study of antiquity is an inexhaustible source of useful knowledge and intellectual pleasure. Man has his eyes always on the future, to which his thoughts are led by the two most powerful principles of his being—fear and hope. But the future is always hidden in thick darkness, which can only be cleared up by a knowledge of the past—to discover what shall or must be in the succes-

sion of future ages, we must consider what has been. A fund of instruction may be thus gathered from this noble study. The human race is so far from its origin, that it seems separated by an immense void ; nothing, therefore, can be more interesting than to examine the traces which have been left marked on the road of life, the numerous windings which have rendered the progress slow and painful, and the various degrees of improvement through which it has passed, till it once opened into the extended sphere which proved its divine commencement. Examinations thus carried on, produced the most agreeable reflections. It is like looking back on the days of youth.

Antiquity has generally been venerated by men of genius, but it has always been studied by piecemeal. The monuments of the fine arts, the progress of industry, the changes of empires, one or the other has singly occupied the attention of learned men, and, with the exception of Egypt, their inquiries have been uniformly confined to the antiquities of Greece and Rome. It is only very lately that a desire has been felt to study more generally the principles of human nature, or that the remoter regions of Asia have been traversed, to afford materials for the purpose. To Germany belongs the honour of having given the first impulse, and the names of Herder, of Heerin, and of Creutzer, figure among those who deserve our gratitude for their attention to this branch of study. Their example in this vast field is beginning to be followed, and the literary riches of the East, which were entirely unknown to our ancestors, will very soon be generally known. The first writer who has really engaged in this study in France, is the author of the work before us. We shall endeavour to give an idea of his valuable production.

The author begins by distinguishing in the progress of human civilization, three different primitive and fundamental influences—these are, the intellectual, moral, and operative, or *industrial*. The division is correct, but these are all, notwithstanding, the products of one intellectual element, which the author proposes to develop. The reason why he has not placed the moral element first in its influences over civilization, is a melancholy, but incontestible truth. ‘The intellectual elements,’ says he, are ‘always active and increasing among a people, while the other remains stationary ; there is no progress for the human heart, and in studying it in society, we find its purity naturally continually diminishing. We have a proof of this in the history of Rome and other nations ; so that it may be seen that where intelligence has been most rich in its operations, there the Divinity has had most reason to repent of his creation.’ With regard to the element *industrial*, the author has neglected it, by considering it separate from that of intellect ; but we must refer to the author himself.

It has been given as a principle, that the intellect alone presides over the civilization of a people, because it is alone capable of pro-

ceeding progressively to the end. But it may be objected that the discoveries of industry, very far from being independent of the intellect, represent it in a sensible manner, and determine its development and improvement; for it is not exclusively books and abstract doctrines which prove the presence and activity of human understanding: science exists inactive before it shows itself in thinking man, the difference is only in the method: for, in general, that which the one has seen by synthesis the other has discovered by analysis. He who first traced lines upon the vast plains of Egypt, to mark the divisions of the land which the inundations of the Nile had confounded, made no science of geometry, but he knew its forms as well as Euclid. The question is, if the understanding is active, or if the discovery was made by hazard. This objection was not started without reason, but it does not destroy the author's argument, for, without denying the actions of intelligence in the inventions of industry, he only proposes to examine the results as they appear under scientific forms. In this point of view the progress of the arts and sciences could not properly enter into his plan, and the products of the intellectual element are fitly made the base of a history of the human mind, as they comprehend all others, and justify the fine saying of Pascal, that all men of all ages should be considered as one man subsisting always, and learning always.

Continuing his argument, the author says, that history agrees with psychology—that the imagination is the ruling faculty in the youth of societies; that in their more advanced periods it is combined with observation, and that in their old age, observation remains alone. Such, in his opinion, is the base of the chronology of the human mind, and hence it results that the various branches of literature have their rise in the following order: poetry and the fine arts, eloquence and history, philosophy or the natural and exact sciences. There is an appearance of truth in this arrangement; but is not such a classification of the changes of the moral world, a confining it with the necessity which presides over the law, of the physical world, and therefore too absolute and precise? Psychology may adopt such a method, because it delights to simplify and bring every thing to unity, but it often reduces history to an absurdity. As there is nothing more likely to deceive us than a system, let us see if it be a general and permanent historical truth, or an hypothesis which all the annals of literature, both ancient and modern, contradict.

The invention of tragedy among the Greeks is the greatest honour of which the ancients have to boast; it was a kind of new prodigy of the imagination. Æschylus well said that he gave his countrymen relieves from the paintings of Homer. The dramatic action was, as he conceived it, one of those astonishing combinations which mark a new era in the human mind. But the age of Æschylus and Sophocles, very far from being a detached era, dis-

tinguished only by poetry and the fine arts, was an age of orators and philosophers. These two tragic poets were preceded by Thales, Pythagoras, and by Xenophon, who had cultivated with the greatest success, physical and moral sciences, and they were the contemporaries not only of Pericles, so distinguished for his eloquence, but of a numerous cohort of profound observers, who, by their independence of thought gave birth to a multitude of various systems and sects, and filled the world with their quarrels, their reveries, and sophisms. Virgil and Horace, who answered, the one to Homer and Theocritus, and the other to Pindar and Archilocus, lived in the same age as Sallust, Livy, Cicero, and Cæsar. Tasso and Ariosto, Michael Angelo and Raphael, astonished Europe by their genius, at the same time as the astronomer Galileo and political Machiavel. Shakspeare was creating new dramatic combinations, while Bacon was inventing the *Novum Organum*; and Dante and Milton pursued their sublime tracts in the midst of bloody wars and revolutions. Time then can set no barrier to imagination or philosophy. No! moral nature has no fixed laws like physical. Spring precedes summer; and summer, autumn, by an absolute rule; but it is not so with the operations of the mind: the productions of the intellect and all its phenomena are continually mixed confusedly together. The author endeavours to establish such a theory for the chronological arrangement of intellectual productions, but he is in continual difficulty; and we have these very remarkable phrases given as some sort of justification for his contradiction to historical facts. 'In the same manner,' says he, 'as in early times, one man is judge, general, and priest—so in the same early times, theology and morality, poetry and history, are united into one.'

But, reverting for a moment to another part of the work, we meet with an idea more generally correct. Before tracing the revolutions of mind in antiquity, the author has endeavored to establish two fundamental rules as necessary to the progress—that is, religion, which alone gives man force to accomplish his destiny; and the social state, by which a number of individuals having the same hopes and wants, unite together and share their common means of good or safety. This is correct, for it is a false notion which places man naturally among the beasts of the forest. The author has rightly remarked, that social union is the foundation of human intelligence. Man is from the first free and intelligent, and we should regard him as Thompson has done—

"Man superior walks,
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude."

After having laid the base of the edifice, the author begins his remarks with the Chinese, a people who have preserved, during four thousand years, the same form of government, of religion, and of character. Their government was at first patriarchal, then monar-

chical, and sometimes tyrannical. But the monarchy has always had a counterpoise, firm and steady, in literature, which has given rise in this country to a kind of aristocracy, the power of which is founded on opinion, but which is not the less terrible to princes. Religion has always reposed upon the doctrine of the essential unity of God, the creator and preserver of the universe, although enveloped in mysterious forms and symbols. We know nothing of the early history of this nation, except that which Confucius, who lived towards the end of the sixth century, before the vulgar era, gathered together in what are called the sacred books, of which the two most important are the Chiking, which contains poems of great beauty and simplicity; and the Chouking, which gives precepts of moral conduct for kings and ministers. With regard to the last, the author says that the doctrine which it contains, has served to assist all the philosophers who have since argued in the being of a God, or his relation to man. We should guess from this, that the products of the imagination, and of experience, have been contemporary among the Chinese. We agree however, with the author, that the oldest poets fail of imagination, and that it was only about the time of the Christian era, that China had Anacreons and Horaces, whilst mechanism and geometry had been flourishing from times immemorial. For the rest the author follows the history of the human mind. In the next place, in relation to all its various objects, the result is, that among the arts, those of design have never flourished; that history or political eloquence have been cultivated with the greatest success, and that in philosophy the physical sciences have made great attempts, but without extraordinary success.

Passing from China to India, the first difference which strikes us is the establishment of castes which prevail so extensively in the latter country—but are altogether unknown in the former. But as the Brahmins are the only influential and privileged caste, we see that religion has been here, likewise, the origin of the different branches of human knowledge. The imagination has put forth some brilliant and profound allegories in the two famous Epic poems of Romaian and Mahadharat, of which modern orientlists have given a complete analysis. The latter is considered as one of the finest poems in the world. It has a most splendid Episode, which may be regarded, says the author, as an abridgment of all the principal moral and metaphysical systems taught among the Indians. Here is another proof that poetry does not necessarily precede philosophy. The author takes a rapid review of their philosophical dogmas, and then passes to a consideration of the other intellectual pursuits of this people, especially with regard to legislation, following the translation of the laws of Menu by Colebrook, and in the drama those of Jones and Wilson. With regard to the fine arts, he observes, that music and architecture were carried to the highest perfection, while painting and sculp-

ture, history, chronology, and the natural sciences have never escaped from barbarism. He next proceeds to the intellectual history of Persia, Phœnicia, Egypt, and India. It is curious, however, that in mentioning Phœnicia, he has not once introduced the name of Sanchoniathon.

In speaking of the part which the Chinese have taken in promoting the progress of intelligence, he has made a very just remark, which illustrates the transfer of oriental literature to Greece. The Chinese, says he, have done much, but nothing in proportion to the time of their existence as a nation. If ages added to ages could secure the moral and intellectual perfection of a people, the Chinese would be the most perfect in the world; but history shows that a long existence is not more certainly a good, than to individuals. Among the Greeks, the vital force was soon consumed; but what traces of light has it left behind!!

But our author concentrates all his attention on the Greeks, who have left us such abundant materials for a history of the human mind. The picture which he has drawn of the times which preceded the age of Pericles, is a beautiful piece of historical eloquence—it is not the play of a rhetorician, but the discourse of a man deeply penetrated with the genius of a people whom he describes. He then proceeds to that memorable epoch which extends from Pericles to Demosthenes, during which Greece seemed to be transformed into a temple of glory and immortality. The battle-fields were pregnant with heroes, the tribunes with orators, the peaceable Lyceums with philosophers, and every branch of poetry and the fine arts, shone with their most splendid specimens. The limits of this article will not permit us to point out all the excellencies of this work, for to do this we must transcribe it. The author has, of course been obliged to confine himself frequently within too narrow a compass; as for example, on the subject of Greek tragedy, which we consider has exercised more influence than is usually imagined, and he has not employed his usual penetration in treating it having followed with too much facility the brilliant antitheses of Schlegel, which rest in a great degree on chimeras. But on the whole, this work is one of the most important which France has produced in the present age. It is well conceived, written with unction and elegance, and sprinkled with many excellent and profound views, as well as noble opinions, which do honor to the character of the author. The continuation, we trust, will be published as soon as possible.

ART. XI.—*Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy; or a Familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind.*
2 vols. pp. 308, 300. 8vo. London: Bull. 1829.

AN admirable subject and an excellent plan have here been grievously spoiled in consequence of imperfect knowledge, and still

more imperfect execution. It is our decided opinion, indeed, that metaphysics, (meaning thereby plain and rational metaphysics) notwithstanding the present unpopularity of the subject, furnish one of the best themes for a popular treatise, such as we presume the volumes before us were intended to contain. Of all the subjects of philosophy indeed, with which we are acquainted, it is the most capable of intelligible and interesting illustration. We do not, of course, mean the abstruse metaphysics of the schools, or the logic of Aristotle, much less the vague prosing of Dugald Stewart. Renouncing these as entirely unfit for our purpose, we should come at once to fact and experience—to the thoughts and the feelings with which we are every day familiar, taking examples from what every body has thought and felt and observed a hundred times over. In this wide and uncultivated field we could ramble with enthusiastic pleasure, and we think we could make our readers confess that metaphysics are not so unintelligible, nor so dry, nor so misty as they seem to be universally considered. Nay, we sanguinely anticipate that the time is not very distant when this study will regain its popularity, when it will become really useful instead of being as it has so long been, locked and sealed up in the pondrous tomes of abstruse speculation and unintelligible argument.

The refinements of reasoning which arose in Greece, were, like all other excessive refinements, a disease. Aristotle and Plato and Proclus speculated and conjectured in a region created by their own fancy, and of course their reasonings could partake of nothing but of fiction; yet were their fictions so powerfully fascinating to others, that they continue at this moment to hold completely spell-bound the whole of our metaphysical philosophers, even those who pretend to reject their authority. This is what makes all our systematic writers so abstruse and unintelligible. Certain questions have been started, and certain points have been discussed from the time of the Greek philosophers till now, and every writer thinks he must take up these and say what has been said a hundred times before, rather than observe for himself, and think for himself, and in this way error continues to be propagated.

It is to the spirit of system, indeed, that we owe almost every absurdity in science. It was this very spirit which misled Aristotle, the great philosopher of Greece, who, if he had not set himself to build a system of abstruse logic, and scattered through all his works the language of that system—would at this moment have stood on the highest pinnacle of philosophic glory—would, we may boldly say, have ranked higher than even Newton himself. This was the man who was the father of natural history, and correct observation, and profound research; this was the man, who first applied his splendid genius to the investigation of philosophic criticism, and who forged the chains which continue to fetter the drama of Italy and France; this was the man who first investi-

gated the principles of government and political economy, and who taught Alexander of Macedon, to conquer the world with a mere handful of soldiers; this was the man who put the spell of his powerful spirit upon the whole civilized world, and ruled supreme and uncontrolled in the republic of letters, for nearly two thousand years. But this same Aristotle, whose genius was so universal and grand, thought it the greatest sin in philosophy to speak intelligibly,—and now when solemn mystery and unmeaning words are becoming a laughing-stock, the fame of the great stagerite—the founder of the Peripatetic school, is fast fading into obscurity—and let it fade, for mystery deserves it.

The author now under review, does not profess to imitate the exoterics of Aristotle, but he is far from competent to the task of exotericism—manifesting great incapability of simplifying what is abstruse by apt illustration, or by taking the level of his pupil's acquisitions for his starting post. He commences with a heavy narrative of the life and character of Dr. Herbert, the leading speaker in the conversations—a narrative which might have been rendered more interesting—had he selected the early development of talent in some of the pupils in preference; though we should have been disposed to dash at once *in medias res* as Aristotle recommends in his *Paëtics*. There is not, in fact, any thing calculated to arrest the attention of an uninstructed reader, but rather to repel him, before the opening of the second conversation, at page 65. All the stuff previous to this ought decidedly to be cancelled. The opening of this second conversation will prove to our readers that the author has little of the tact necessary for this style of composition—none for enchainning the attention of young readers, and of begetting in them a thirst for information. He thus proceeds:

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—Well, I have no doubt that since we had our last conversation, you have been thinking about this philosophy, or knowledge of the mind—have any of you found out how we shall set about it?

‘*Mary.*—Perhaps you will have the kindness to tell us, and I am sure we will listen to you.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—I have doubts if that would be the best way: in all cases of that kind, there is danger of our learning the words and not the meaning? Has any other of you any thing to propose?

‘*Charles.*—We may get a book, and read it carefully; and when we meet with any thing that we do not understand, we will come to you for an explanation.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—That would not altogether do either, Charles, many people are, no doubt, obliged to instruct themselves by reading: but, if that about which you wanted to be informed were a material thing, say an elephant for instance, whether would you prefer seeing it, or a description of it?

‘*Edward.*—Of course, we would prefer seeing the elephant; at least I am sure I should.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—Then each of us has got a mind, and we have only to study that.

' *Matilda*.—But we cannot see it: you told us that we could not know any thing about the nature of it, further than how it acts.

' *Dr. Herbert*.—And how much more than that could you know about the elephant?

' *Edward*.—A great deal, surely. An elephant has got a great body, thick clumsy legs, long hanging ears, small ugly eyes—

' *Mary*.—No,—pretty eyes, Edward; eyes that would make a person believe the beast were thinking.

' *Edward*.—"Pretty, thinking eyes," then, large tusks, not a very pretty mouth, and a trunk with which it could pick up a pin, or fell an ox: then it has got skin, and flesh, and blood, and brains, and a stomach.

' *Dr. Herbert*.—No doubt, it has got all these; and yet, when you have mentioned them all, you have not told us what an elephant is; you have only mentioned the names of the parts of its body; and if we said that the mind is that which perceives, and remembers, and compares, and judges, and combines, and associates, and has feelings and emotions; such as courage, and pity, and joy, and anger, we should give just the same account of it as you have given of the elephant; and yet we have no more knowledge of it, than we had before, though we hear the names, which the people, who use our language, have agreed to give to some of its phenomena, or appearances."—p. 67.

Now we could not have selected a more marked instance of the injurious effect of the Aristotelian logic, or modern philosophy, than this. The author, fresh from the schools, with his head brimfull of definitions, and the importance of definitions, thinks it incumbent upon him to *define* what the mind is, or is not, and he strains all his powers of investigation to grapple with something or with nothing, which, in following his master's *non passibus aquis*, he thinks the mind may, or may not, be composed of, or constructed from some imaginary *essence*: all of which we take to be the very *essence* of philosophic trifling,—a hunting after food for an Aristotelian definition—altogether useless and imaginary. Let us take an instance from the material world, which it is supposed involves fewer difficulties than the spiritual. We know, that a piece of iron, or a piece of wood is hard, and extended, and these are said to be material, or *made of matter*, that is, the iron and the wood are not matter, but made from it, and the matter is something as different from the iron and the wood, as the kernel of a nut is different from its shell; and like the kernel too, the matter is within the iron and the wood, and forms the base upon which their hardness and extension are propped; it is the substance, *standing under*, and supporting the extension, and the hardness, and the divisibility. We are also told, that neither the hardness, nor the divisibility, nor the extension, make any part of matter itself, or what is called the *ESSENCE OF MATTER*; for these are merely the shell to another kernel, and this second kernel is the genuine essence of matter, which is said to compose all things in the universe except spirits, and though it is the support of

qualities, it is no quality in itself. What is the most wonderful thing connected with the discussion is, that most of the theorists fairly confess, that they do not know any thing concerning this other something, called *essence*. For a philosopher to confess ignorance, though Socrates and Franklin did so, is a very rare occurrence. But is it not very singular how the existence of this non-descript thing called essence came to be known at all, when none of its properties are known? Is the essence of matter, we ask, hard, soft, red, or green? Nobody can tell—and yet all agree that it exists. Who has seen it, or felt it? Nobody—until it be satisfactorily proved, then, we flatly deny the existence of this essence of matter.

Essence, in this sense, is a mere phantom, and if our arguments be examined, (we hope they are at last intelligible), the *essence* of spirit in the theories will appear equally unreal. For it is to be remarked, that thinking is not said to be spirit, but the essence, or a quality or state of the spirit. It is the old story of the kernel, and the shell of the nut. Thinking is the shell, and spirit is the kernel; but nobody has ever seen, or felt this kernel; and nothing can be said about it, but that it is in the nut, if it were once broken. We demur to this; for the nut may be empty, and we have as good a right to maintain this, as the theorists have to maintain the contrary: that is, we have no right at all to affirm any thing of this kernel, or phantom, called the *essence* of spirit, till we have good evidence to support our affirmations.

The great error, however, of the author of the 'Conversations,' is not so much his entertaining these opinions—or rather prejudices—since they are the *idola specus*, the errors of the den in which he has been educated and from which he could not escape; it is his want of tact in selecting such a piece of puzzling and abstruse metaphysics to begin with, when his professed object was to interest and instruct the young.

Not contented, however, with having thus (to use his favourite expression) 'dug to the foundation,' by bewildering his pupils about what is vaguely called the *nature* of the mind, he goes deeper still into the mists of mystery, in the third conversation, in which he undertakes to explain 'Power, Force, the succession of events in the relation of Cause and Effect,' and matters of similar pith and moment, taken chiefly, as we perceive, from Dr. Brown's Essay on Cause and Effect. A more injudicious proceeding could not well have been adopted, for instead of encouraging a young person to advance in the study of intellectual philosophy, however talented, or however desirous of knowledge he may be, this unintelligible stuff must infallibly prove repulsive, and is much akin to promising an ingenious and zealous pupil a view of a beautiful painting, and at the same time taking some pains to fill the room containing it with smoke before he is introduced.

Instead of thus "digging" for what is with so much difficulty

to be come at—nay, frequently, when there is nothing to find, or when any thing is found, may not be worth the trouble—it would have been a more wise, we are certain a more pleasant method, to commence with some plain and simple scaffolding, or prominent outwork, from which gradual advances might have been made to the more abdtal parts of the structure. If he thought that commencing with the senses might have had some tendency to lead to materialism—why did he not begin with memory, which is one of the most obvious intellectual subjects, we think, for attracting the interest of the young? But the author of the ‘Conversations’ is so fond of bewreathing himself, and his pupils, in an atmosphere of smoke, that he piles up cloud upon cloud—

‘Excussit subjecto Pelio Ossam

Obruta mole sua cum copora dira jacerent;’—

from the beginning of his first volume, and he does not arrive at the outworks of the senses till near its termination. Even this interesting subject he wants the tact to introduce in an attractive manner, as may be seen from the opening of his ninth Conversation:—

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—Do any of you recollect what we proposed to converse about this time?

‘*Edward.*—The external affections of the mind, which are those *states of the mind* that arise along with, or so immediately consequent on, the presence of something external of the mind, that we have room for no other thought, or state of mind between them.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—Do you think that this class of affections of the mind ever can arise *before* the external object be present to the organ of sense?

‘*Charles.*—Certainly not; but immediately after.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—Then is there any harm in calling the presence of the external object the *cause* of the mental affection; in the sense in which we have defined cause, as the event by which any other event is immediately and invariably preceded?

‘*Mary.*—I think not. That is just what we mean by *cause*.

‘*Charles.*—Then our definitions of the external affections of the mind, will be those that have causes external of the mind.

‘*Edward.*—I think we should say *immediate* causes; for when I think upon any particular object, such as the brown pony, my having seen that pony is the cause of my thinking of it, whether the pony be present at the time or not.

‘*Dr. Herbert.*—The pony is the pony, whether we see it or not; but the cause of your thinking on it is the previous state of your mind—whether the sight of the pony, the wish to ride, or any thing else. All causes are immediate, the nearest event in time to the effect; so that “those which have external causes,” will do for a short definition of the external affections.’—vol. i. p. 235.

The term “states of mind,” borrowed from Dr. Brown’s system, and here used, appears to us exceedingly objectionable in a popular work, from being liable to misrepresent the facts; for if memory be called a state of mind, a young person would be apt to infer,

that his mind assumed a new state with every fresh remembrance of his previous sensations or his former judgments, and, of course, that he possessed as many sorts of memory (all differing in state) as of ideas. The phraseology of Brown, indeed, is all of this vague, misty description, and the author could not have selected a worse for throwing it into a popular form. Nay, he has not even made the best use of Brown's good things, among which we consider his explanation of the ideas derived from the sense of touch. The following is part of our author's account of what we consider Brown's beautiful discovery :—

' *Dr. Herbert.*—What, then, are those subjects of which you get information through the medium of touch ?

' *Edward.*—One of them is the feeling of pain, if I be cut, or wounded, or bruised.

' *Mary.*—Another is the feeling of heat and cold in all their varieties, from the cold that pinches me with pain, to the heat that scorches me in the same manner ; and so exactly similar are these in their extremes, that when I inadvertently touched the frozen mercury, both the feeling I had, and the effect it produced on my fingers, were the same as if I had touched a hot iron.

' *Charles.*—A third class is the size and shape of bodies ; as if I feel a stick I can tell whether it be long or short ; if I feel a surface, I can tell whether it be large or small : and if I feel the boundaries of any surface, I can tell whether it be of one shape or another, as that a shilling is round, and that a card is rectangular.

' *Matilda.*—And I can feel whether a surface be smooth, as in polished marble or a looking-glass, or rough, as in the bark of a tree ; whether it be downy, as in fur, or rough as in wool, or the bristles of a pig.

' *Edward.*—And I can, also, feel whether a substance be hard, like iron ; soft like melted wax ; brittle, like glass ; tough, like India rubber ; and, indeed, except its colour, I can feel almost every thing about it, as well in the dark as if I saw it.

' *Dr. Herbert.*—And, I suppose you can, also, feel whether it be light, or heavy ; and have the same feeling of that, whether it be placed on your hand, or suspended by a string, of which you take hold ?

' *Charles.*—Yes ; and I can feel whether I am or am not, able to bend a tree, or lift a weight.

' *Dr. Herbert.*—And let me ask you, in what place of your body, you believe, you feel the latter circumstance, whether in your hands, that are in immediate contact with the tree, or the weight, or in any other place ?

' *Charles.*—If I strive hard, I feel it in my back ; indeed, I feel it all over, and it brings a perspiration even over my forehead.

' *Dr. Herbert.*—Now let me ask you, whether you attribute this feeling all over you to the mere touch of the tree, or the stone ?

' *Charles.*—Certainly not. I must attribute it to the action of every muscle ; for if I continue it for a sufficient length of time, all these muscles feel pained by the exertion : and not only this but I breathe with difficulty, and my pulse is increased, so that I am not fit for a new exertion until I have rested for some time.

' *Dr. Herbert.*—Then in the case of this feeling, you observe, that it is not like the sensation arising from smell, or taste, or hearing, referring to

a particular organ, by which organ alone the sentient state can be produced; but that it extends to every portion of your body, external, or internal, which is brought into action; and that a feeling of this kind would be as improperly described, as a sensation of mere touch, as though you were to call it a taste, or a smell. By the mere touch of the finger, in one place, could you tell, if you did not see it, or had not some previous knowledge of it, that the body you touched was heavy or light?

Mary.—I could tell that only according to the resistance that the body made before it moved with the touch of my finger.

Dr. Herbert.—And would you know, from the mere touch of your finger, that it did move?

Matilda.—I could know that only by knowing that either moved away from my finger, so as not to be touched, or that my finger moved after it, touching it still.

Dr. Herbert.—And in the first of these cases, how would you know, that the body moved away from your finger, and not your finger from the body; or, in the second, how would you know that the body did not follow your finger, in contact with it, as you were drawing it back?

Charles.—From the mere point of the finger in contact, or not in contact with the body, I should, of course, not know either: but I should feel in my arm, or in the finger itself, according as the one or the other were extended or contracted, whether the point of the finger, and consequently the body, were brought nearer to me, or pushed farther off.

Dr. Herbert.—Then, here again, you see, that the knowledge is, not in the touch, but in the muscular action, accompanying, preceding, or following that touch; and, let me ask you, what extent of information you could obtain from the motion of a muscle, if your knowledge were limited to that?

Charles.—The sensation, that a muscle moved—certainly nothing more.—vol. ii. p. 10.

We submit that this is very misty, and so far from being plain and popular (as it ought to have been rendered, had the author possessed the ability)—it is not half so intelligible as Brown's own systematic account of it in the four huge volumes of lectures.

After what we have said, we need not be surprised to find our author maintaining all the usual absurdities about intuition and intuitive belief, which we so completely exposed and refuted in our Review of Payne's Work, (*Mon. Rev. Jan. 1829,*) and shall not again revert to the subject.

When reviewing Payne's work, also, we took occasion to refute the absurd theory which traces all our feelings of beauty to association. Here it meets us again with all its errors unsubdued and unsoftened.

Mary.—Then we call objects beautiful, or the reverse, when they excite in us that emotion which we call the perception of beauty; and not from any thing that necessarily belongs to the object, and must excite the same state of feeling in every body else.

Dr. Herbert.—We do something even more than this. In every feeling of beauty, we as it were, give our feeling to the object; and when that feeling is strong, we never doubt for a moment, that other persons will

feel an equal delight in the contemplation of it as we ourselves feel. But still though we paint all nature with our own colours, and persuade ourselves that all mankind see it with our eyes, every object in nature is actually, to human perception, as diversified as the emotions it produces in the millions that look upon it; and, therefore, there cannot be in any one subject a necessary quality, corresponding with the feeling; because, then, that which, by the assumption, would necessarily be only one, would by the very same assumption, be necessarily a million at the same time.

'Edward.—How then can we get a general definition of "beautiful"?'

'Dr. Herbert.—The most general definition, that we could possibly get, would not extend beyond our own experience at the particular instant, and might not apply to that experience in the next instant. But, perhaps, as convenient a general name as any, is whatever affords us pleasure in the contemplation, without any reference to good or evil, and without any strong desire to elevate themselves following immediately upon it.

'Mary.—Then the feeling of beauty, and all the feelings that belong to the same class, resolve themselves into suggestions of comparison?

'Dr. Herbert.—Or, to speak more correctly, they are themselves instantly suggested by comparisons; and as those comparisons are again the invariable consequents of certain earlier suggestions, we can no more help feeling that one object is beautiful and another deformed, than we can help feeling, that one day is cold and another warm.'—vol. ii. p. 109.

It is almost unnecessary to take the trouble to refute opinions so open to objection, and which have so frequently been shown to be erroneous; but as they appear to be gaining ground through the influence of the specious sophistry of Jeffery, and the painted paragraphs of Alison, we shall again point a sentence or two against their fragile edifice, which requires nothing weightier than a puff-ball to shatter to the foundation. These theorists say, for example, that whatever has a winding or curved form is beautiful, and every body will agree with them in this, though nobody, we think, who is unprejudiced, will agree with the reasons they assign why winding and curved forms are beautiful—reasons which could only have been invented by a system-builder. The author of the *Conversations*, refers the beauty of curves, to the suggestion of our being able to travel easily round them without popping against points and angles, or to our early associations, with the circular forms of the sun and moon. The original author of the theory, on the other hand, says, that we ascribe beauty to winding lines and forms, because they express tenderness and delicacy, infancy and weakness. He gives, as usual, a number of examples, which seem to support this; but he leaves out all that make against it. He says, that young animals and plants are distinguished by winding and curvilinear forms, old ones not. He instances, also, the weeping-willow, the tulip, and the lily of the valley. But he forgot to tell us, that the arch of a bridge, so far from expressing weakness, delicacy, tenderness, and infancy, expresses the very reverse of all these, and yet it is esteemed beautiful. The arch of the sky, the concave vault above us, expresses neither infancy, nor weakness, nor ten-

derness, at least to us it does not; and yet in the absence of all these associations, we say, the vault of heaven, when spangled with stars, or when variegated with its morning or evening clouds, or when tinged with its deep and cloudless blue, is beautiful, and all agree to call it beautiful, though they can trace none of those associations with it of infancy, or tenderness, or weakness, or delicacy.

‘Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer day’s
Long labour, why forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as thro’ amber clouds,
O’er all the western sky? Full soon I ween,
This rude expression, and untutor’d airs
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely, how commanding!’—AKENSIDE.

There is a very striking form, which every body, in spite of associations the most disagreeable, considers the most beautiful. We refer to the curves of a snake, surely, Mr. Alison would not assert that a snake was beautiful, because its nerves express delicacy, and weakness, and tenderness. The associations are with its venom, its cunning, and its danger; and yet with all these disagreeable associations, the curves of the serpent are universally esteemed beautiful.

‘On his rear
A circular base of rising folds, that tower’d
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish’d neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant; pleasing was his shape
And lovely: never since of serpent kind
Was lovelier.

‘With track oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feared
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl’d many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye. Oft he bow’d
His turret crest and sleek enamell’d neck,
Fawning, and lick’d the groud whereon she stood.’

‘Hope elevates and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wand’ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses oft, and kindles into flame,
So glistens this dire snake.’—PARADISE LOST.

This illustration brings to our remembrance another, in which the theorists clearly contradict themselves, or at least, are inconsistent with themselves. In one case, they consider the oak and

other trees sublime, because they express duration and strength ; and here they say, that winding lines are beautiful, because they are expressive of tenderness, weakness, and delicacy. The fact is, that the curving of the branches is the reason why we admire trees, and if so, then sublimity is something different from beauty, which is in direct opposition to the express statement made by the theorists, that there is no difference between what is beautiful, what is sublime, and what is picturesque. Which is, in other words, to say, that the theory is right, and all mankind are in the wrong.

Having thus given a few detached subjects from those which appeared most interesting in the author's volumes, we cannot we think better conclude, than with a portion of what he calls his "Retrospective Glance," which contains a summary of his doctrines, exhibiting, of course, the errors both of matter and manner which we have above pointed out:

'Of the mind, then, he goes on to say, in its substance or essence, we know nothing ; and we need not inquire, as there is nothing to answer but the inquirer itself; and if it could return the answer, it would not need to make the inquiry. We can know nothing of the mind as existing in space: but we do know it in its successive states or affections, and it is utterly impossible for us to deny the existence of the mind in any one state, or its identity in any member of them, be they ever so varied. As the mind has no divisible parts, or separate co-existing qualities, we cannot imagine that it can, in its nature, be subject to that dissolution, which we call death ; but that being one and indivisible, it must be immortal.

'The belief of its own existence and identity, and its capability of comparing one of its states with another, and deciding upon their sameness and difference with unerring accuracy, are anterior to all external knowledge, and are the means by which all knowledge is acquired. For we are ignorant not only of the rest of the material creation, but of the existence of our own bodies, till we learn it by changes, which are produced in our own mental states, observed immediately consequent upon changes of those. When one of two mental states has invariably followed the other *immediately*, experience forces us to believe, that that will always be the case ; and the mind passes from the former of them to the latter, by those simple and intuitive principles, upon which alone it acquires knowledge; and this is all that we mean by a mental feeling and belief in *cause and effect*.

'The same experience leads us to couple certain mental states, with the perception of external objects by the senses; and we, in the same manner, consider those objects as the *causes* of the mental states. The notion, or knowledge to which we give the name of the cause of a mental state, or affection, may be produced by external perception, or it may be suggested by any former state of mind, whether of immediate perception, or of suggestion, which experience had taught us to consider as its cause ; thus, the intellectual state—the thought or knowledge of the moment—may be either by the senses from without, or by the former knowledge from within.'

'Besides *perception*, or mere knowledge, produced in either of these ways, we have the feeling of pleasure or pain, which is probably anterior

to the former, and the cause of it; and this produces the *desire* of enjoying the one, and avoiding the other; by which our mere notions, or knowledge, are rendered more vivid, and return more easily in suggestion, or affect us more strongly upon the recurrence of the external cause. This desire is the portion of our mental constitution, which prompts us to exercise our bodily powers for our preservation and happiness: and the pain, or the pleasure, that it occasions, is an *emotion*. Thus the great division of our mental phenomena, or affections, is into *intellectual states* and *emotions*.'—vol. ii. p. 297.

With such unintelligible instruction as this, it would not surprise us to hear our author exclaiming to his pupils, in his own *elegant* manner—'what a set of stupids you are!'—(vol. i. page 88.) It is utterly impossible that such a work as this can ever make the delightful study of Intellectual Philosophy popular.

ART. XIV.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventure, or Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East India Company, between the Years 1802 and 1814.* 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

IN our last number, the singular memoirs of that adventurous character, Mr. John Shipp, led us to consider the effects of military enthusiasm on a man of very humble origin. Were we genuine lovers of Plutarch, we should have at present an excellent opportunity for drawing a long and elaborate parallel between two men ardent in the pursuit of the same object, possessing ideas very similar, and both being characterized by that singular phenomenon of the love of war, yielding to a little, modest, and secret ambition to be placed among the men whom, in other ages, they would have employed and paid to write their adventures. It is curious, however, to observe how one strong and active passion, existing in men of widely different conditions, will assimilate them to each other—how, in fact, we are almost brought back to a state of natural equality by ambition, before it has a distinct view of the objects which it desires to possess. Lieutenant Shipp was the nursling of a poor-house, but the elements of a soldier were all glowing within him, and he no sooner got into the free fields and could pour out his thoughts after the manner he desired, than he made troops out of horses and cows, drilled the dairy-maids into holding their heads up, and finally determined on the desperate design of resigning himself to that blind deity of the soldier—fortune. The patrician youth, who has, after twelve years' ardent service in India and the Peninsula, come before us as an author, was born in very different circumstances, but was led by the same instinct as his less prosperous cotemporary, and the only difference appears to have been, that the one had a command over a regiment of cows and horses, and the other was the self-styled captain of a company of ragged boys.

There is an air of frankness and good nature in the very opening

of these volumes which prepossesses us with a similar sentiment towards the author. He leads us back to the days of his boyhood, and tells us of himself and his concerns with such an apparent conviction that we must be entertained with his narrative, that we are half compelled to be so, whether we would or not; and having begun to be pleased out of a feeling of good nature, we are easily led to be doubly so with every little anecdote of kind-hearted sympathy, or open and generous conduct.

The writer with whom we are thus disposed to make companionship through a short article, represents himself as the one among six sons which his parents dedicated to the fiery path of war. The reason which led to this decision was, according to his showing—and he declares in the advertisement, that he has borrowed no aid from fiction—that his head was thick, and that he showed no inclination for letters. His father and mother, who must have been such people as we have not the good luck often to meet with in the world, were guided by the same enlightened principles in disposing of their other sons—thus one was fixed on for a sailor, because he was caught making a ship out of a table turned upside down; another, who used to spend his money on squibs and little cannon, instead of sugar-cakes, was regarded as a prodigy of a child, and made an artillery-man; and our author only regrets that his parents had not had the advantages which phrenology has since conferred on mothers, for determining with precision whether their sons shall be made Newtons, or Byrons, or Wellingtons. It was not, however, all theory with these good people, for they began to study in what manner the young aspirant after glory might secure his eminence, before he was hardly out of his nurse's arms. By the time he had arrived at the fighting age of nine years, a commission was purchased for him in a marching regiment, and he was allowed to strut among his awed and trembling school-mates, as an officer on full pay in his Majesty's service. 'I am convinced,' says the valiant author, 'to this day, that I grew some inches taller in the course of the first twenty-four hours, and to this early event of my life, I have no doubt I owe a certain stiffness of carriage and military strut, for which I have always been remarkable.'

As a sad lesson of humiliation to our young friend, in the midst of all his pride and glory, the Duke of York conceived the idea that boys of nine years old did not add much to the effective strength of the army; and that, while they were at school, they had not any very assignable reasons for expecting to rise as rapidly as money or interest would make them. The consequence of this supposition was, the immediate decision that such non-available soldiers should be put upon half-pay, and our author, among the rest, saw himself stripped of his blushing honours, without a hope of help.

Soon after this unfortunate event, he was sent as a commoner to

Winchester School, but he never rendered himself very distinguished in his studies. Poor Doctor Gobell, one of the masters, is well reprimanded by his untoward pupil, for the tasks which he set him on a cold winter's day, and for all the other hardships which he made him suffer. But this misery was not of any very long endurance. At the age of fifteen, on account of some change of opinion as to the opportunities of his rising in the King's service, his parents procured him a cadetship, for the artillery, in the East India Company's employ. In mentioning this circumstance, the author has paid a kind and affectionate tribute of respect to his parents, which sounds the better, as he attributes to their mistaken policy his being only a captain when he might have been a general.

To prepare him for his new station, he has sent to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and as a proof that these volumes contain some useful practical instruction, we may mention the principle which regulates the system of education pursued at this seminary, and which is most justly commended by the author. Emulation, as usually created in boys at school, we consider to be fraught with evil, and as to compulsory fagging, it is as bad as if a machine were invented for the express purpose of crushing and destroying the mind. But as it is not in all cases possible to make boys love wisdom for wisdom's sake, it becomes necessary to employ some kind of external impulse to rouse the intellect to exertion. This, at Woolwich, is only properly done, by making it evident to the student, that his respectability really depends upon his exertion, but leaving him at the same time perfectly free to labour or not, as his reason dictates. We are persuaded, that if, under proper modifications, the same plan were pursued in other public seminaries, there would be a considerable improvement effected, in the character of the pupils—a school-boy would not merely be man in miniature, but he would have manly thoughts of his own responsibility, and go into the world prepared by that conviction, for a hardier perseverance in its duties. The present system of education, we speak not of the studies themselves, but of the method of study, is only fit to prepare them for a monastic life, or one of mere literary labour. But we pass from this short digression. Our author left Woolwich, when he was between sixteen and seventeen, and prepared for India. His parting from his parents is well and touchingly described, as are also the first days of the voyage, and the various sensations with which he saw himself transported from "a parent's fire-side to a cuddly-table," and the heterogeneous party which formed the circle of his new associates. If we regarded this work as a book of travels, we could find sufficient descriptive matter, to shew that it is not without merit in this respect. But as the journal of a voyager, it is like a hundred others; whereas, when taken up as a book of anecdote and sketches, it furnishes an idle reader with some fresh and novel materials for pleasant reverie. After a

voyage of five months, the author arrived in the Madras roads. His observations on the appearance of the soldiers belonging to the Company are amusing. Their stiffness and formal looks, as contrasted with the comparatively free air of English soldiers, struck him with astonishment, and his surprise remained till he hit upon this curious enough solution, that the former, though serving only a company of merchants, are the tools of a despotic government, while the latter are the servants and members of a free nation. No difficulty was experienced by our young cadet in getting extensively introduced to Indian society, and he had speedily a specimen of the manner in which life is most prodigally wasted by the *bons vivans* of the East.

On the first appearance of hostilities, he was sent to join the army at Belgore, under General Stewart. The account which is given of an Anglo Indian camp, is highly picturesque, but as our readers have already heard enough of Eastern warfare, we pass over the narrative of our author's campaign, to collect some of the more original passages of the work. These are generally little detached pieces, either of anecdote or of easy and pleasant reflections. From among many of these we select the following specimen of the style in which the work is written, reminding the reader that the author has claimed for himself the indulgence due to one not so by profession; but which favor he seems not to require. The following refers to his situation at Bangalore:—

‘ Besides the general amusements of cricket, and other similar pastimes, which the mildness of the climate for the greater part of the year enables the officers and soldiers to enjoy in perfection, meetings are held annually, at which the best horses in India contest the prizes, and where the gay fair, if not already provided with partners for life at the Presidency, may be able to dance themselves into the good graces of the less fastidious beaux of the up-country. Those delightful things, *pic-nics*, were also common here. They were generally held a few miles from the cantonment, in some pleasant situation favourable for sporting. I lament, however, to state that gaming, that bane of society, would often intrude itself into these parties, to poison a pleasant and innocent recreation. I abhor gaming: all pleasure, all happiness, fly before it. He that can thoroughly enjoy it cannot have a sound heart, and he that makes a profit and trade of it must have a thoroughly bad one. A worthy friend of mine used to express his dislike to high play, by saying, “ I cannot possibly like to lose my own money, and I feel no pleasure in winning that of another.” I must, however, say of those who are addicted to gambling in India, that every thing connected with it is there conducted on the fairest and most gentlemanly principles of which the vice is capable. I never saw any thing like importunity to play where disinclination was decidedly expressed, or any attempt to allure inexperienced youth. A remarkable instance to the contrary occurred just before I left India; which, without mentioning the names of the parties, though creditable to both, I shall take the liberty of introducing here.

A person high in authority in the Island of Ceylon, whose example and

practice, in this respect, were quite at variance with his general conduct, lost on one occasion at play, in his own house, a large sum of money, amounting, I believe, to some thousands of pounds, to a young officer. The next morning he sent for the winner, and addressed him in these words: "Young man, I lost a considerable sum to you last night. I perceive that you are inexperienced in play, and this success may be your ruin. I will not pay you, therefore, unless you give me your word of honour that you never will play again for more than a certain sum." The conditions were complied with, and the young man received a draft for his money.

'A melancholy instance of the effects of gaming occurred while I was at Bangalore. Two officers played together. The one was a man hitherto respected and esteemed, the other of rather equivocal character. On meeting the following morning to arrange the balance, the latter brought in the former his debtor to a very large amount: the former denied that he owed him a farthing. The demand was persisted in, with the offer to bring witnesses to the fact; but this only produced a reiteration of the denial, accompanied by gross personal abuse, repeated in such a manner as to provoke the *soi-disant* creditor, who would gladly have avoided a personal encounter, to send a challenge. They met; and, what was strange in a person who had hitherto supported the character of a gentleman, when on the ground the party called out, but who was in this case virtually the challenger, loaded his reluctant antagonist with every abusive epithet calculated to rouse the feelings of man. In short, he seemed desirous of goading on his adversary to such a pitch that one or the other of them must fall. In this effort he succeeded. They fired six rounds, and at length he fell dead on the spot. Notwithstanding every prejudice that existed against the survivor, it was generally believed that in this instance he was in the right; and so thought the court by which he was acquitted. Admitting this opinion to be just, what stronger proof of the dreadful effect of gaming can be adduced! Here was a man of unsullied character driven, in a fit of desperation, to commit a dishonest action, and then to seal it with his blood, while he aimed at the life of another. Honour or life is not an uncommon sacrifice to this hellish vice; witness the number of black-legs, and their victims, the suicides. But to lose both together is, it must be confessed, even in the annals of gaming, an unusual catastrophe.'

There is a justness and truth of feeling evinced in the foregoing remarks, which we perceive with pleasure. It is creditable to the author that, having been so early left to his own control, he could preserve the high sentiments of moral honour which are implied in his reflections on gaming. The condition of young men in India is, perhaps, the most perilous in which youth can be placed. They feel themselves removed from restraint, not for a season, but for ever, and when to indulge freely in pleasure, is almost a part of the code of law, it cannot be expected that they should long remain unimbued with the vices which belong to the country. Gaming, it appears, from our author's statement, is carried to a fearful extent in India, and is frequently productive of the most fatal consequences. Many instances might, with little trouble, be collected to prove this fact, but the example which the author himself has given is suffi-

cient. The following passage is in his best style, and will afford a favourable idea of the manner in which he works up those anecdotal parts of the narrative which render the *Twelve Years' Adventure* such a readable and amusing book.

' Upon the whole, the time I spent at Bangalore, was the pleasantest part of my service in India. As there was a large force of native infantry stationed there, I had a good opportunity of observing the system pursued in that main branch of the service, on the fidelity of which depends the existence of our Eastern empire; and, I must say, I was not altogether satisfied with it. There was too evident a desire to copy the European regiments, in matters not really essential to the discipline of the native corps, but, at the same time, tending to produce discontent, and to diminish their attachment to the service. For instance, the frequent drills, parades, and roll-calls, though absolutely necessary to preserve the Europeans, whose habits were any thing but temperate or quiescent, in any degree of order, were by no means so to the sober and domestic sepoy, who, fond of his ease, becomes discontented when harassed by unnecessary duty. I thought too, that the European officers carried themselves too high with the native officers, and did not encourage their visits, or seem to be so much pleased with their society as they ought to have been. The cavalry officers appeared to me to manage those matters much better than those of the infantry. My building transactions with the natives gave me some insight into their character, and into the mode of dealing with each other. Wherever money was in question, I found it to be a system of fraud and extortion, of bribery and corruption, from top to bottom; and the only way to secure your own interests at all, is to set these noxious elements in opposition to each other—that is, in fact, to set thief to catch thief. I used to be a good deal amused with the manner in which my head-man (who I suppose was as great a rogue as any of them) treated any person with whom it was necessary that he should make a bargain for building materials, or the like. No matter how respectable the man might be in appearance, how valuable his time might be to him, or how far he might have come, he was sure to be kept waiting in the anti-room of the office for two or three days before his business was allowed to come on. Upon remonstrating with my functionary on the impropriety of keeping a respectable person dancing attendance so long, I received for answer, that it was necessary to lower him a peg or two; or, in other words, to take the pride out of him, before he could be in a fit state to be treated with. Whether my man did this to show his consequence, or to extract a bribe from the contractor, or whether the reason assigned was the true one, I cannot pretend to say; but I believe it was compounded of all three.

' It may amuse the reader to be informed that among my mathematical instruments, I had an inverting telescope, which I used sometimes to let my servants look through that I might enjoy their surprise at seeing the world turned upside down, and in particular, the astonishment they expressed, when they saw men and women walking on their heads, without their clothes falling down. It got about in the cantonment that the engineer *Sahab* had a telescope which could turn people upside down; without the latter part of the phenomenon being generally known. So I used sometimes to amuse myself by pointing my glass at the women as they

passed my window; upon which they would run as fast as they could, holding their clothes down with both their hands.

'Here, in the course of my professional duty, I witnessed an instance of natural eloquence which I cannot avoid repeating as the best sample of the figurative language of the East that ever I heard. On one occasion the workmen engaged in my buildings struck for an advance of wages. I proceeded to remonstrate with them, and, among other exhortations to bring them back to their duty, I asked whether I had not always regarded their interests as my own. "It is true," said one advancing from the crowd, "master has always been a father to us; yea, and more than a father; for he has been to us as a mother also. But the child must cry before the mother thinks of offering it the breast."

'A melancholy accident happened in my department about this period, which distressed me a good deal. Owing to some tardiness on the part of the Paymaster at Arcot, I was not properly supplied with money for the work at the station. I sent therefore a considerable sum from Bangalore, under the charge of four *peons* belonging to my establishment. From some information obtained, these poor men were waylaid by a band of robbers and murdered. Besides the fear which I entertained of being made responsible for the money, I had to witness the distress, and to bear the reproaches, of the families of the sufferers, until I could find means to provide for their support. In my application to the Government to be remunerated for the loss, I filled, at least, a sheet of foolscap with arguments in favour of my claim. After my native writer, or clerk, had copied the same, I asked if he understood it. "Oh, yes," said he; "money lost; please give." This condensation of my elaborate epistle almost cured me of long letter-writing.

'Being present at a court-martial about this time, I was much amused with the evidence of a young Irish officer, who, when questioned whether he had not given the lie to a certain person, replied, "No; I only said, that either he or the Colonel had told a lie, and that I was sure it wasn't the Colonel."—p. 324—9.

Our readers will remember the author expressed his astonishment, on his first arrival in India, at the contrast between the appearance of the soldiers in the English army and of those in the Company's service. Part of the above observations are worth perusal, as they exemplify a striking characteristic in the native Indian corps.

The author, although a cadet in the East India Company's service, retained his half-pay in the English army. By the employment of some interest which he possessed, he succeeded in getting put on full pay, and he was ordered to join the former under Lord Wellington, in Spain. We feel it again necessary carefully to avoid the campaigning histories which occupy this portion of the work, but the following story of a dream is worth extracting:—

'The town of Espejo is situated in a small fertile plain, or what in less mountainous countries would be called a valley, about eighteen miles from Vittoria, between which and our camp a range of mountains intervened; so that, although close to our enemy, whose left wing reached within about five miles of our camp, we were, to all appearance, as far removed

from the din of war as if we had been in our native land. The illusion would have been complete, had we not been reminded of our situation by the occasional sound of a gun, fired at the reconnoitring party of Lord Wellington, who, while we were thus reposing after the fatigues of a long march, was employed in examining the position of the enemy, who had been assembling their forces in the plain of Vittoria as fast as possible.

‘To a mind possessing the common feelings of our nature, few things can be more awful than the eve of an expected battle; and I claim no community of feeling with those persons who have not experienced, on these occasions, some awkward sensations about the region of the heart. It is different when fighting comes as an every-day occurrence, for then the mind becomes accustomed to it; but, setting fear aside, there must be in every zealous breast an anxiety as to the result of the conflict, which cannot but be harassing to the feelings. Here, in this peaceful valley, many a poor fellow, unconscious of the approaching action, slept his last sleep in this world. For my part I had seen and heard enough to convince me that we were on the eve of a great battle; and in the thoughts naturally engendered by that opinion, I lay awake the greater part of the night. But towards morning, when nature had asserted her empire over the senses, I had a most extraordinary dream, which I beg leave to relate for the amusement of the reader. I dreamt that we had a general action, in which I lost a leg from a cannon-shot; and that, no surgeon being at hand, I died from loss of blood. I supposed myself lying among other dead bodies waiting for the last trumpet. I had read in Scripture that we were to rise in our bodies, and I began to think what a pretty figure I should cut, hopping up to judgment with only one leg, for I could no where see mine; the military sextons, who are not over-nice in these particulars, having most likely deposited it in the neighbouring grave of some grenadier. At last I espied one at a short distance. I made a grab at it; but it would not fit at all, having been carried off full three inches higher than my own. It was besides rather of the Tuscan order, and I used to pique myself on the contour of my nether limbs. I determined, however, to keep it by me, supposing the owner might have got possession of mine, in which case we might set each other to rights at the general muster; not reflecting that I might fare no better in this case than at an assembly, where if you happen to take home an old hat instead of your own new one, the proprietor of the former is seldom at any pains to rectify the mistake. While this was passing in my mind, and I was engaged in these metaphysical subtleties, suddenly the awful trumpet sounded. I started up at the noise, but could scarcely believe that I was actually awake and in the land of the living; for I heard the trumpet, or rather bugle, sounding in earnest. It was the first call for the march. I rubbed my eyes, fell in with my corps, and soon lost all recollection of my dream in the march and battle. This extraordinary coincidence, of the last trumpet and the first bugle, I leave to philosophers to reconcile.’—vol. ii. pp. 202—205.

When will travellers cease to record the feelings with which they, one and all, revisit the scenes of their past youth? We suppose never, nor do we desire they should, though they must utter the same thoughts many times over, and though we may learn nothing from the repetition, but that all men, who have any

worthiness of heart, are bound to their first homes, by what the poet so beautifully calls "pastoral piety." Passing now, however, over these reflections for the present, we come to the contrast which the author has drawn between society in England and India.

'I had not been long in England before I began to find what I had, in some measure, anticipated, namely, that society was conducted on quite a different footing from what it is in India. In fact, I observed that relations do not here live together on such free terms as common acquaintances do in the East. This may be principally owing to that general reserve which is more or less necessary in a community where persons have no means of becoming acquainted with the true characters of each other. But, at the same time, it must, I fear, be admitted to proceed partly from the national characteristics of coldness and want of sociability, with which we are accused by foreigners. I apprehend, however, that such has not always been our natural character, or how could our country have obtained, or even have assumed the title of "merry England." I am rather inclined to think that this reserve, which has its foundation in pride, must have grown up as we became more a trading people; for, in a free commercial country, riches are so constantly treading on the heels of rank, that the latter is forced, in its own defence, to assume a greater degree of hauteur and distance than would be practised in a country where, from the line being more decidedly drawn, the high-born can afford to be familiar with their inferiors in rank, without fear of losing their consequence. This conduct in the upper classes naturally descends, every one either aping those above, or dreading the familiarity of those beneath him: and, as is always the case, the copy proves more extravagant than the original. These are causes fully adequate, in my opinion, to account for this change in the national character, from sociability and good-fellowship to coldness and reserve, without setting down these latter qualities to the effect of a foggy atmosphere, to which some are disposed to attribute them.

'From whatever cause they may proceed, certain it is, however, that to a person who has been so long absent from his native country, as to have nearly lost all recollection of its forms and habits, they have a very chilling effect, and I am sure drive many a man back to lay his bones in a foreign land, who would gladly have spent the evening of his days among his kindred.

'Not all the overacted attentions of needy and greedy relations, or of designing parasites, can get the better of this feeling which every Indian, more or less, experiences after his return to England; and which, very naturally, causes them to herd together in such a way as to excite the ridicule of the world. But for my part, I think it a kindly sight; and I never see a brace of old Indian bachelors travelling together, as they generally do, and addressing each other by the familiar appellations of Tom and Dick, when past their grand climacteric, without experiencing emotions far removed from those of derision or contempt.

'Though, in this respect, old Indians are by no means deserving of ridicule, it must be confessed that many of them do make great fools of themselves, in their endeavours to screw themselves into the *beau monde*; in the vain attempt to do which, they often spend a fortune. Indeed it generally costs them infinitely more to secure the *entrée* of some fashion-

able drawing-room, than it does the political aspirant to obtain a seat in the council of the nation. I have often wondered how men, who have really conducted themselves with great credit and ability as statesmen, or as soldiers abroad, should so belie their characters at home. It would almost seem as if the qualities of their minds, which had been matured in a warm climate, had, on exposure to the cold of their native country, been suddenly condensed into the dry and insignificant character conveyed under the title of Nabob.

We take leave of the author of these volumes, with more respect than we usually feel for the writers of such works. But he has put together the most lively incidents of an adventurous life, in an unaffected and agreeable style, and his work contains both information and amusement.

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Arcana of Science, and Annual Register of the Useful Arts; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies, and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past year. With 32 engravings. 12mo. pp. 286. London: Limbird.*

THIS appears to be a very praiseworthy and useful little work, containing a great number of important facts, in a small compass, and at a very reasonable price. It also manifests a considerable improvement upon its precursor of last year, in point of variety, and care in selection. In the latter particular, however, there is still great room for amendment, and we should advise the editor, in his future labours, not to expose his credulity by taking upon blind trust, every thing he finds pinned, or pasted into the pages of a periodical. The story of the Marmots, for example, (page 183) who make hay, using an old female Marmot for a hand-barrow—though it has run the gauntlet of all the Magazines, is too absurd for the belief of any rational person, above the age of childhood. It is of a piece with the notice (page 170) of a Saxon, who could speak thirty words!!! Under the head of domestic economy, we find a still greater absurdity, professed to be the “French method of making Coffee.” As this must unquestionably be a hoax, wherever it may have originated, we shall extract it entire:—

The principal points are these; ‘The Coffee, *Turkey or Bourbon*, should be roasted only till it is of a *Cinnamon colour*, and closely covered up during the process of roasting. In France, this is done in closed iron cylinders, turned over a fire, by a handle like a grindstone. The Coffee should be coarsely ground soon after it is roasted, but not until quite cool; some think its *aroma* is better preserved by beating in a mortar, but this is tedious. The proportions for *making Coffee* are usually, *one pint of boiling water to two and a half ounces of Coffee*. The Coffee being put into the water, the Coffee-pots should be covered up, and left for two hours, surrounded with hot cinders, so as to keep up the temperature, without making the liquor boil. Occasionally stir it, and after two hours,

infusion, remove it from the fire, and allow it a quarter of an hour to settle, and when perfectly clear, decant it. Isinglass, or hartshorn shavings, are sometimes used to clarify Coffee, but by this addition, you lose a great portion of its *aromy*.

‘Coffee, in England, is generally *over-roasted*, and from this fault arise all the inconveniences which are so often attributed to Coffee, but which, in reality, are produced from the imperfect modes of its preparation. *From the Coffee-drinker’s Manual, translated from the French.*’—page 250.

That such a method of making Coffee, will, to a certainty, spoil it—brown enough, and thick enough, indeed, it may be thus rendered—but tasteless, mawkish, and weak—the flavour and spirit all gone, and nothing remaining of the real stuff, save the shadow, which mocks the lip and the palate with “unreal seeming,” a flat, flavourless, “baseless fabric of a vision,” the very corpse of a cup of good coffee. It must be altogether a hoax, to tell us that the above is the French method, and nobody that has a particle of common sense, will ever *simmer Coffee for two hours and a quarter*.

The compiler, we may remark, has adopted the too common, but disingenuous practice, of taking his extracts from English periodicals, which he gives Foreign periodicals for his authority. In many cases also he suppresses his authorities altogether, apparently from design.

ART. XVI.—*A Comparative Atlas of Antient and Modern Geography; for the use of Eton School.*—By A. Arrowsmith: London. For the Author. 1828.

THERE are few classical students who will not be thankful to the publisher of this very correct and elegant Atlas. We have looked over the several maps which it contains, and can safely recommend them as in every way adapted, both by their fullness and the clear and accurate style of the engraving, for general use. We are glad to find that Mr. Arrowsmith has availed himself of the assistance of Mr. Hawtrey, one of the assistant masters at Eton, in the work; as the aid of that excellent classical scholar has materially added to the value of the artist’s skill. The plan on which the Atlas is formed is the best which could be devised, and the most likely to insure the attention, as well as facilitate the research of the learner. The antient map of each country is fronted by the modern, and so distinct are they in their several parts, that the most inattentive eye will be at no loss to discover the object of its search as opposed in the two plates. A book of Skeleton Maps accompanies the Atlas, and we should be glad to find the work generally adopted in other great Public Grammar Schools, as well as at Eton. Let the commencing students of classical literature be diligently employed in illustration of what is read—let them be, in short, a substance of facts for the understanding to work upon, and it will not be found that seven years are too long to spend in a grammar school, or that the oldest and strictest foundation can be accused of being past usefulness. We hope there will not be much longer any reason for these complaints, and it will afford us pleasure to find that Mr. Arrowsmith’s Atlas appears just in time for the wakening spirit of improvement.

ART. XVII.—*Testimonies in proof of the Separate Existence of the Soul in a state of Self-consciousness, between Death and the Resurrection.* By the Rev. Thomas Huntingford. M. A. Vicar of Kempesford, Gloucestershire.—pp. 500. 12mo. London: Rivington. 1829.

THE object of this work is clearly stated in the title, and the opinions which are maintained upon the subject, is thus further mentioned at the conclusion of the preface:

‘The idea, that the souls of men sink at death into a state inconsistent with what the scriptures teach us to be their nature, is an idea almost subversive of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; since it would affirm, that the souls of many human beings have been, to all intents and purposes, DEAD for thousands of years, and may continue so still for an indefinite period. Surely this must tend to confirm my hesitating mind in the entire disbelief of any future life.

‘The two conflicting opinions may thus be stated: the one affirms, that MAN never dies; for, that though his grosser part may be dissolved, preparatory to a glorious change of nature, yet his living principles always continues to live. The other insinuates, that death is virtually the dead, both of body and soul; for that both are equally to remain unconscious of existence for thousands of years. It may be fairly asked, which of these two opinions carries with it most easily the belief of a future state: that which supposes the living principle never to be suspended, or that which supposes it for thousands of years to be lost?

‘We may observe, that in speaking of the resurrection, the sacred writers never allude to the rising again of any thing but the body. Unless, then, we are to suppose the soul annihilated, we must suppose them to mean, that the body, when raised, will be joined by the soul, which, in the mean time, has been placed in some separate abode. But the soul is purely spiritual; life is the very essence of spirit; if spirit ceases to life, it ceases to BE: neither can spirit live without self-consciousness. Therefore, we may fairly come to this conclusion, that the soul of man, whilst separated from the body by death, will be alive and in full possession of self-consciousness of its own existence.’—p. 17.

So far as the author has given a transcript of the opinions of celebrated men upon the points in question; his work is valuable, but it is very deficient, where we could have wished it most copious—in the chapter upon the ancient writers—and we strongly suspect that this has arisen from want of sufficient erudition, though good materials might have been collected, with a little stretch of industry, from such books as Witsius’ *Ægyptiaeus*, Jablonski, *Buddæus de Erroribus*, Windet *de viso functurum Statu*, Thoniasius *de loco Animæ*, Mamertus *de Statu Animæ*, Cardan *de Immortalitate*, D’Herbelot, Warburton’s *Divine Legation*, with Bott’s *Answer*, &c.: none of which works the author appears to have seen, at least he does not refer to them, nor give other evidence of acquaintance with their contents.

But we consider his collection, as far as it goes, valuable, in point of curiosity, to those who are fond of speculating upon such subjects; yet we question the practical *utility* of the inquiry at all. We are firm in the conviction, that it is a subject upon which no light can be thrown,

by speculative reasoning; and that every argument, which can be advanced in favour of the immortality of the soul, may be directly or indirectly traced to revelation; and to hunt after others is to renounce or to oppose the declaration of the Scriptures, that "Life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel."

ART. XVIII.—*The cause of Dry Rot Discovered; with a Description of a Patent Invention for Preserving Decked Vessels from Dry Rot, and goods on board from damage by heat.* By John George, Esq., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 186. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

THIS appears to be an exceedingly ingenious production, by a shrewdly cautious investigator of minute circumstances, which, though of every day occurrence, are commonly overlooked; but in his hands they assume great importance, and terminate in the most useful results. We confess, that we have not ourselves examined the facts which he states; but they appear plausible, and have all the appearance of accuracy. He was led to the investigation of the cause of dry rot, by observing it in the door of a vault belonging to his premises, under the Roll's Yard, in Chancery Lane. He was told the door of the vault usually became rotten in four or five years; but at first paid no attention to the information. He thus proceeds with the details of his discovery in a graphic and dramatic form, which considering the subject we certainly did not expect:—"In October, 1826, while locking my new, and, as I supposed still sound door, on coming out of the vault, I fancied I perceived that the door in one part of it, had a little given way, or was a little warped, or shrunk inwards. I instantly applied my thumb nail to the part, and was exceedingly surprised to find that it penetrated the wood, as easily as if it had been the cut part of a cheese. What can this be? thought I, how can it have happened? the door has met with no rough usage; and it was new four or five years ago. I tried with my nail again on another part; it was equally soft. Surely, it must be what we hear so much of, as making such havoc in the Navy; it must be the dry rot! How dry it looks! It cannot be the wet which has done it. Why, it looks as dry as kecks. These thoughts passed through my mind, and I began to feel a strong desire to find out what it was that had caused the decay."—p. 10.

Upon examining the circumstances attending this door, and the vault to which it led, he found that there was a difference of about 20° in the temperature on the outside and the inside of the door, both in winter and summer—the atmosphere of the vault being as much cooler in hot as it was warmer in cold weather than the external air.

"How is this door affected," he asks "by the changes in the temperature? I have it! I have found it out! It is the heat which is so constantly working its way, in such quantity, through the timber of the door, in the one direction or the other." "It is this heat, so almost continually forcing its way through the door, into and out of the vault by turns, and, in so doing, coming into immediate contact with, and exerting an action of some sort on the whole of the interior of the timber, that has, by degrees, effected its decomposition on timber, and made it so rotten as it is. It was

by turning the subject in my mind and sifting and scrutinizing it in this manner, that I came to make my discovery of the cause of the decay.'—Page 13.

By following out these principles, Mr. George invented a method which he imagines will be efficient in preventing ships, &c., from suffering on account of dry rot. The details of this are given in the same ingenious and ingenious manner, of which we have already given a brief specimen, and cannot fail to interest all those who have valuable property liable to be affected with dry rot.

ART. XIX.—*Hints, designed to promote a profitable attendance on an Evangelical Ministry.* BY THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIS; Minister of the Croft Chapel, Hastings. pp. 71. 18mo. London: Hatchard. 1828.

A WEAK but well meaning production, by one of that querulous class of clergymen, who lay the blame of their own deficiency in the art of sermonizing on the infidelity of the age, or the lukewarmness of professing Christians. It is very poorly written, and if Mr. Davis can preach no better than he writes, we marvel not that the good people of Hastings are prone to commit, what appears to him, the unpardonable crime of attending other places of worship, besides Croft Chapel.

ART. XX.—*Domestic Instruction on Useful and Interesting Subjects,* by Mrs. Matthias, author of the Laundry Maid, &c.—2 vols. 12mo. pp. 201—189. London: Seeley and Burnside.

THE lady who has indited these two pretty volumes, appears to be one of those mistaken persons who endeavour to cram the heads of children with words to which they attach no possible meaning. Her aim is to instil into the infant mind, religious principles and habits of piety, and we cordially agree with her that it is important to "train up a child in the way that he should go;" but while we give her all credit for her good intention, we are bound to report, that her book gives palpable evidence of her incompetence to instruct the young; for her religion consists chiefly of canting expressions, introduced on all occasions in the most inappropriate manner, and her attempts at explaining Natural History, only manifest her own ignorance of the subject. The spiral convolutions in a univalved shell, for example, she explains by twisting a piece of paper round a pencil, and by a cork-crew, but all of these convolutions she repeatedly persists in calling not a *spiral*, but "a spiral line!" (vol. i. p. 12, 13.) Her Botany is still worse, she calls the *Corchorus Japonica*; simply "*Japonica*," an epithet which is applied to about half-a-dozen other plants, of the most different genera. With respect to insects, she confounds the most common species, copying from some book, we suppose, an account of the Peacock Butterfly (*Vanessa Io*) for that of the small Tortoiseshell Butterfly (*Vanessa Urticæ*)—vol. i. p. 158. The Latin terms are metamorphosed in every possible manner: she talks, for instance, of a "*vertebræ*," and of a "*tantacula*," whence she forms the plural "*tentaculæ*!" (vol. ii. p.

35.) We submit that this is not to instruct, but to misdirect children,—to ingraft upon the infant bud a scion from a wilding tree, rather than from a garden standard of approved superiority. Her work, in a word, is the last book we should think of putting into the hands of our own children.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

Shortly will be published, by J. H. Robinson, M.D. of St. Croix, A Practical Treatise on the superior efficacy of the round leaf cornel, in cases of primary or secondary debility of the Digestive Organs, and for general weakness attendant on Age, or from the enervating effects of the too free use of Vinous or spirituous liquors, savoury dishes, or of a Tropical climate. With remarks on Diet and Wines, to which are added, instructions for the use of the Lobelia Inflata in cases of Asthma and Chronic Cough.

In the press, and will be published immediately—A Treatise on the varieties of Deafness and Diseases of the Ear, with methods of relieving them;” by William Wright, Esq. Surgeon Aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and to his Grace the Duke of Wellington; to the latter of whom this work will be dedicated.

A second edition is preparing of an Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A. M. of Oriel College, Oxford, and illustrated by views from the drawings of De Wint, and engraved by W. B. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, uniform with Batty and other European scenery.

Mr. Valpy is now publishing a series of School and College Greek Classics, with English notes, in a duodecimo form; the Medea and Hecuba of Euripides, as well as the Oedipus of Sophocles, are ready: and Thucydides, Herodotus, Xenophon, &c. are to follow in succession.

Mr. Atherstone announces the second volume of his poem, entitled the Fall of Nineveh.

The extensive historical work by Sir James Mackintosh, so long expected, is now so nearly ready for the press, that the first volume will, we are assured, appear in the early part of the ensuing season. Contemporaneously with this work, Sir James has been induced to prepare for the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, a Popular History of England, forming three volumes of that publication. Such a sketch of English history has been long a desideratum in our literature.

University of Leipzig.—From the official “Notice of the Lectures to be delivered during the winter session 1828-9,” we observe, that in Philosophy and Languages there will be given 24 distinct courses; in History, 12; in Philosophy, 24; in Statistics, 10; in Mathematics and Astronomy, 7; in Natural Sciences, 11; in Agricultural Sciences, 5; in Theology, 53; in Jurisprudence, 68; and in Medicine and Surgery, 66. One portion of the two last consists of lectures, and the other of what are termed exercises, examinations; and controversial exercises.

Mr. W. Carpenter, author of the Scientia Biblica, &c. has in the press, Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation.

A proposal is in circulation for erecting a monument to the memory of the celebrated Italian litterato and poet, Vincenzo Monti, in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city of Milan, the place of his residence for thirty years, to the time of his death.

The second No. of Dr. Thompson's Zoological Researches and Illustrations, is nearly ready for publication: It will contain a Memoir on the Luminosity of the Ocean, with descriptions, illustrated by four plates of some remarkable species of luminous animals (*Pyrosoma pigmæa*, and *Sapphirina indicator*), and particularly of the four new genera, *Nocticula*, *Cynthia*, *Lucifer*, and *Podopsis*, of the *Schizopodæ*.

A volume of tales, under the title of *Sketches of Irish Character*, from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the editor of the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, is announced for publication in April.

Mrs. Hedgeland, late Isabella Kelly, the author of many popular novels, and her daughter, have in the press an *Epitome of General Knowledge*, with *Derivations, Illustrations, and Historical Extracts*; combining instruction with amusement. This work, in two volumes, is to be published by subscription; and we are sure we need hardly enforce the claim of so old a public favourite.

Mr. W. Jones, author of the *History of the Waldenses, &c.*, has in the press a *Christian Biographical Dictionary*, comprising the lives of such persons in every country, and in every age, since the revival of literature, as have distinguished themselves by their talents, their sufferings, or their virtues.

British Museum: Libri Desiderati.—Within these few days back a parchment book has been most properly introduced into the reading-rooms of the Museum, for the purpose of receiving the titles of any literary productions not already contained in the library, in order, no doubt, that the want may be supplied: to this book all the students or persons having admission to the reading-rooms, have access.

A Second edition is called for of "*An Epistle from Abelard to Eloise.*" By Thomas Stewart Esq.

The Scientific Journal of Pavia, which was edited by Professors Configliacchi and Bragnatelli, under the title of *Giornale di fisica, chimica e Storia Naturale*, having been discontinued, as well as the astronomical and geographical correspondence of Baron de Zach; there was no accredited periodical remaining in Italy devoted to physical and natural sciences. To supply this want Mr. Vieusseux, of Florence, Editor of the *Antologia* of the *Agrarian Journal*, has announced a new Scientific Journal, to be published quarterly, under the title of *Annali Italiani delle Scienze Matematiche fisiche e Naturali*, to which the learned of the various Italian States are invited to send their contributions, affording thus a repository for all valuable national observations and discoveries. Medicine will not be included, there being already established journals for that science, such as the *Annals of Medicine*, published by Dr. Omodei at Milan, and others.

The Publishers of *The Boy's Own Book* have nearly ready *The Young Lady's Book*, a novel and elegant volume, highly embellished, devoted to the most favorite pursuits and recreations of Young Ladies.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Winstanley on the Arts, 8vo. 5s. bds.
 Jennings' Paris, part 1. 4to. 5s.
 Treatise on Surveying and Plan Drawing, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
 Chitty's Collection of Statutes, Part II. royal 8vo. 1l. 16s. 6d. bds.
 Pearson's Astronomy, vol. 2. royal 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d. bds.
 Hutton's (George), Theory and Practice of Arithmetic. 12mo. 3s. sheep.
 Encyclopædia Metropolitana (pure sciences) vol. i. 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.
 Field's Practical Perspective, royal 8vo. 18s. bds.
 Pinnock's Geography made easy, 18mo. 1s. 3d. sewed.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sachet's Memoirs, French, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. sewed.
 Isaacson's Life and Death of Bishop Andrewes, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Steggal's Manual for Apothecaries' Hall, 12mo. 5s. bds.
 Pellock's London Pharmacopœia, 12mo. 6s. bds.
 Forster on Disorders of Health, 8vo. 7s. bds.
 Warren on Disorders of the Head, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.
 Morgan and Addison on Poisons, 6s. sewed.
 Cullen's Practice of Physic, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.
 Manual (the) for Invalids, 12mo. 9s. bds.
 Cooper (Sir A.) on the Breast, part 1. imperial 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.
 Clarke on the Teeth, 8vo. 5s. bds.
 Duffin on Deformity of the Spine in Females, 8vo. 7s. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

George on the Dry Rot, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Greek Extracts used at Edinburgh Academy, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.

Kirby and Spence's Entomology, 5th edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 4l. bds.
 Cantabs (a) Leisure, Prose and Verse, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.
 Bookbinder's (the) Manual, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.
 Lady's Library, Part 1, 2s. 6d. sewed.
 Bernay's German Poetical Anthology, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.
 Flowers of Anecdote and Wit, 16mo. 5s. bds.
 Old Ways and New Ways, folio, 6s. sewed, coloured 12s. sewed.
 Q's First Spelling Book, 2s. 6d. coloured 3s. 6d. bds.
 A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
 Westall's Great Britain, Part 1, 4to. 5s. India Paper, 15s.
 Johnston's Public Charities of France, 8vo. 15s. bds.
 Hough's Letters on the Neilgherries, 8vo. 6s. bds.

HISTORY.

Lingard's England, Vol. VII. 4to. 1l. 15s. bds.

LAW.

Atkinson on Conveyancing, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s. bds.
 Wentworth's Executors, by Jeremy, 8vo. 16s. bds.
 Petersdorff's Reports, Vol. IX. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.
 Laws relating to Friendly Societies, 12mo. 4s. bds.
 Hansard's Debates, Vol. XIX. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds. 1l. 15s. half-bd.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Tales of a Voyager, Second Series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.
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Psalm and Hymn Tunes for Horne's
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tians, 8vo. 15s. bds.
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land, with a Preliminary Discourse, a
Reply to Charles Butler, 2nd Edition,
8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
Huntingford's Testimonies, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

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Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia, with map
and plans, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. 8ds.
Parry's Voyages, Vol. VI. 18mo. 4s. bds.

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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1829.

ART. I.—*The Journal of a Naturalist.* [With Engravings.] Post 8vo.
pp. 396. London: Murray. 1829.

THIS book reminds us forcibly of the line in Gray's Elegy,—

“Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.”

inasmuch as it is evidently the production of a man of genius, who has spent the greater part of his life in a village, “situate,” as he tell us, “upon a very ancient road, connecting the city of Bristol with that of Gloucester;” and many such men there are, we cannot doubt, in our villages, whose journals were never written, or at least, never published, though they might have done, as in the instance before us, high honour to the literary and scientific character of England. A man of genius, indeed, let him be placed in any circumstances—even the most unfavourable—will always send forth his thoughts upon expeditions of discovery, and how narrow soever the field may be, within which he may for a time be confined, he will seldom travel along the common paths, intersecting it, but will manifest an irresistible bias to explore every by-path, and to make others where they had never been thought of. The eminent French naturalist, Dolomieu, in this way, though shut up in a dungeon, with nothing but the margin of books to write upon, arranged the materials of his “System of Geology;” and Sir William Herschel, our celebrated astronomer, laid the foundation of his fame, when he filled the humble situation of a musical performer in a military band. A recent instance, of a similar kind, came under our notice in our number for March, in which a barrister, whose sphere of observation was limited to the door of a vault in Chancery Lane, was led to examine and discover the cause of dry-rot, by a train of observations, and a minute

scrutiny of facts, such as could only have been effected by a man of talent and genius. As we look upon Mr. George's investigation of dry-rot, to furnish one of the best models we have ever seen for the *Journal of a Naturalist*, we are tempted to give another specimen, from what appears to us so excellent, before proceeding to the work under review. The following is Mr. George's reasoning to show what were not the causes of dry-rot in the door of his wine vault.

'It cannot be the wet, because the wet has never touched the decayed part. The paint on the door has kept the wet even from touching any part of the timber itself, till now, that, from having become so completely rotten as not to be able any longer to retain its own shape and original form, it has shrunk and cracked; and even now the wet does not appear to have entered the crack, and reached the rotten part. If it were the wet, must it not have decayed the outside first, just as it rusts iron, while the interior remains sound? But here the outside is the soundest part, and it showed no symptom of decay, till after the interior had become completely rotten, so completely so, as for the surface to have shrunk inwards from the loss of substance in the interior, and for want of internal support, or perhaps, from the same cause, to have been pressed inwards by the weight of the atmosphere. Then, can it be the air, that has done it? There are the same answers to this supposition as to the former, namely, that the paint has kept the air from coming into any actual contact with the timber, and that it is the interior of the timber, that has first become rotten. It cannot be the want of air, because there always has been the air in contact with it, as much as it can be in contact with timber painted; and if it were this, all painted timber must become dry-rotten, which is not found to be the case. Can it be the want of a circulation of the air? I should think not. I cannot understand how the want of the air being in continual motion, or being commonly in motion, against the outside of timber, can rot it in the interior, without first decaying the outside. Is it foul air? The same answer applies, that, if so, we should naturally expect it to decay the outside first; to decay that which it touched, and not that which it did not touch. Besides, there is no foul air here, that I can perceive. The servant's water-closet, indeed, is just within the outer vault, and sometimes, when the water-cock is neglected to be turned, the common smell of a privy is very perceptible. But the water-closet is close to the outer door, which is not dry-rotten, whilst it is nine or ten feet distant from the inner door, which is so. Besides which, I never heard that dry-rot was particularly prevalent in places of this description.

'Again, it can neither be the light nor the darkness of the place, that has caused the rot. For, with respect to the first, the door, even when the outer door of the other vault is open, is never in the full light of day. And, with respect to the darkness, being supposed to have caused it, the interior of all timber is always in the dark; and, moreover if this were the case, all timber must be dry-rotting during the night, and the inner sides of all dark closets, cup-boards, and drawers, both night and day.

'It cannot be the cold of the place where the door is fixed, that has caused the rot; because it is never so cold there as it often is at the out-

side of the outer door, and of all our outer doors. On the other hand it cannot be the heat of the place, because it is never so hot there as in summer it is in the open air, to which all our outer doors and windows are exposed. It cannot, then, be caused by the door, or other timber, being placed in a high temperature, or by its being placed in a low temperature. What then, thought I, can heat have nothing to do with it? Can it be caused neither by heat, nor by cold, nor by changing from heat to cold? Stop! That does not follow. But, how? How is this door affected by the changes in the temperature? I have it! I have found it out! It is the heat, which is so constantly working its way, in such a quantity, through the timber of the door, in the one direction or the other, and which, now that some frost is come, is working its way out, and leaving behind it all that wet, which it has deposited against the inner side of the door within the vault, and which is now running down so plentifully, and making a little pool of water in the ground, that has caused the decay. It is this heat, so almost continually forcing its way through the door into and out of the vault by turns, and, in so doing, coming into immediate contact with, and exerting an action of some sort on the whole of the interior of the timber, that has by degrees effected its decomposition as timber, and made it so rotten as it is. It was by turning the subject in my mind, and sifting and scrutinizing it in this manner, that I came to make my discovery of the cause of the decay.—*George on Dry Rot*. p. 13.

The slightest glance at the work before us, is sufficient to show that it is a genuine record of ingenious remarks, and not a compilation from books—much less from a cabinet of trim specimens, punctiliously classed and prettily labelled. Such dressed up miniatures of natural productions, our author leaves to those who move in the inferior ranks of philosophy, and spin out their little day on the reputation of having amassed a fine collection, or coined a few trivial names for specimens of small value. Mere collectors and cabinet naturalists can know but little of the kingdoms of nature, as they exist in creation, and they care as little for any thing connected with it, except pretty chips and rare fragments, fitted for being shown in a handsome glass case, or in the neat partitions of a cabinet drawer. Our author, on the contrary, is what the Hon. Daines Barrington was wont to call an out-door naturalist, who makes his walks about the village fields, and all his “little excursions, a scene of constant observation and remark. The insect that crawls, the note of the bird, the plant that flowers, or the vernal leaf that peeps out, engages his attention, is recognised as an intimate, or noted from some novelty that it presents in sound or aspect.” He has most justly remarked that if proficiency be required, all the branches of natural history must be studied with undivided attention; “but amusement, admiration, and intelligence may be obtained by even superficial observation;” and as “proficiency was beyond my powers, I have sought for amusement, and gratefully record the many peaceful hours, and oblivion from pain, which the perusal of nature’s volume gave me, superficial as that perusal was.” The rich remarks, however, with

which his pages abound, belie the epithet "superficial," which his modesty has selected, and for which we should, without hesitation, substitute *profound*; and before we have done, we think we shall be able to prove the justice of our proposed change. The author's evident inacquaintance with the art of book-making, has induced him to begin with the least attractive subject in his volume—an account of the aspect, antiquities, and soil of the country adjacent to the village where he resides, with notices, (some of them not very important,) of the prevalent modes of agriculture. In speaking of the subsoil and the subjacent rocks, we find him venturing somewhat out of his depth in geological speculations. He says,

'It may startle, perhaps, the belief of some, who have never considered the subject, to assert what is apparently a fact, that a considerable portion of those prodigious cliffs of chalk and calcareous stone, that in many places control the advance of the ocean, protude in rocks through its waters, or incrust such large portions of the globe, are of animal origin—the exuvie of marine substances or the labours of minute insects, which once inhabited the deep. In this conclusion, now, chemists and philosophers seem in a great measure to coincide.'—p. 10.

After alluding to the opinion of Fourcroy, and the details of Captain Flinders, which we gave at length in our review of "Conversations on Geology," (*Month. Rev. for October, 1828, p. 227,*) our author proceeds:

'This whole mass [of limestone rocks], running nearly half a mile long, is obviously of animal formation, a coral rock; a compounded body of minute cylindrical columns, the cells of the animals which constructed the material, the mouths of which are all manifest by a magnifier.'—Our other quarries, as well as the lower strata of the above, present no such indications of animal formation, and they are probably sediment arising from minute division of shelly bodies, now indurated by time and superincumbent pressure, and become a coarse grained marble.'—p. 13.

It is part of the wild theory of Demaillet, that *all* rocks and mountains are of animal origin, and for such opinions the phenomena of coral islands has always been hitherto adduced, as we have just quoted it from our author; but the French naturalists which accompanied the *Astrolabe*, in the recent voyage of discovery, have thrown a rather different light upon this interesting subject; contrary to what has been generally believed, that the deep perpendicular reefs, very near to which the sounding line finds no bottom, consist wholly of coral. M. M. Quoy and Gaimard, the naturalists alluded to, have adduced very satisfactory reasons to prove that the zoöphites, far from raising from the depths of the ocean perpendicular walls, form only layers, or crusts of a few fathoms thickness. They remark, that the species, which always construct the most considerable banks, require the influence of light to perfect them; and it is well known that all those steep walls, common to the equatorial seas, are intersected with narrow and deep openings, through which the sea enters and retires with

violence; whereas, if they were entirely composed of madripores, they would have no such openings between them, since it is the property of zoöphites to build in masses, that have no interruption. It is, besides, difficult to suppose that these animals can support such different degrees of pressure and temperature as they necessarily must, if they exist at such different depths in the ocean. It is, therefore, most reasonable to conclude that the summits of submarine hills and mountains are the bases upon which the zoöphites form layers, and raise up their fabrics; a supposition, which perfectly accounts for the great depth of the sea close to the reefs and islands, which they have elevated to the surface of the water. The celebrated traveller, Humboldt, in his *Tableau de la Nature*, recently published at Berlin, appears to coincide with these views, and we think they are much more plausible than those of our author, and preceding geologists.

He is much more at home upon subjects which fall within the range of his own observation,—and flowers, birds, reptiles, and insects, successively engage his attention. The following remarks on the attraction of moisture by trees, are interesting and correct.

‘ Trees in full foliage have long been noted as great attractors of humidity, and a young wych elm in full leaf, affords a good example of this supposed power; but in the winter of the year, when trees are perfectly denuded, this faculty of creating moisture about them is equally obvious, though not so profusely. A strongly marked instance of this was witnessed by me, when ascending a hill in the month of March. The weather had previously been very fine and dry, and the road in a dusty state; but a fog coming on, an ash tree hanging over the road was dripping with water so copiously, that the road beneath was in a puddle, when the other parts continued dry, and manifested no appearance of humidity. That leaves imbibe moisture by one set of vessels and discharge them by another is well known; but these imbibings are never discharged in falling drops; the real mystery was, the fog in its progress was impeded by the boughs of the tree, and gradually collected on the exposed side of them, until it became drops of water, whereas the surrounding country had only a mist flying over it. Thus, in fact, the tree was no attractor, but a condenser; the gate of a field will in the same manner run down with water, on the one side, and be dry on the other; as will a stick or a post, from the same cause. It is upon this principle, that currents of air will be found under trees in summer, when little is perceived in open places; and the under leaves and sprays will be curled, and scorched at times, when the parts above are uninjured. The air in its passage being stopped and condensed against the foliage of the tree, it accordingly descends along its surface or front, and escapes at the bottom, where there are no branches, or leaves to interrupt its progress. In winter there is little to impede the breeze in its course, and it passes through; consequently at this season the air under a tree is scarcely more sensibly felt than in the adjoining field.’

‘ It may be observed, that in the Spring of the year the herbage under trees is generally more vivid and luxuriant, than that which is beyond the

spread of the branches: this may be occasioned, in some instances, by cattle having harboured there, and the ground becoming in consequence more manured; but it will be found likewise manifestly verdant and flourishing, where no such accessory could have enriched it, and is apprehended, in general, chiefly owing to the effects of driving fogs and mists, which cause a frequent drip beneath the tree, not experienced in other places, and thus in a manner keep up a perpetual irrigation and refreshment of the soil.'—p. 64.

As a general remark, the contrary of this holds good, for the shade, or (as it is commonly supposed) the drips of trees is injurious to the growth of plants—preventing them, as appears to us, from receiving a due supply of air and light, and in summer keeping them too dry. The olive is said to form a remarkable exception, fertilizing rather than injuring the soil on which it grows.—As Southey poetizes it,

“ ——— The rich olive underneath

Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows,

And fuller is the harvest.”—*Letters from Spain*, vol. i. p. 228.

With respect to trees attracting moisture, it has been remarked in America, that the cutting down of woods on particular heights diminishes the quantity of rain. Accordingly, even in Kentucky, which is only partially cleared, many brooks are pointed out which now fail in summer, a thing that was unknown twenty or thirty years ago. In New Jersey some brooks, from the same cause, have totally disappeared. The very opposite effect however is sometimes produced by clearing woods, in consequence of the operation of a different principle; for in Kentucky, where some brooks have failed others have become more abundant, since the cutting down of the forests. This may perhaps be explained, from the leaves of the trees in former times having accumulated so as to form a thick compact bed, which would retain the rain on its surface, and prevent it from penetrating the ground and allow it time to evaporate; whereas the soil being now opened by cultivation, suffers the rain to penetrate, and thus keeps it in more regular and abundant reservoirs. Perhaps this may serve to explain the tradition universally believed in Kent, that the sources of the Ravensbourne, a considerable stream which flows into the Thames at Deptford, were anciently discovered during a great drought and scarcity of water, by the ravens resorting thither to drink. The question of more interest than many antiquarian subjects—whether the springs and the stream which originates in them existed before the extension of cultivation?

Upon the subject of attraction and deposition of moisture, we have met with a good illustration in Mr. George's book, already quoted, which we think our readers may be pleased to see. In speaking of his wine-vault in Chancery-Lane, Mr. George says:

‘It is not to be understood, that all, or nearly all the heat which passes out of this vault in cold weather, passes out through the door

For the crown of this arch being considerably loftier, and nearer to the surface of the ground than that of the first or outer vault, although still at the depth of full two feet below the surface, a sensible quantity of heat passes out through it, and, on the occasion I am about to mention, a considerable quantity undoubtedly so passed out. This arch being so lofty, some four or five years ago, and before I began to concern myself with the temperature of the vault, I wished to try the experiment of improving some old Somersetshire cheese, by making it mouldy. For this purpose, I caused a shelf about twelve feet long to be suspended, by means of iron frame work, from the crown of the arch. It was in the Autumn, and seeing that the under side of the arch was wet, with the view to protect the cheese from water dropping on it, I caused two boards to be matched and beaded together so as to be water-tight, and, being together both wider and longer than the shelf itself, to be fixed close to the crown of the arch immediately over the shelf, so as that they might shoot the water, which I supposed penetrated through the brick-work from the yard overhead, to a sufficient distance all round, to make it clear the shelf in falling to the ground. These boards, I may remark, were planed quite smooth, but they were not painted. Having put one half of a cheese on the shelf, by way of experiment, I went to the vault at the end of about twenty days, to see what progress the cheese had made in getting mouldy. With a good deal of surprise, I saw, that notwithstanding my precaution it had become completely soaked with wet, and that a rank, bad-smelling mould, not less than half an inch long, had already grown out of it, at the part where it had been cut. On looking up, I saw that the whole of the surface of the board covering above, had large drops of water hanging from it, some of which dropped on the shelf every minute. The cheese had acquired a bad taste; and the experiment having, therefore, failed; I sent to the carpenter to remove the shelf. I had still taken it for granted, that the wet had penetrated from the yard above through the arch; though I could not account for its having so soon soaked through the board covering. But, lo! on the covering being taken down, it appeared that the whole of the wet was on its underside, and that the side which had been the uppermost, and been in immediate contact with the brick-work of the crown of the arch, was quite dry. It was plain, therefore, that none of the water had come through the arch, but that the whole of it must have risen from the lower parts of the vault; but I believe it did not at that time occur to me, that it had been left there by the heat leaving the warmer air of the vault in contact with the board covering and passing out through the covering, and the brick-work over into the open air.—*On Dry Rot*, p. 27.

The motion of the leaves in the Aspen (*populus tremula*) caused by the slightest breath of air, when every other leaf is at rest, must have struck the most incurious observer; but every person could not have investigated the causes of this so minutely as our author. He describes the leaf stalk as peculiar, nothing of similar construction having fallen under his notice among other plants. It is furnished with three strong nerves, placed parallel, and acting in unison with each other, but toward the base the stalk becomes

round, and then the nerves assume a triangular form, and constitute three distinct supports and counteractions to each other's motions. The broad leaf also which is placed upon a long petiole, so flexible as scarcely to be able to support the leaf in an upright posture, is very well adapted for motion. The upper part of the stalk besides, on which the play or action seems mainly to depend, is contrary to the nature of foot-stalks, in general perfectly flattened, and is placed at right angles to the leaf, being thus peculiarly fitted to receive the impulse of every wind.

We were much pleased with the remarks of our journalist, on our fine climbing evergreen, the ivy, the nature of which is so commonly misunderstood.

'The ivy (*hedera helix*) the dark-looking ivy, almost covers with its thick foliage the pollards in our hedge-rows; and creeping up the sides of the old barn, and chimney of the cottage, nearly hides them from our sight: affording a sheltered roosting place to many poor birds, and is almost their only refuge in the cold season of the year. But the ivy can boast of much more extensive service to the poor way-faring beings of creation, than the merely affording them a covering from the winds of winter. Those two extreme quarters of our year, Autumn and Spring, yield to most animals, but a very slender and precarious supply of food; but the ivy in those periods saves many from want and death; and the peculiar situations in which it prefers to flourish, are essential to the preservation of this supply, as in less sheltered ones it would be destroyed. In the month of October the ivy blooms in profusion, and spreading over the warm side of some neglected wall, or the sunny bark of the broad ash on the bank, its flowers become a universal banquet to the insect race. The great black fly (*musca grossa*), and its numerous tribe, with multitudes of small-winged creatures, resort to them; and there we see those beautiful animals, the latest birth of the year, the admiral (*vanessa atalanta*) and peacock (*vanessa io*) butterflies, hanging with expanded wings like open flowers themselves, enjoying the sunny gleam, and feeding on the sweet liquor that distils from the nectary of this plant. As this honey is produced in succession by the early or later expansion of the bud, it yields a constant supply of food, till the frosts of November destroy the insects, or drive them to their winter retreats. Spring arrives; and in the bitter months of March, April, and even May, at times, when the wild products of the field are nearly consumed, the ivy ripens its berries and then almost entirely constitutes the food of the missel thrush, wood-pigeon, and some other birds; and now these shy and wary birds, that commonly avoid the haunts of man, constrained by hunger, will approach our dwellings, to feed upon the ripe berries of the ivy. Now too the black-bird, and the thrush, resort to its cover, to conceal their nests. These early building birds find little foliage at this period sufficient to hide their habitations; and did not the ivy lend its aid to preserve them, and no great number are preserved, perhaps, few nests would be hidden from the young eyes which seek them. The early expansion of the catkins of the willow (*salix caprea*) and others of the willow tribe, whence the bee extracts its first food, and the late blooming of this ivy,

are indispensable provisions for the existence of many of the insect race; the "young raven does not cry in vain," nor is any thing abandoned by that power, which called it into being."—p. 85.

We would add to these remarks of our journalist, that it appears to be a vulgar prejudice, that ivy kills the trees it clings to. If it rooted itself, as is erroneously supposed, in their bark, and fed on their juices, it might merit the accusation of a destroyer, but it derives its nourishment wholly from the ground where it is rooted, and the supposed roots on the bark of trees are only tendrils or holdfasts to enable it to climb. The opinion of its injuring trees seems to have arisen, (and very naturally too,) from the fact, that it prefers to climb up a dead or dying branch, and will not attach itself to very young wood at all. Mr. Repton, the landscape gardener, gives numerous facts to show that trees overrun with ivy, so far from being injured by it, grow most luxuriantly. Evelyn says, that when ivy is stript from trees, they are often killed by the cold in the ensuing winter.

Many of our readers may have met with the description given by White in his Natural History of Selborne, of the singular nest of the harvest mouse, which he found suspended upon the head of a thistle in a wheat-field. It was composed of blades of wheat curiously platted, was perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball. No aperture was discoverable, and it was so compact and well filled, that it would roll along the table without being discomposed. It contained eight young, naked and blind, which so completely filled the cavity, that no room was left for the dam, not even apparently for their turning to allow each a teat for nourishment. Our author gives the following account of this little animal, by far the smallest of our British quadrupeds :

'The harvest mouse (*mus messorius*), in some seasons is common with us, but like other species of mice, varies much in the numbers found. I have seen their nests as late as the middle of September, containing eight young ones, entirely filling the little interior cavity. These nests vary in shape, being round, oval, or pear-shaped with a long neck, and are to be distinguished from those of any other mouse, by being generally suspended on some growing vegetable, a thistle, a bean-stalk, or some adjoining stems of wheat, with which it rocks and waves in the wind; but to prevent the young from being dislodged by any violent agitation of the plant, the parent closes up the entrance so uniformly with the whole fabrics, that the real opening is with difficulty formed. They are the most tame and harmless of little creatures! and taking shelter in the sheaves, when in the field, are often brought home with the crop and found in shallow burrows on the ground after the removal of a bean-rick. Those that remain in the field form stores for the winter season, and congregate in small societies in holes under some sheltered ditch-bank. An old one, which I weighed, was only one dram and five grains in weight.'—p. 137.

Our author is probably mistaken in supposing the harvest mouse to be singular in elevating its nest upon growing plants.

During the present winter we found more than a dozen nests, in a copse between Lewisham and Bromley, in Kent, built in the clefts of hazel and black-thorn, about three or four feet from the ground, composed much in the same fashion as the nests described by Mr. White and our author, but said by the peasants to be the nests of the sleeper-mouse (*Myoxus avellanarius*. FLEM.)

The following notice respecting the migration of the water-rat, is interesting :

' A large stagnant piece of water, in an inland county, with which I was intimately acquainted, and which I very frequently visited for many years of my life, was one summer suddenly infested with an astonishing number of the short-tailed water rat, none of which had previously existed there. Its vegetation was the common products of such places, excepting that the larger portion of it was densely covered with its usual crop, the smooth horse-tail (*equisetum limosum*). This constituted the food of the creatures, and the noise made by their champing it we could distinctly hear in the evening at many yards' distance. They were shot by dozens daily, yet the survivors seemed quite regardless of the noise, the smoke, the deaths around them. Before the winter, this great herd disappeared, and so entirely evacuated the place, that a few years after I could not obtain a single specimen. They did not disperse, for the animal is seldom found in the neighbourhood, and no dead bodies were observed. They had certainly made this place a temporary station in their progress from some other ; but how such large companies can change their situations unobserved in their transits is astonishing. Birds can move in high regions, and in obscurity, and are not objects of notice ; but quadrupeds can travel only on the ground, and would be regarded with wonder, when in great numbers, by the rudest peasant.'—p. 139.

The appearance of eels in ponds which have been newly constructed, has led to a similar supposition of migration, which, in this case, (the eel being scarcely an amphibious animal) is more singular than that of the rats ; and speculations have been gone into respecting the instinct of eels, in discovering ponds at a distance from their native waters, from which, of course, they must travel over land in dewy evenings. That eels, indeed, can and do sometimes travel out of water, is well ascertained ; but we think it exceedingly doubtful that they are led by instinct thus to migrate to ponds newly constructed ; their land journeys being altogether, we believe, confined to the banks of streams, when they meet with cataracts or mill-dams, which they cannot otherwise surmount in their annual runs for the purposes of spawning (?). The appearance, however, of eels and other species of fish, in newly constructed ponds, has lately been accounted for very plausibly and ingeniously, by referring to the practice of the great water-beetle (*Hydrophilus piceus*), which feeds upon the spawn of fishes, and occasionally may void it undigested, in the ponds to which it pays nocturnal visits. That this may occur we do not doubt ; but we should be more disposed to refer the same circumstance to wild ducks, or other water fowl, transporting the spawn. The objection

which may be adduced from the spaw being injured by passing through the stomach of the hen or the duck, is easily met by the fact, that it is difficult to destroy the portability (if we may coin a word), of eggs, as it is difficult to destroy the vegetability of seeds, which may be seen frequently to pass through grain-eating animals uninjured—a wise provision of nature to prevent the extirpation of species.

We were not a little interested in the author's account of the butterfly which has lately been named *cynthia cardui*,—a more appropriate appellation, we think, than the vague term *Papilio* of Linnaeus :

‘ On the blue heads of the pasture scabious (*scabiosa succisa*,) we occasionally see, toward the end of the summer, the pointed lady butterfly (*papilio cardui*; but this is a creature that visits us at very uncertain periods, and is vivified by causes infinitely beyond the comprehension of the entomologist, seeming to require a succession and variety of seasons, and their change, and then springing into life, we know not how. This was particularly obvious in the summer of 1815, and the two following; which were almost unceasingly cold and rainy; scarcely a moth or butterfly appeared; and in the early part of 1818, the season was not less ungenial; a few half-animated creatures alone struggled into being; yet this “ painted lady ” was fostered into life, and became the commonest butterfly of the year; it has, however, but very partially visited us since that period. The keenest entomologist, perhaps, would not much lament the absence of this beauty, if such cheerless seasons were always requisite to bring it to perfection. Some years ago a quantity of earth was raised in cutting a canal in this county; and, in the ensuing summer, on the herbage that sprang up from this new soil on the bank, this butterfly was found in abundance, where it had not been observed for many years before.”—p. 282.

Respecting this butterfly, we have to add a curious account of its migrations, which we have met with in the Memoirs of the Geneva Society of Natural History.

On the 8th or 10th of the month of June, Madame de Meuron-Woolff, and all her family, established during the summer, in the district of Grandson, Canton de Vaud, perceived with surprise an immense flight of butterflies traversing the garden with great rapidity. All these butterflies were of the species of the Painted Lady, the Belle Dame of the French. They were all flying closely together, in the same direction, from south to north; and were so little afraid when any one approached, that they turned not to the right or left. The flight continued for two hours without interruption, and the column was about 10 or 15 feet broad. They did not stop to alight on flowers, but flew onwards, low and equally.

This fact is exceedingly singular, when it is considered that the caterpillars of the *cynthia cardui* are not gregarious, but are solitary from the moment they are hatched. Professor Bonelli, of Turin, however, observed a similar flight of the same species of butterflies in the end of the March preceding their appearance at

Grandson. Their flight was also directed from south to north, and their numbers were immense. At night the flowers were literally covered with them. Towards the 29th of March their numbers diminished, but even in June a few still continued. They have been traced from Coni, Racouni, Suse, &c. A similar flight of butterflies is recorded at the end of the last century, by M. Loche, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Turin. During the whole season those butterflies, as well as their larvæ, were very abundant, and more beautiful than usual. The reflections of our author upon this subject are no less just than eloquent.

‘The designs of supreme intelligence in the creation and preservation of the insect world, and the regulations and appointments whereby their increase or decrease is maintained, and periodical appearance prescribed, are among the most perplexing considerations of natural history. That insects are kept in reserve for stated seasons of action, we know, being commonly made the agents of Providence in his visitations of mankind. The locust, the caterpillar, the palmer-worm, the various family of blights, that poison in the spring all the promise of the year, are insects. Mildew, indeed, is a vegetable; but the wire-worm destroys the root, and thrips the germe of the wheat, and hunger and famine ensue. Many of the Coleopteræ remove nuisances, others again incumbrances, and worms manure the soil; but these are trite and isolated cases in the profusion of the animal world; and, left alone as we are in the desert of mere reason and conjecture, there is no probability that much satisfactory elucidation will be obtained. They are not, perhaps, important objects of inquiry; but when we see the extraordinary care and attention that has been bestowed upon this part of creation, our astonishment is excited, and forces into action that inherent desire in our minds to seek into hidden things. In some calm summer’s evening ramble, we see the air filled with sportive animated beings; the leaf, the branch, the bark of the tree, every mossy bank, the pool, the ditch, all teeming with animated life, with a profusion, an endless variety of existence; each creature pursuing its own separate purpose in a settled course of action, admitting of no deviation or substitution, to accomplish or promote some ordained object. Some appear occupied in seeking for the most appropriate stations for their own necessities, and exerting stratagems and wiles, to secure the lives of themselves or their offspring, against natural or possible injuries, with a fore-thought equivalent or superior to reason: others, in some aim, we can little perceive, or should some flash of light spring up, and give us a momentary glimpse of nature’s hidden ways, immediate darkness closes round, and renders our ignorance more manifest. We see a wonderfully fabricated creature, struggling from the cradle of its being, just perfected by the elaboration of months or years, and decorated with a vest of glorious splendour; it spreads its wings to the light of heaven, and becomes the next moment, perhaps, with all its marvellous construction, instinct, and splendour, the prey of some wandering bird, and human wisdom and conjecture are humbled to the dust. That these events are ordinations of supreme intelligence, for wise and good purposes, we are convinced; but are blind beyond thought as to secondary causes and admiration, that pure source of intellectual pleasure, is almost alone permitted to us. If

we attempt to proceed beyond this, we are generally lost in the mystery with which the Divine architect has thought fit to surround his works; and, perhaps, our very aspirations after knowledge increase in us a sense of our ignorance; every deep investigator into the works of nature can scarcely possess other than an humble mind.'---p. 297.

Mr. Stephens, the author of the "British Insects," which we lately reviewed, remarks very justly, that several papilionaceous insects are remarkable for their periodical or irregular appearance, and none more conspicuously so than the insects of the vanessa. The cause of this interesting phenomenon appears inexplicable: its solution has baffled the inquiries of entomologists, and several speculative opinions have been advanced thereon. By some persons their increase has been attributed to the previous failure of their natural enemies, the ichneumons, and the soft-billed birds; by others to an increased temperature; others again suppose that their eggs lie dormant till called into life and vigour by some extraordinary latent coincidences. But all these opinions are mere conjecture, and they do not sufficiently clear up the difficulty, which is rendered more obscure from the fact, that several of the insects, especially *cynthia cardui*, appear constantly in some parts, periodically in others.

The author has a curious and interesting article on the voices of birds, comprehending their peculiar cries, as well as their songs. As this is a subject which we have ourselves paid some little attention to, we shall take leave to extract a few of his observations, and afterwards add such as have occurred to us upon this subject.

'Those sweet sounds, called the song of birds, proceed only from the male, and, with a few exceptions, only during the season of incubation. Hence the comparative quietness of our summer months, when this care is over, except from accidental causes, where a second nest is formed; few of our birds bringing up more than one brood in a season. The red breast, black bird, and thrush, in mild winters, may continually be heard, and form exceptions to the general procedure of our British birds; and we have one little bird, the woodlark (*alauda arborea*), that in the early parts of the autumnal months delights us with its harmony, and its carols may be heard in the air commonly during the calm sunny mornings of this season. They have a softness and quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy, stillness of the hour. The skylark, also, sings now, and its song is very sweet, full of harmony, cheerful as the blue sky and gladdening beam in which it circles and sports, and known and admired by all; but the voice of the woodlark is local, not so generally heard, from its softness must almost be listened for to be distinguished, and has not any pretensions to the hilarity of the former.

The voices of birds seem applicable in most instances to the immediate necessities of their condition; such as the sexual calls, the invitation to unite when dispersed, the moan of danger, the shriek of alarm, the notice of food. But there are other notes, the designs and motives of which are not so obvious. One sex only is gifted with the power of singing, for the purpose, as Buffon supposed, of cheering his mate during

the period of incubation ; but this idea, gallant as it is, has such slight foundation for its probability, that it needs no confutation ; and, after all, perhaps, we must conclude, that, listened to, admired, and pleasing as the voices of many birds are, either for their intrinsic melody, or from association, we are uncertain what they express, or the object of their song. The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day, and most part of the night ; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untuneable, after all these hours of practice. The song thrush, in a mild moist April, will commence his tune early in the morning, pipe unceasingly through the day, yet, at the close of eve when he retires to rest, there is no obvious decay of his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last. Birds of one species sing in general very like each other with different degrees of execution. Some counties may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable, that there seems to be no regular notes, each individual piping a melody of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune ; and should several stations of these birds be visited in the same morning, few or none probably will be found to preserve the same round of notes ; whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. Harsh, strained, and tense as the notes of the blackbird are, yet they are pleasing from their variety.—p. 267.

Our author's doctrine of the want of uniformity in the notes of the same species, is altogether hostile to the opinion of the Hon. Daines Barrington, in his celebrated paper on the singing of birds in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxiii. who traces all their notes to imitation of their parents. But if imitation had such influence, we should expect to hear a greater diversity than even what is stated by our journalist, and this by no means accords with our experience. In one instance only we observed a wild linnet repeat, in a very confused manner, some of the notes of the wood-lark ; but we are convinced such an occurrence is very unusual, though, upon the principles of imitation, every bird should be a polyglot.

That considerable uniformity prevails among the same species in the most distant countries, we may infer from the remark of Bruce, that the sky-larks in Abyssinia have the same notes as those of Scotland ; and Mr. Salt, who bristles up most exuberantly against the Scottish traveller, as to most other things, agrees with him in this. Dr. Johnson tells us, indeed, that the nightingales which accidentally visit Caledonia, have not the same sweetness of song as those in the south ; but the Doctor's prejudices also always jaundicing his observations. Nay, it is likely that this was only

an ill-natured conjecture, for the visits of the nightingale to the northern parts of the island are rare indeed. We only know of one instance; it was in 1808, when a single pair were discovered, preparing a nest in the Earl of Eglinton's woods. In Ayrshire, the Scottish poets have, indeed, sometimes introduced the nightingale. Gawin Douglas says:—

"To bese thare amours of thare nychtis bale,
The merie, the manys, and the nychtingale,
With mirry notes myrthfully furth brest."

VIRG. XII.—Prologue.

And one of the Scottish pastoral songs begins—

"'Twas summer, and softly the breezes war blawing,
An sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree."

But poets are seldom good authority in natural history. With respect to Johnson's remark, however, we think it right to state, that we have frequently imagined we observed a different dialect among the same species of song-birds in different counties, and even in places a few miles distant from each other. This difference, we think, is more remarkable in the chaffinch, hedge-sparrow, and yellow-hammer, than in the more melodious species.

The uniformity of the notes, which in the same species is so little varied, may, to a certain extent, arise from a peculiar conformation of the parts about the larynx; but it appears probable, when we consider the case of mock-birds, and the songless starlings and bullfinches taught to speak and sing, that there must be some other cause which is to us unknown. Much might be done to ascertain the principle upon which this proceeds, and the inquiry is assuredly curious; but it is of the utmost moment towards success, that all hypothesis be rigorously discarded.

How far anatomical research may elucidate any part of this subject, we know not; one fact of this sort has come to our knowledge, and it is a very curious one. It was first stated in Clayton's Letters from Virginia. (*Miscell. Curiosa*, III. 291.) Mr. Clayton and Dr. Moulin discovered, that in birds, contrary to what takes place in man, and in quadrupeds, there is almost a direct passage from one ear to the other, so that if the drum of both ears of a bird be pierced, water, when poured in will pass from one to the other. There is no cochlea, but a small passage which opens into a cavity formed by two plates of bone, that constitute a double scull all round the head. The outer plate of bone is supported by many hundreds of small-like columns or rather fibres. Now this cochleus passage was observed to be much larger in singing-birds, than in others that did not sing; so very remarkably so, that any person who has been once shown this, may easily judge by the head, what bird is a singing-bird, though he were before completely ignorant of the bird, or its habits. Might not this curious fact be useful in ascertaining whether the antediluvian birds, whose

bones are found imbedded in the rocks of the Paris basin, and elsewhere, were birds of song, and hymned the infant world with their music?

It is asked, then, what induces birds to sing? The poets, ever on the research for embellishment at the expence of truth, tell us, that they are induced by love; and that their songs are intended either to win the affections of their mates, or to cheer them during the fatiguing period of incubation. Appearances, it must be confessed, are in favour of this opinion, and few poets attempt to go much farther; but it seems to have as little foundation as the *Loves of the Plants*, which have been placed in so fanciful a light by Dr. Darwin.

Those who maintain this poetical opinion, will find it no easy matter to account for the singing of the blackbird, tit-lark, willow-wren, and several other song birds, which become silent at Midsummer, but resume their notes in September, (*British Zoology*, I. 138) and the redbreast continues to sing all winter. We observed several anomalous instances in the season of 1818, equally unaccountable on the combated supposition. On the 26th of October, for instance, a very fine day, we heard a thrush in the morning singing in an orchard as sprightly as if it had been in April; and again, in the evening of the same day, we heard another thrush singing on the banks of a river, at some miles distance from the orchard. Later still, namely, on the 8th of December, we observed a wren singing in the same orchard at day-break, and it was answered by a hedge-sparrow. Now, this late singing cannot surely be referred to love,—less so, if Pennant's opinion be just, that it is chiefly the birds which have been hatched in the preceding summer, which sing at this season.

According to this account, also, we should suppose that those birds which are the most amorous, would have the most pleasing song, which does not appear to be the case; for the sparrow has nothing but an unmusical yelp, though it is proverbial in this respect, being the bird of Venus.

— Παῖρές δὲ δῆμον λιποῖσα

Χρύσιον ἦλθες,

Ἄρμ' ἐπορεύσασα, καλοὶ δὲ σ' ἄγον

Ὀκρεὲς σρεθοὶ, πτέρυγας μελαινας

Πυκνα δινεόντες ἀπ' ὠραν, αἰθέρος διὰ μεσσω.

Sappho, Εἰς Αἰφροδίτην,

“Of my darts and of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves and sparrows.”—COWLEY.

The dove must be confessed to have a kind of amorous plaint; but from this no general conclusion can well be drawn.

We stated in a previous number (*Month. Rev.* Nov. 1828, p. 375), the difficulty which naturalists have met with in accounting for the peculiar noise made by the death's head hawk-moth (*Ache-*

rontia Atropos). Our author, being apparently unacquainted with the discussion, says, it 'appears to produce the noise it at times makes, which reminds us of the spring call of the rail or corn-crake, by scratching its mandible, or the instrument that it perforates with against its horny chest.' (p. 317.) We suppose that our author will endeavour to find some other cause of the sound, when we inform him that *M. de Johet* cut off these mandibles (*maxillæ*) as well as the palpi of the moth, and yet the insect produced the noise as well as before the experiment.

Upon the whole, we think there are few readers who will not be delighted—(we are certain all will be instructed)—by the 'Journal of a Naturalist.' It would be well, however, to revise it carefully before printing another edition, as we noted several very obvious grammatical mistakes, such as, "*They* [badgers] are certainly very fat and fleshy about the time that the blackberry is ripe; but it is probable that the acorns and crabs which *it* finds at the same season, contribute most to its nourishment.' (p. 105.) This manner of confounding numbers occurs several times, and jars on the ear of the reader like an instrument out of tune in a fine concert.

ART II.—*Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, including a Journey from Bagdad by Mount Zagros, to Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, Researches in Ispahan and the Ruins of Persepolis, and Journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapoor to the Sea-shore; description of Bussorah, Bushire, Bahrein, Ormuz, and Muscat; Narrative of an Expedition against the Pirates of the Persian Gulf, with Illustrations of the Voyage of Nearchus, and Passage by the Arabian Sea to Bombay.* By J. S. Buckingham, Author of "*Travels in Palestine and the Countries East of the Jordan*;" "*Travels among the Arab Tribes*;" and "*Travels in Mesopotamia*;" Member of the Literary Societies of Bombay and Madras, and of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. 4to. pp. 544. London: Colburn. 1829.

THE number of travellers who have visited and described the Persian empire, is very considerable. From the times of Chardin and Tavernier, a succession of adventurers, of various degrees of ability, have been attracted either by curiosity or the indefinite thirst of gain, to this celebrated country; and a laudable desire of reputation, or the same feeling which prompted their pilgrimage, has generally induced them to lay the results of their tour before the public. Persia, however, is not wholly indebted to its own attractions for the honour of these numerous visits; much of the notice which has been bestowed upon it within the last half century, is far less owing to the magnificence of its ruins, the brilliance and salubrity of its climate, or those proud historical associations which cover its plains and cities with glory—than to the simple circumstance of its lying contiguous to a far more rich and celebrated

country, in which the greatest among European nations has erected the most singular and astonishing empire that has, perhaps, ever existed. But of this multitude of travellers, the greater number at least, in very modern times, have diverged but little from the direct route from India; or if pleasure has sometimes tempted them to forsake the path prescribed by duty, they have rarely extended their tour beyond the cities of Ispahan and Shiraz. Few have penetrated so far as the eastern provinces of Mekran, Seistan and Khorasan, or to Mazenderan and Ghilan, on the north. While, therefore, the more singular and remote portions of the empire remain almost wholly unexplored, research and description have been busy on the western frontier, always better known to Europeans; and have produced almost a library upon the geography, antiquities, and natural productions of the country.

But although travels in Persia have been so greatly multiplied, our knowledge of the country has not been proportionably increased. Thousands of pages have been filled with descriptions of personal adventures, which illustrate nothing, if we except the folly and vanity of the writers. It would appear that when a man undertakes a journey into a distant country, his actions immediately assume a high degree of importance, at least, in his own eyes; he imagines that the world must be interested in knowing at what hour he rises in the morning, when he breakfasts or dines, and with what *gusto* he enjoys the luxury of the warm bath; though all these details respecting actions depending on his own will, should throw no light whatever on the manners or customs of the country. He religiously registers the occurrences of each day, whether important or not, as if he were rendering an account of his travels upon oath; he informs us, that on setting forth from this or that village, he mounted his horse, and proceeded at a brisk pace for a full hour and a half; that on his left hand was a country thinly sprinkled with trees, with a range of low hills in the distance, and on the right some very interesting ruins, which he could not stop to visit; that he then crossed a shallow stream with high rushes on its banks, and that his horse and himself being somewhat thirsty, drank with equal delight of its limpid waters; that some few hours before noon he reached a khan or caravanseraï, and refreshed himself with a cup of coffee, or an hour's repose, and that after this he proceeded on his journey, saw several more trees, villages, or ruins, and arrived in the evening at another khan, where he passed the night. To the idle or the thoughtless, it may be amusing to learn all these particulars, which appear to be mere impertinences to him who looks in books of travels for accounts of foreign institutions, judicious descriptions of strange and remote scenes, and careful pictures of peculiar forms of society.

In reviewing a modern book of travels, in which personal narrative predominates, it is quite impossible, and perfectly unnecessary, to follow the author through his whole route, in the compass of a single

article: it appears to be more useful to trace a rapid sketch of the country which forms the scene of the traveller's adventures, calling in his aid whenever it can be of service, but by no means confining ourselves to the information he supplies. It cannot, however, be expected, that we should crowd into the narrow limits of a single article, a full description of a country so various and remarkable as Persia; it will be necessary that we confine ourselves for the present to a small portion of the picture, which we may perhaps be able to fill up and complete on some future occasion.

The Persian empire formerly comprehended the whole of that immense tract of country, which lies between the Euphrates and the Indus, and was bounded on the north by the Caspian sea and the river Oxus, Amu, or Gihon; and by the Indian ocean and the Persian gulph on the south and south-west. At present, the limits of the monarchy are much more confined. The Affghans have wrested from the feeble sovereigns of Persia several extensive provinces, and erected them into a formidable empire on the eastern frontier; Russia has seized upon Georgia, and a portion of Shirmun; and the Turks have made successive encroachments on the plains of Mesopotamia. Persia is still, however, an extensive empire, and contains, perhaps, a greater variety of soil and climate than any other country of equal extent. The shores of the Indian ocean and the Persian gulph consist chiefly of low sandy plains, barren as those which belt round the Arabian peninsula, and watered by no large river. Along this whole line of coast, the only harbour now frequented is Abooshehee; that of Gambroon or Bender Abassi, opposite the island of Ormus, having been long abandoned. This may in some measure account for the poor figure which the Persians have always made as navigators. In antiquity, while the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks, were pushing their commercial expeditions in every part of the known world, the Persian, kneeling before his fire-altar, trembled at the very name of the ocean which roared around his inhospitable shores. Nor did the spirit of enterprize, which impelled the Arab to venture himself in his frail and clumsy vessel on the wide expanse of the Indian ocean, inspire the Persian with the spirit of rivalry; and up to this moment the empire depends on foreigners for all external articles of luxury.

As we proceed towards the interior, the country grows more fertile, and the air more cool and salubrious. Though the labourer is compelled to water the soil by artificial means, cultivation is carried on with great activity; beautiful groves and gardens shaded with fruit trees; streams of pure water, and hills clothed with verdure, refresh and delight the eye; and the balmy atmosphere impregnated with the perfume of innumerable flowers, is said, especially in the neighbourhood of Ispahan, to have an intoxicating effect upon the senses. The verdant bowers of Shiraz, and the chrystal waters of the Rocnabad, celebrated in the love songs of Hafiz, are by no

means the creations of fiction. For magnificence of scenery, however, no part of Persia is so celebrated as the provinces of Mazenderan and Ghilan, lying between the Elburz chain of mountains and the Caspian sea. Excepting, indeed, the eternal forests which sweep round the roots of the Himalaya mountains, there are not, perhaps on earth, woods of grander or more picturesque aspect, than those of the Elburz.

The great plain which forms the basis of the Persian empire, and which in many places swells into gentle hills, is altogether very considerably elevated above the level of the sea; and the mountains which traverse it in various directions frequently shoot up to a great height, and are covered with snow during the greater part of the year. The eastern provinces are for the most part immense plains, intersected by deserts and salt marshes of great extent, little cultivated, and but thinly peopled. The greater part of the population consist, in fact, of Nomadic, or wandering tribes, who require a large extent of country for the pasturing of their flocks and herds. Over all this part of the empire, cities, towns, and villages, are exceedingly few, and of very small dimensions; and on account of the fierce and turbulent character of the inhabitants, travelling is extremely dangerous, there being here, as in the other parts of the empire, no great roads or effective police.

To convey to the mind of the reader a satisfactory idea of the condition and prospects of Persia, it would be necessary to take a retrospective view of its history, both ancient and modern; but as this would require much more space than we can at present bestow upon it, we are constrained to pass over this portion of the subject, and proceed at once to the consideration of the manners and customs of the people. From time immemorial, the population of Persia has consisted of two distinct portions, viz. the fixed inhabitants, who dwell in cities and towns, and follow civil employments; and the wandering tribes, who dwell in tents, and remove with their flocks and herds, for the convenience of pasturage. These latter are supposed by many to be descended from those Scythian hordes, which, about a hundred years before the Christian era, burst like an impetuous torrent over the hitherto impassable barrier of Caucasus, and spread desolation and ruin over the finest countries of Asia. With the exception of the infusion of foreign blood, which is thought to have been effected by the Tartar invasion above mentioned; the population of Persia remained pure and unmixed until the period of the Mohammedan conquest. This, at least, is the opinion of several eminent writers; but the changes which were more than once effected in the national language, forcibly suggests the idea, that Persia had been more than once subdued by foreigners, before history condescended to describe the mutations of its fortunes, and underwent several very complete revolutions in character and manners, as well as in language. The most ancient form of speech which is known to have prevailed in Persia,

is that denominated the Zend, different dialects of which are thought to have been spoken by all the various tribes inhabiting the Persian empire. Various theories have been formed respecting the countries in which this language originally prevailed; some supposing it to have been Bactria, and the adjacent regions in the eastern extremity of the empire; while others imagine it to have originated in Aderbizan, in the west. Between these conflicting opinions, it is impossible to decide; all that appears to be certain is, that in very ancient times the Zend was the language actually spoken in the whole or in the greater portion of Persia. The few fragments of this ancient and venerable language, which have survived the attacks of time, and the spirit of innovation, have been collected and translated into French, by Anquetil Duperson, under the name of the Zend Avesta. It is idle to inquire whether this work contains or not any portion of the original institutions or opinions of Zerdusht, or Zoroaster, though it is highly probable that fragments of his doctrines have come floating down on the stream of tradition, mingled with other dogmas of more recent birth.

The language which at length supplanted the Zend, was the Pehlevi, a softer and more polished dialect, which is supposed to have prevailed in the north of Persia, even before the extinction of the more ancient idiom. The sacred books containing the doctrines and opinions of Zoroaster, which constituted, perhaps, one of the most ancient philosophical systems in the world, were now translated from the Zend into the Pehlevi, which was henceforward used also in all inscriptions, and comprehended the whole intellectual wealth of the nation. The Persians continued to express their thoughts in this form of speech, during many hundred years, until the princes of the Sassanian dynasty effected the introduction of a new order of signs and sounds, which constituted the language denominated the Parsee. This strange history of the extinction of several languages in succession, appears irresistibly to suggest a new theory, which will fully explain several questions which have hitherto been involved in great obscurity. The truth seems to be, that Persia was inhabited by three different nations, dissimilar in language, character, and manners. The nation which possessed the ascendancy at the remotest period to which research has yet been able to approach, spoke the Zend; these were subdued by a second nation, whose vernacular tongue was the Pehlevi; and in the course of time, a third tribe stepped into the place of power, and gave the predominance to their own idiom. As time, however, bestows ripeness on language, as well as on the productions of the physical world, the Parsee, enriched by the literary labours of numerous writers, and borrowing the treasures, both of the Zend and the Pehlevi, greatly surpassed both its rivals, struck deep root into the soil, and forms to this day the basis of the Persian language.

The Parsee, however, lost its ascendancy soon after the Moham-

medan conquest, being banished from the court of the Caliph, where Arabic now took its place; but it has been rendered immortal by having been made the vehicle of the magnificent thoughts and imagery of Firdoosi.

Considering the heterogeneous materials of which the Persian nation is composed, it is by no means easy to imagine a description which shall be applicable to the whole people. The natives of its various cities and provinces are distinguished by peculiar traits indicating the race from which they sprung. The inhabitants, says a distinguished writer, of Kasveen, Tebreez, Hamadan, Shiraz, and Yezd, are as remarkable for their courage, as those of Koom lashan, and Ispahan are for their cowardice. The former are chiefly descended from martial tribes; the forefathers of the latter have for many centuries pursued civil occupations. Notwithstanding these differences, which are perhaps more apparent than real, the Persians may be pronounced to be a fine race of men. They are in general neither tall nor large bodied, but possess active and vigorous constitutions, with well formed expressive countenances, distinguished by lofty and expansive foreheads. In a country extending through so many degrees of latitude, it is natural to expect great variety of complexion; and accordingly we find among the Persians every shade, from the deep olive or bronze, the most natural and beautiful of all the colours of the human skin, to the light and sanguine tint which distinguishes the nations of the north. As a nation, the Persians are cheerful, polite, and obliging, eager to obtain money, and lavish of it when acquired. The higher orders may be described as the most excellent of masters, and the lower, in many respects, as the best of servants. It is the natural effect of despotic governments, to produce falsehood and duplicity among the people. Volney, who had closely observed the institutions and manners of the East, remarks, that so unnaturally and viciously is society constituted in those countries, that lying is often praiseworthy; and Sir John Malcolm speaks with approbation of the heroic and undaunted perseverance in falsehood, by which the chiefs of villages endeavour to screen those under their protection from the exaction and oppression of the government.

The passions of the Persians are not by any means subdued by the capricious despotism under which they live. They are rash and uncalculating in their resentments, but placable and forgiving. An acute and judicious writer, to whom the character of this people was perfectly well known, tells the following anecdote, illustrative at once of the oppressive nature of the government, and of the boldness, both in speech and conduct, which individuals sometimes exhibit.

Hajee Ibrahim, formerly prime minister, who gloried in the name of citizen, used to delight in relating a dialogue between his brother, who was Beylerbeg, or governor of Ispahan, and a seller of vegetables in that city. An extraordinary impost having been

laid on every shop, the latter forced himself into the governor's presence when he was giving public audience, and exclaimed that he was totally unable to pay the tax. "You must pay it or leave the city," was the reply. "I cannot pay it, and to what other place can I go." "You may either proceed to Shiraz or Kushan, if you like those towns better than this," said the governor. "Your brother," replied the shopkeeper, "is in power at one of these cities, and your nephew at the other, what relief can I expect in either?" "You may proceed to court," said the ruler, "and complain to the king, if you think I have committed injustice." "Your brother Hajee is prime minister," said the man. "Go to hell!" exclaimed the enraged governor, "and do not trouble me any more." "The holy man, your deceased father, is perhaps there," said the undaunted citizen. The crowd could not suppress their smiles, and the governor, who shared the general feeling, bade the complainant retire, and said he would attend to his case, provided he would not bring a curse upon his family by insisting that they shut him out from all hopes of justice, both in this world and the next.

The character of the military tribes differs considerably from that of the other classes of the population: with great violence and ferocity, their chiefs often unite a noble and generous disposition, inconsistent with duplicity and falsehood. As is the case with all other men, their character fluctuates with the changing fortunes of their country, being rough and honest in calamitous and unsettled times, and assuming greater mildness and pliability when peace brings them more frequently into contact with the ministers and courtiers.

On the subject of the population of Persia, we can speak with no very great precision. A manuscript statistical account of the country, examined by Sir John Malcolm, which was drawn up under the immediate inspection of government, swells the amount to the incredible number of two hundred millions. Chardin, who was in general correct in his information, and judicious in the use of his materials, estimated the population at forty millions; but Pinkerton and Sir John Malcolm, determined at all events to humble the pride of the Persians, reduced these pompous estimates so low as six millions; or about one hundred individuals for every square mile. Whether the population has increased or diminished since the time of Chardin, it appears to be impossible to determine. It has unquestionably been checked very considerably by the oppressive exactions of the government, and the unsettled state of the country; by wars, foreign and domestic; and by that profligacy of manners which civil dissention and anarchy are calculated to engender. But it should on the other hand be considered, that in the most disturbed state of society, numerous districts must always remain in comparative tranquillity; that a portion only of the population can be affected by war, and that when vice is most prevalent and contagious, thousands will still be found to resist its influence; we are therefore persuaded, that if population has not advanced in Persia

during the last century and a half, it has at least not retrograded ; and consequently, unless the Chevalier Chardin was extravagantly erroneous, the number of the inhabitants of this empire must greatly exceed six millions.

In describing the manners of a foreign nation, it is customary to dwell minutely on the ceremonies and usages which prevailed at the court of its sovereign. It is true, that the manners of royalty vary a little in different countries, sufficiently perhaps, to render interesting those which distinguish one of the most ostentatious and theatrical of Asiatic princes. But among travellers and historians, there are exceeding few who possess either the power or the opportunity, to unveil the system of ethics which prevail in palaces. The pageants and ceremonies, the contriving of which consume so great a portion of the life of a king and his courtiers, are certainly objects which merit some degree of attention, but they are merely the clouds of incense which float round the place of sacrifice, and conceal both the victim and the Hieraphants. There is a secret and mysterious agency at work within, the operation of which is too subtle and obscure to be described by ordinary observation. Not that the actors themselves, who figure in this species of drama, always comprehend the nature and bearing of their several parts. They are put into motion by the irresistible force of circumstances, and often co-operate almost blindly and mechanically in the fulfilment of their duty or destiny. The importance and magnificence of the political machine, is often irresistible to those who are engaged in directing its motions. It requires a mind analogous to that of its inventor, to discern the fitness and beauty, and to appreciate the force and value of those impulses, which as it whirls round in its fated circle, it is every moment communicating to the great body of the nation. It is not unimportant, however, as we have already observed, to note even the externals of sovereignty and power. We shall therefore endeavour, as concisely as possible, to convey an idea of the pomp and circumstance by which royalty is surrounded in Persia.

In the times of the monarchs of the Seffanean race, the princes of the blood were immured in the harem, till they were called to the throne, or to expiate with their lives, the crime of being born of royal parents. This is not the case at present. The princes of the race now reigning, are confined to the female apartments no longer than they require the attention of women ; their education during the period of their confinement, consists entirely in learning to repeat a few prayers, and perform the customary genuflexions, and to practise the various ceremonies required by court etiquette. When they attain the age of seven years, they commence the study of Arabic and Persian, and the Koran is the first book which is put into their hands ; from this, and the conversation of their attendants, they learn at once the principles of their own sect, and a deep-rooted abhorrence of their Soonee neighbours. Thus the first lessons which a Persian prince learns, are trifling and

bigoted, and he generally grows up and passes the remainder of his life in the practice of both. The literary attainments of royal personages in the East are nowhere very extensive; their knowledge is thought to be sufficiently large, when they have acquired a becoming respect for themselves, and a proper contempt for all those beneath them. Besides this royal attainment, the Persian princes endeavour to imbibe a taste for the imaginative language of poetry; from the pages of Saadi; and it must be acknowledged, that if they exhibit but little familiarity with the graver sciences, they are generally able to embellish their conversation with a pointed apology or apt quotation. Some acquaintance with logic, sacred law, philosophy, and grammar, enter also into the scheme of a Persian education; but it is not thought necessary that the royal pupil should be constrained to dive very deeply into the mysteries of these sciences. To appear to know is sufficient for a king. But if little stress be laid upon the intellectual improvement of a Persian prince, his bodily exercises are by no means neglected; as if a despot stood more in need of blunted nerves and high physical energy, than of science or wisdom.

According to the ridiculous practice which prevails almost universally throughout the East, and which may, perhaps, tend more than any other circumstance of Oriental manners, to perpetuate the mental prostration which prevails in that part of the world, the Persian prince is provided with a consort at the early age of seven years, and thus the mind is forcibly led, before the period assigned by nature, to dwell on the distinctions of sex, and the intention of marriage.

When the prince escapes from the trammels of pupilage, and ascends the throne, his days are passed in a manner somewhat more active. We copy from the able and judicious historian of Persia, the following account of the mode in which the present sovereign of that country spends his day. His religious duties, which no King of Persia can openly neglect, require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartment, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he is dressed with their aid, he sits for a hour or two in the hall of the harem, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedency. After hearing the reports of the persons intrusted with the internal government of the harem, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee to pay their respects. After this is over he calls for breakfast. The preparing of his meals

is superintended by the chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward; this tray is covered with a rich shawl, and carried to the king, when the steward breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake of this repast. The chief physician is invariably present at every meal: his attendance is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch; but this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. The manner in which the king discharges his ordinary public duties, has already been described. When these are performed, he usually retires to his harem, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset, he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business, or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions as at breakfast. He eats like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth, spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine. But none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects, by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicious viands. After dinner the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his harem. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character. He sees only emasculated guards and their fair prisoners; he hears nothing but the language of submission or of complaint. Love cannot exist between beings so unequal as the monarch and his slave; and vanity must have overcome reason before the fulsome adulation of pretended fondness can be mistaken for the spontaneous effusions of real affection. The harems are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of the community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, and the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty, are in constant collision.

The forms and ceremonies observed at the court of the monarch, are imitated, upon a smaller scale, in the palaces of the princes and nobles, who include in their establishments officers, similar in name and duty to those who attend upon their sovereign; and have also their harems, poets, and jesters, as well as the king himself. As is the case in all despotic countries, where rank, property, and even

life are held on a very uncertain tenure, the nobles of Persia are practical epicureans, who confine their views to the passing hour, and shrink from all contemplation of the future. Gifted with keen senses, and an ardent imagination, they employ their wealth in the creation of a paradise, transient, but delicious and intoxicating for the moment. They surround themselves with beauty, the splendour of rich palaces, the savour of delicious viands, the odour of perfumes, the cool freshness of fountains, and the exquisite scenes of gardens and groves. At one word of the monarch, these enchanting scenes disappear for ever, and the possessor of a palace walks forth, lord only of his cloak and turban, to earn a laborious and scanty subsistence by hewing wood in the neighbouring forest, or by bearing water to the gates, perhaps, of the very palace from which he has been expelled. The perpetual occurrence of such vicissitudes teaches, much better than philosophy, how to bear them with equanimity. The Persian whom such misfortunes overtake, does not fly, as is propable the European would, under similar circumstances, to the relief of suicide, but, exclaiming, "God is great!" submits tranquilly to his fate.

The same system of education which is pursued with the princes of the blood, is also followed in the case of the nobles; and if the knowledge it conveys be neither very extensive nor very profound, it at least teaches those dazzling and attractive accomplishments which fit their possessor to shine in society. Accordingly, we learn from the best authorities, that the Persian nobles are most fluent and agreeable talkers, abounding in apologue and anecdote, and enlivening their discourse with flashes of sterling native wit.

The professedly learned classes pursue their studies but little farther than their other countrymen. A slight smattering of astronomy enables a man to set up as an astrologer, which in Persia, as in Europe during the middle ages, means a person who can predict the fate of empires, fix upon a lucky day for setting out on a journey, taking physic, or trimming the beard. Upon the strength of a very slight acquaintance with Jalenious and Bocrat (Galen and Hipocrates), men consider themselves authorized to set up among their countrymen as the arbiters of life and death—that is, to administer physic.

In literature, the Persians have made far greater progress than in the exact sciences. The praises of their poetry have been celebrated throughout the East, and the names of their principal bards, Ferdoosi, Saadi, and Hafiz, have long since been familiar to the ears of all civilized nations. That their works possess an interest not arising from circumstances, is sufficiently evident from the fact, that when translated into the languages of the most highly civilized nations, they have elicited very general admiration. The Mohammedan annalists of Persia, though wanting in the knowledge of human nature, and in that political wisdom which belong to the great historians of free nations, still possess the art of being

clear-flowing narrators of facts, and are sometimes distinguished for a kind of rude eloquence, which has considerable charms. But the species of composition which appears to be most successfully cultivated in Persia, is that of tales and apologues—in the construction of which authors of this country are not, perhaps, excelled by those of any other in the world. The genius for story-telling appears to be so natural to the Persians, that they even run into it involuntarily in the midst of common conversation. There are, indeed, throughout the whole of Persia, numbers of professed story-tellers, who, like the Improvisatrice of Italy, live by inventing and relating extempore tales of passion or war. The performance of one of these story-tellers, at Ispahan, is thus described by Mr. Buckingham :—

‘ A party of nearly three hundred people had collected round a professed story-teller, who, when we first saw him, was declaiming with all the dignity and warmth of the most eloquent and finished orator. We halted here without a murmur from any of our party, as they seemed to enjoy this species of exhibition as much as Englishmen would do the pleasures of the drama. It might itself, indeed, be called a dramatic representation; for although but one person appeared on the stage, there were as great a variety of characters personated by this one, as appears in any of our best plays. The subject of his tale was from the wars of Nadir Shah, more particularly at the period that his arms were directed against Bagdad; and in it he breathed forth the haughty fury of the conquering warrior; trembled in the supplicating tone of the captive; allured by the female voice of love and desire; and dictated in the firmer strain of remonstrance and reproach. I could understand this orator but imperfectly, and was unwilling at the moment to disturb the fixed attention of my companions, by soliciting their interpretation; but, as far as gestures and attitudes were explanatory of the passions and incidents on which they were exercised, I certainly had never yet seen any thing more complete. Bursts of laughter, sensations of fear, and sighs of pity, rapidly succeeded each other in the audience, who were at some periods of the tale so silent, that the fall of a pin might have been heard. Money was thrown into the circle by those whose approbation the story-teller had strongly won. This was gathered up by one of the boys who served the caleons, without charge, to those engaged in listening, and no money was at any time demanded; though, as far as our short stay there would warrant a judgment, I should conceive the gains of the performer to have been considerable.

‘ A few paces beyond this, we saw another crowd assembled round a little boy of ten or twelve years of age, who was singing, with the notes of the lark, in the clearest and most delightful strain. As we pressed nearer to observe this youth, all were seemingly moved to sympathize in his apparent sufferings. His voice was one of the clearest and most sweetly melodious that the most fastidious ear could desire; but the trill of it, which charmed us so much at a distance, was produced by quick and violent thrusts of the end of the forefinger against the windpipe; while, from the length of time which some of these notes were held, the boy's face was swelled to redness; every vein of his throat seemed ready to burst; and his fine

black eyes, which were swimming in lustre, appeared as if about to start from their blood-strained sockets. Yet, with all this, no one could wish to interrupt such charming sounds. The Arabic music had always seemed harsh to me, the Turkish but little less so, and the Persian, though still softer and more winning than either of these, yet wild and monotonous; but here there was a pathos, an amorous tenderness, and a strain of such fine and natural passion, in the plaints of love which this boy poured forth to an imprisoned mistress, of which I had till this hour thought the music of the East incapable. We all rewarded this infant singer liberally, and admonished him not to exert himself to the injury of his health and powers, for the ears of a crowd, to whom sounds of less angelic sweetness would be sufficiently gratifying.'—pp. 203---205.

Mr. Buckingham's work being a journal, without any particular plan, we cannot do better than copy a few brief passages illustrative of some points of Persian manners. The custom of sending dead bodies from different parts of Persia, to be buried in the grounds of Imaum Hussein, at Kerbela, is not a little singular.

'We returned to the khan with heavy steps, and met at the door of it a small caravan, conveying a consignment of dead bodies from Kerman-shah. This caravan was composed wholly of mules, each laden with two corpses, one on each side, and a takhteravan, or litter, borne also by mules, though it contained only one body, which was that of a person of some distinction. These were all packed in long narrow cases or coffins, and secured with matting and cordage, like bales of cotton. They were the bodies of devout dead, from different parts of Persia—two from Isphahan, and one from Shirauz, which were being conveyed for interment to the grounds of Imaum Hussein, at Kerbela. Besides the charge of carriage, which is double that of any other commodity of equal weight, large sums, from two to five thousand piastres, are paid to the Mosque there, for a sufficient space of ground to receive the body, and other presents must be made to the tomb of the Imaum himself; so that this is a distinction which the comparatively rich only can enjoy.

'When the animals entered the khan, the bodies laden on the mules were cast off, without ceremony, and placed at random in different parts of the court-yard, the one in the litter alone being paid any attention to; so that, as they were neither marked nor numbered, they were probably the bodies of individuals who had been just able to pay the lowest price of admission into this sacred ground, and would be laid there without inscriptive stones, or other funeral monument; for it could scarcely happen, from the way in which they were lying about, that they should not be mixed and confounded one with another.

'The presence of these dead bodies in the khan made no impression on the living who were there, as the mule-drivers stretched themselves along by the side of them at night, with an indifference that argued their being long familiarized with such cargoes. This was a scene which I could imagine to have been frequent enough in ancient Egypt, where all the population, who could afford it, were embalmed in state, and others, at the charge of the nation, their mummies being transported from place to place, according to their peculiar temple of worship, or their favourite place of burial.'—pp. 68, 69.

The following description of the baths at Kermanshah is interesting.

‘The baths are of a superior kind; there are said to be three equal to the one we visited, and four or five others frequented only by the poorer classes. The first of these, which was not far from the palace, was entered by a porch, extremely clean, and neatly ornamented by painting and other devices on its ceiling and walls. This remarkable contrast to the low, dark, and foul passages which generally lead to Turkish baths, was a presage, upon the very threshold, of greater comfort and accommodation within.

‘When we reached the undressing-droom, this prepossession was still further strengthened. Here we found a square hall, well lighted from above, having on three of its sides elevated recesses for the visitors, and on the fourth, the passage from the outer porch to the hall, and from this to the inner bath, having on each side shelves, in which were arranged the clean and dirty clothes, the combs, looking-glasses, and all the apparatus of the toilette, under the immediate care of the master of the bath himself. At the angles of these raised recesses, and dividing their lower roof, which they supported, from the higher one of the central square, were four good marble pillars, with spirally fluted shafts, and moulded capitals, perfectly uniform in size and design, and producing the best effect. In the centre of the square space, which these marked out, and on a lower floor, was a large marble cistern of cold water; and at each end of this, on wooden stands, like those used in our harbours and breakfast rooms, were arranged coloured glass jars, with flowers of various kinds in them, well watered and perfectly fresh.

‘The walls of this outer hall were ornamented all around by designs of trees, birds, and beasts, in fanciful forms, executed in white upon a blue ground, and though possessing nothing worthy of admiration, yet giving an air of finish, of neatness, and of cleanliness to the whole, in which the baths of Turkey are generally so deficient.

‘We undressed here, and were led from hence into the inner bath, where all was still free from every thing offensive, either to the sight or smell. This inner room was originally an oblong space of about fifty feet by twenty-five, but had been since made into two square divisions. The first, or outer one, was a plain paved hall, exactly like the undressing-room, except that it had no side recesses, but its floor was level, close to the walls. There were here also four pillars; but, as well as I remember, plain ones; and in the square space which they enclosed in the centre of the room, was a cistern of water as in the outer one. It was on the floor of this that the visitors lay, to be washed by the attendants; for there were no raised seats for this purpose as in Turkish baths, and the great octagonal one, with its cold fountain, the sides and tops of which are ornamented with mosaic work of marble in Turkey, was here replaced by the cistern described. The whole of this room was destitute of ornament, excepting the walls, which were similar to those without. The second division, to which this led, consisted of three parts; the central one was a large and deep bath, filled with warm water, its bottom being level with the lower floor of the building, and the ascent to it being by three or four steep steps. On each side of this was a small private room, with a cistern

in the centre of each, for the use of those who wished to be served with peculiar attention.

'The whole was as neat and well arranged as could be desired, and as clean as any bath can be which is open to public use. But as few pleasures are entirely perfect, so here, with all its general apparent superiority to the baths of Turkey, this was inferior to them in the most essential points. The attendants seemed quite ignorant of the art of twisting the limbs, moulding the muscles, cracking the joints, opening the chest, and all that delicious train of operations in which the Turks are so skilful. The visitors were merely well though roughly scrubbed, and their impurities then rinsed off in the large cistern above, from which there was neither a running stream to carry off the foul water, nor cocks of hot and cold to renew and temper it at pleasure, as in Turkey.

'In place of the luxurious moulding of the muscles, the use of the hair-bag, or glove, for removing the dirt, and the profusion of perfumed soap, with which the Turks end a course of treatment full of delight, the Persians are occupied in staining the beard and hair black, the nails of the toes and fingers of a deep red, and the whole of the feet and hands of a yellow colour, by different preparations of henna. This operation is the most unpleasant that can be imagined. The Persians do not shave the whole of the head, as is usual with most of the Turks and Arabs, but, taking off all the hair from the forehead, over the crown, and down the neck, for about a hand's breadth, they leave on each side two large bushy masses, depending over their shoulders. These are almost as full in some individuals as the apparent wigs of the Sassanian medals; and in others, they are sufficiently long and large to meet and cover the neck behind, which would deceive a stranger into a belief, that they wore the whole of their hair, without either cutting or shaving it. This, then, with a very long and full beard, in which all the people here take pride, is plastered with a thick paste, of the consistence of hog's lard, and not less than two pounds weight of which is sometimes used on one person. It possesses a strongly astringent and penetrating quality, and requires great skill in the use of it, to avoid doing considerable mischief. As the eyebrows are plastered with it, as well as the rest of the hair, and as it softens by the heat of the room and of the body, it frequently steals into the eyes, and produces great pain. The mustachios sometimes give a portion of this paste also to the nostrils, as well as to the mouth, and never fail to yield a most unpleasant odour to all within its reach. The patient (as he may well be called) reclines on his back, naked, and on the stone floor, with his eyes and mouth completely shut, and not daring to breathe with too great freedom. He remains in this manner for an hour or two at a time, while the operator visits him at intervals, rubs his hair and beard, patches up the paste where it has dissolved or is fallen off, and lays on fresh coats of the dye, on the nails, the hands, and the feet. Some of these beard-plastered elders, fresh from the hands of their attendants, look oddly enough, with different shades of red, black, and grey in their beards; for it takes a day or two, according to the quality of the hair, to produce an uniform blackness; and this requires to be renewed every week at least, to look well, as the roots of the hair which grow out, after each time of staining, are either brown or grey, according

to the age of the wearer, and contrast but badly with the jet black of the other parts.

‘When all is finished, and the visitor leaves the inner bath, he is furnished with two cloths only, one for the waist, and the other to throw loosely over the head and shoulders: he then goes into the outer room into a colder air, thus thinly clad, and without slippers or pattens; no bed is prepared for him, nor is he again attended to by any one, unless he demands a nargeel to smoke; but, most generally, he dresses himself in haste, and departs.

‘The Turkish bath is far more capable of affording high sensual pleasure, and is consequently visited as much for the mere delight to the feelings which it produces, and to lounge away an agreeable hour, as for the performance of a religious duty; while the Persian bath seems altogether resorted to for the purpose of the toilette, as one would submit to a hair-dresser, to have the hair cut, curled, powdered, and set in order for a party.’—pp. 105—109.

The account of the athletic exercises performed at the Zoor Khoneh, or house of strength, at Shiraz, is a favourable specimen of Mr. Buckingham's talents for description:—

‘Oct. 29th.—As the drum beat for the assembling of the Gymnasts, or Athletes, at the Zoor Khoneh, or house of strength, at an early hour this morning, we attended its call, and went there to witness the exercises. The place was small and dark. The arena was a deep circle, like that in the ancient amphitheatre, for fights of beasts; and the seats for spectators were arranged around, as in theatres generally. The soil of the arena was a fine firm clay. About twenty men were soon assembled on this, each of them naked, excepting only a strong girdle to conceal their waist, and thick pads at the knees. There were also two little boys and a black slave lad. At the sound of a drum and guitar, the men began to exercise themselves with large clubs held across their shoulders, moving in a measured dance; they next began to jump, and then stoop to the ground, as if about to sit, springing up again suddenly on their legs: they next swung one foot for a considerable length of time, and then the other; after which there was a violent jumping and dancing, and afterwards a motion like swimming on the earth, by placing their breasts nearly to touch the soil, then drawing their bodies forward, and rising again, some even in this position bearing a man clinging fast to their loins. They next began to walk on their hands, with their feet in the air, falling from this position hard on the ground, turning head over heels in the air, and, last of all, wrestling with each other. All these feats were performed to measured tones of music; and each encounter of the last description was preceded by the recital of a poem, in order to encourage the combatants, which was done by the master of the place. One young man, about twenty-five years old, from six feet four to six feet six inches high, with the most muscular, and at the same time the most beautiful form that I ever beheld, threw all his antagonists; and was indeed as superior to all the rest in skill and strength, as he was more nobly elegant in his form and more graceful in all his motions. Jaffer Ali had known this champion from a youth of five years old. When a lad, he was so handsome that all the women of Shiraz who saw him were

in love with him. He had constantly frequented the Zoor Khoneh, and his strength and beauty of form had improved together. For myself, I never beheld so complete a model of manly beauty, and had never before thought that so much grace and elegance could be given to violent movements as I witnessed here: it realized all the ideal strength and beauty of the sculptures of the Greeks. There were many strong and active men among the others, but none to be compared with this.

‘These houses of strength were once patronized by the Persian Government, but they are now no longer so supported; the people of the country are however much attached to the exercises, and attend them fully and frequently. The money given by visitors who take no part in the exercises, goes to a fund for the institution: and the rich and middling classes, of whom there are many who enter the lists, make up the deficiency. On Fridays the place is crowded with visitors, who give presents at their discretion. There are four or five of these houses at Shiraz, many more at Ispahan, several at Kermanshah and Teheran, and indeed in all the great towns of Khorasan and Turkomania, as far as Bokhara and Samarcand, according to the testimony of my Dervish, who says he has seen them and frequented them often. At Bagdad and Moosul there are the same institutions, and by the same name of Zoor Khoneh; which proves their having been borrowed from this country, as the name is purely Persian. At Bagdad, about two years since, there came a Pehlawan, or champion, named Melek Mohammed, from Casvin, and addressed himself to the Pasha. It is the custom for these champions to go from place to place, to try their strength with the victors or champions of each; and if there be none at the place last visited, the governor is obliged to give a hundred tomaums; but if there be one, and the stranger vanquishes him, he must be content with the honour of victory and succeeding to the place of the vanquished. The Pasha of Bagdad replying to Melek Mohammed that he had a champion already attached to his court, a day was appointed for the man of Casvin to try his strength with him of Bagdad. Moosa Baba, the Pasha's Kabobshee, or sausage-maker, appeared, and both the combatants were stripped, and girded with the girdle of the Zoor Khoneh alone, before the Pasha's house. The Casvin champion seized the Bagdad cook by the stomach, and so wrenched him with the grasp of one hand only, that the man fainted on the spot, and died within five days afterwards. The Pasha rewarded the victor with ten pieces of gold, a handsome dress, and made him his chief Cawass. Three or four months afterwards, came a man from a place called Dejeil, near the Tigris, and at a distance of ten hours' journey from Bagdad, on the road to Samara. He offered to combat the Casvin Melek Mohammed. A second combat took place, and though this new opponent was thought to be a man of uncommon strength, the victor caught him by a single grasp, whirled him in the air, and threw him so violently on the ground that he expired on the spot. After this, the champion was advanced in the Pasha's favour, and now receives about fifty piastres, or nearly five pounds sterling, per day; twenty-five for his pay as Cawass, ten as champion of the Zoor Khoneh, and fifteen for his expenses in women, wine, and forbidden pleasures!’—pp. 307---310.

In illustration of what we have said above, concerning the
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gardens and palaces of the Persians, we copy the following description:—

‘Soon after leaving our own abode, we found ourselves at the Palace of the Chehel Sitoon, or Forty Pillars. The gardens around this mansion, and leading towards it, are all beautiful; the sycamores, which line the avenues, are large and ancient; the cypresses and firs, interspersed throughout the grounds, have an equally fine though different aspect; and the slender poplars, bending to the breeze, give a lightness and airiness to the thickest woods. The fountains, canals, and walks, are laid out with all the taste and regularity of the best grounds of Europe; and, in short, every thing seems to have been, in its original design, as perfect as one could have desired it. The palace itself, though inferior to the gardens amid which it stands, is still a monument of the luxury and splendour of the age in which it was erected. In front is an open portico, in which three or four rows of pillars, about six in each, support a flat roof, or canopy; the four central pillars, which are placed at the angles of a square fountain, have a device of four lions, each carved in a hard stone, for the pedestals; the pillars are all lofty, perhaps fifty feet in height, but disproportionately slender; the shaft is one solid trunk of sycamore wood, shaped octagonally round the sides, and lessening from the base upwards, till it seems to be scarcely a foot thick at the placing on of the capital. The capital rises in a square, increasing its dimensions from below like an inverted pyramid, and is filled on every side by the concave niches so peculiar to the Saracenic architecture. As these pillars have to support a roof of enormous weight, their strength is altogether insufficient; and not only do their disproportionate height and slender proportions offend the eye, but the bending of the parts of the roof between them threatens a speedy fall. The shafts and capitals of these pillars are entirely covered with silvered glass as mirrors,—sometimes wound round in spiral flutings; at others, laid in perpendicular plates; and in others again, enamelled over by flowers and other devices, after the manner of embossed work on polished steel. The ceiling of the roof of the portico is divided into square compartments, moulded and richly covered with azure blue and gold, in admirable devices. The back part of this portico is one entire sheet of gold and mirrors, splendid as a whole, and containing many beauties in its minute details. Every possible variety of form is given to the devices, in which the plates and smaller pieces of glass are disposed, and their partitions are frames of gold. Paintings of beautiful females, some sculptured works on marble, inscriptions of highly finished writing, both of ink on paper, and of gold on blue enamel, with a hundred other details, impossible to be remembered amid the overwhelming magnificence of so much labour and wealth, distract the attention of the observer.

‘The hall into which this leads, and for which this noble portico is an admirable preparation, is, if possible, still more magnificent, though its decorations are of a different character. The vast size of the room itself, the dimensions of which I should hesitate from mere memory to state, is alone sufficient to give it a noble air. The domed roof is indescribably beautiful, and the large compartments of historic paintings that decorate its walls, defective as their execution would appear to an European eye, are yet full of interest, from the portraits they contain, and the events to which they relate. Shah Abbas the Great, the distinguished founder of

these kingly works, the restorer of his country, and the father of his people, is himself represented as receiving the audience of an Indian monarch, and the portraits of the most distinguished characters of his reign are pointed out by the attendants. As a banqueting room, scenes of war and state do not alone decorate its walls; but the enjoyments of the social board—women, wine, and music—have their full share in the pictured stories of the day.—pp. 216, 217.

Viewed simply as a work of amusement, this volume may be pronounced more interesting than any of Mr. Buckingham's former travels; as it chiefly consists of personal narrative, in which it is difficult not to be entertaining. There are also fewer antiquarian disquisitions than usual. The work cannot, however, be said to add much to our knowledge of Persia, as it treats of the best known portions of the empire, and is compiled from materials very hastily collected.

ART. III.—*Narrative of an Official Visit to Guatemala, from Mexico.*

By G. A. Thompson, Esq. late Secretary to his Britannic Majesty's Mexican Commission, and Commissioner to Report to his Majesty's Government on the State of the Central Republic. London: Murray. 1829.

MR. THOMPSON is already known to every one interested in the history or condition of America and the West Indies, by his translation of the celebrated dictionary of Alcedo. This work was published in the year 1814, and an additional volume, we believe, is shortly to appear. In 1823, Mr. Thompson went out as Secretary to the Mexican Commission under Mr. Lionel Hervey, and remained in that situation till the Treaty had been signed, which it was the purpose of the Commission to execute. On the conclusion of this business, he was ordered to visit Guatemala, for the purpose of reporting to our government the state of that republic; and from the incidents which occurred to him during his journey, and the knowledge he acquired of the country and inhabitants, by a residence there of seven months, the work before us has been composed.

America will still be a new and green world for many centuries. Its forests will outlast generations that pass the Atlantic to labour among their morasses. Its mighty rivers and lonely inland lakes will remain untracked to their fountains and birth-places, and its cloudy mountains and pathless prairies, be unvisited till many more pages of history have been filled with European revolutions. But the inhabitants of this vast country are singularly contrasted with the land they occupy. They have not grown up under the influences of its grand and sublime genius. They are merchants, soldiers, or politicians, in a fairy land; and most of them are necessarily more employed in farming the best tracks, than in admiring the most luxuriant or picturesque. But we on this side of the intervening

ocean, look with less indifferent eyes towards the young mother of the Western empire. Nature has nowhere but there, not worn out her first bright garment. In no other quarter of the world can she be contemplated reposing amid the riches of her original dowry, and the very circumstance that few or no associations of history or memory are connected with the contemplation, makes the pleasure it affords more certain. Even when America is regarded as a part of the ambitious and warring world, the sentiments with which we watch the increase of its power, or wealth, are of a higher character than those to which other countries give rise. Men of ordinary and calculating feelings become romantic, when speculating on her future destinies. Her merchants are to be princes—her fleets and armies to bear down unopposed upon subject Europe—her mighty republics to be great as empires, but solid and enlightened as that of Athens. She is to be a tower of strength when other nations are crumbling into ruin, and her glory the splendid flame of the volcano, which shines over the earth blackened with their ashes. The concluding page of history is to be the commencing one of her's. The gloomy anticipation which puts a date to the existence of European greatness, extends that of America into infinity, and her name is seen still bright and splendid when the mists and shadows of futurity have obscured every thing else that belongs to this changing world.

It is, however, true, that in looking at America, the common rules of calculation are not to be too strictly followed. The history of her discovery is one of the most beautiful of the tales that truth in her smiling moods ever wrote. It is replete with solemn images, and high philosophy, and romantic circumstance. It recalls to the mind its earliest imaginations of what is loveliest in the deep solitudes of the sea and earth—its strong yearnings after adventure—its fixed and happy convictions that there are spots within the circle of this globe, where the fairest of fancies would find their antitypes. There is something also grand in the contrast which America presents in her present state, to the other quarters of the world, and the dreams of the theorist are made to wear an appearance of probability, when her natural resources are calculated. When her woods of marine timber—her broad navigable rivers—her fertile lands and extensive boundaries lie before us, and we compare her provinces filled at some future period by a rich and active people, with the different states of the Old world. But what will be in reality her history, the wisest of us are unable, perhaps, to conjecture, even in its most general character. There may be a long series of wars between the different provinces, and she may grow old in strife, and the fairest of her treasures, inexhaustible as they seem, be gradually spent upon an unsatisfied population. The government under which she lies, may not obtain consistency or proper strength,

and then she will be a prey to faction, or the speculation of mistaken politicians. She may imagine herself mighty before she has had time for her latent energy to gain its proper development, and be humbled in her pride by her more settled antagonists; or she may remain for time immemorial only half peopled, and be possessed of power without hands sufficient to wield or employ it. Any one of these circumstances would reduce America to an equality with the countries supposed to be in a state of half decay. She would only continue to endure as a portion of the world, suffering its common lot; the anticipations of her greatness would be as vain as the pride of an individual, and imagination would not venture to predict, whether the human race will reach a period distant enough to let America become great as she might be.

After all, speculations of this nature are not very profitable, and the most philosophical employment is the careful observation of the present state and circumstances of the different Transatlantic provinces. When this is carried on fairly and with sufficient materials for the purpose, it cannot fail of being in the highest degree beneficial. Whatever may be the future condition of America, it cannot but be interesting to a thinking man, to observe the progress which society is making in that country under present circumstances; nor ought it for a moment to be lost sight of, that the discovery of the western continent was not, if we may reason by the analogy of human history, for the mere purpose of making it known to Europe, but to serve great and important ends in this portion of the globe. For our own parts, we are much more inclined to believe, that the rising of America will be the strengthening, than that it will be the downfall of the older countries. That it will be the storehouse of the rest of the world, instead of a threatening fortress. We reckon the little and paltry jealousies which may from time to time exist through the action of political factions, as nothing. A few years' growth will expel them from American councils, and European statesmen will see her proper and real importance too well to be ever influenced by their action.

Of the many persons who have visited and written about the southern portion of the western continent, few persons as we have seen, have been better qualified by office and residence to describe its condition, than Mr. Thompson. On the 21st of April, 1825, that gentleman set off for Guatemala, from San Cosmo. His equipage consisted of ten mules for baggage, one for himself, and three horses, together with a guard of ten soldiers. For his companions he had a merchant who traded between Mexico and Guatemala, and who was going to Acapulco, and Mr. Mayorgan, the Guatemalan minister, who was also accompanied by the secretary of the Colombian legation at Mexico. Travelling, it appears, is not safer in this country of plenty, than in Europe, for they had proceeded but few miles on their journey, when some stoppage having occurred from the delay of the baggage, Mr. Mayorgan, who

had ridden back to discover the cause, was attacked by two armed robbers, one on horseback, the other on foot, who not only robbed him of his money, but nearly stripped him naked. This, however, was not the worst adventure of the kind, which they experienced at the commencement of their route. Not having room for some bags of the merchant's doubloons any where but in a travelling bag, in which Mr. Thompson had packed up his sleeping gown and night cap, he happened when preparing for rest, to pull out one of the golden packages. This inclined him to see if the rest were safe, when he found that a paper containing a sum equal to three hundred pounds sterling was irrecoverably missing. The poor merchant bore his loss as patiently as could be expected, but it was as our author observes, a most untoward accident for all parties.

The country through which the route lay, was of the most beautiful description, but the heat was fearfully oppressive as they approached the Tierra Caliente, and Mr. Thompson's mule was so affected by it, that they found it necessary to bleed her and pour a quantity of brandy into her ears, on which she recovered. At Istola, a small Indian town, our author was struck by the curious appearance of the inhabitants, whose faces and bodies were all covered with large black spots, which it appears were catching. It is not mentioned by Mr. Thompson to what this strange affection is attributed. At Zopilote, which translated means a vulture, he was equally struck with about two thousands of these birds brooding heavily on the trees, while the inhabitants of the town were quietly sleeping out their siesta. A great variety of little circumstances of this kind are to be met with in almost every page of Mr. Thompson's narrative, and though not detailed with any thing like the precision of a scientific naturalist, they afford some very interesting notices of the appearance of the country, and the objects which it presents. There is sometimes also in the journal, a picturesque pleasantness of language, which, without falling into the tedious verbosity of formal description, gives the reader an excellent idea of what the author has seen and enjoyed. We must refer to the book itself for an illustration of this remark, as these snatches of description are not to be easily detached from other more substantial matter. The picture, however, which is drawn of the little village of Apaneca, is fuller and more complete. This curious place stands at the foot of the mountain from which it derives its name, and contains about a thousand inhabitants, which are all either Indians, or of some of the mixed castes. Our traveller took up his lodging at the house of the curate of the place, whose sister welcomed them with the most hospitable attention. After their repast was finished, and his companion had lighted his cigar and composed himself according to custom to sleep, Mr. Thompson determined on making the tour of the little town, but finding his labour likely to prove unprofitable, he returned to his lodgings, and de-

terminated, as he says, "when in Rome, to do as they do in Rome." The approach to, and appearance of, the house, with its sleepy inmates, is thus described, and would furnish no indifferent materials for a second legend of sleeping ladies and Morpheus stricken castles.

* The threshold of the door was occupied by a large mastiff; who had most unceremoniously objected to my entrance in the morning, and when a battle had ensued between us which might have ended disastrously, had he not been called off by his master, who was now asleep: I could not, therefore, depend upon the mediation of that party; and as there was a mere cessation of hostilities between us, not even so favourable as that condition which is diplomatically termed an armed neutrality, I did not care to disturb the watchful slumber which one of his eyes, that now glared upon me half open, seemed to evince he was enjoying. A cat was laid across his back, lulled in all the security of a minor state which has the countenance and support of a high protecting power. I turned away, listlessly, towards the middle of the road, where there was a small hut and manger, for the accommodation of travellers' mules. Ours had eaten all their corn; and their down-flopped ears and drooping heads made it evident that *they* were asleep. The luggage was strewn around, and, on lifting up one of the mats to get at my writing-desk, I discovered the three muleteers, who were lying stretched upon the ground, having had the precaution thus to shade themselves from the sun, which was now really beaming in all its suffocating splendour. Two out of this triumvirate were also asleep: it was a practical commentary on a well appointed commission.

* But where was my servant, the shaver and bleeder from the hospital at Acapulco? I called him two or three times by his right name, Henrico, though in my imagination I always pictured him as Quixote; but he did not appear; I called again, but not very loud; for my voice re-echoed so through the dead silence that prevailed, that it almost startled me to hear it. There was a slight movement in the hut amongst the mules, and the Chinese came forth with nothing on him but a pair of short cotton trowsers and a night-cap. He stared like a man that had been awakened with the alarm of fire; but, take him all in all, I had never seen such a thing before except upon a China tea-pot. I found he had been sleeping in the manger; and, as all the tables in the country are, as I said before, used also for the same purpose, it occurred to me that bed and board might, hereafter illustrate, as an example, what the logicians style, a distinction without a difference.

* I roused up the muleteers; and, Don Simon being now busily engaged in the preparations for our departure, we soon left this drowsy portion of creation behind us, and reached Aguachapa about six in the evening. The road to it is extremely hilly: for the first four miles it winds round a small mountain, covered with beautiful timber-trees, and on the left, towards the sea, is a large fertile country, well cultivated. The labourers, in gangs from fifty to a hundred each, were returning home to the village, which had manifested so depopulated an appearance during the day: they appeared to be healthy and well fed, happy and contented.—pp. 89—92.

We may contrast this amusing account with another of a different kind. On reaching the town of Aguachapa, a place of some

importance, and containing between five and six thousand inhabitants, the travellers proceeded to the house of one Padillo, a respectable man, who had a large family of handsome sons and daughters. The companion of our author, Don Simon, was a man whose company it appears was acceptable wherever he went, and on this occasion more than ordinary, for all the members of the family, both young and old, eagerly sought to establish themselves in his good graces. In the evening a party of visitors assembled at the house where their favoured stranger and Mr. Thompson had taken up their residence; the arrival of an Englishman, says the latter, being to the inhabitants of the remote town of Aguachapa, as great and interesting an event, as the flourishing among us of one of their *nopals*, which blossom only once in a hundred years. As furnishing a trait of character in the females of South America, the following extract is amusing. The introductory account with which it commences, will not render it less so:

‘ The saloon in which the company were assembled, was a large room having a door at one end into the street, at the other, an entrance into the sleeping rooms, and in the centre, leading to the court-yard, another large folding door. They were all three open, so that there was plenty of air, though the currents, to which the tenants are thus exposed, account, satisfactorily, for the tooth and face-ache with which they are so often afflicted. The two inner angles of this apartment, which was about twenty-six feet long by fourteen wide, were occupied by beds of the simplest construction, without posts, or, indeed, any other furniture than a mattress. In the day-time, therefore, they answered the purpose of sofas; and such linen as was necessary was brought in and deposited on them when they were required for the night. One of them was now occupied by a youth, who was bedridden. He was the eldest son, and his emaciated frame and despondent visage, which still bore traces of the handsome features of the family, bespoke the probability of his early dissolution. The agonies he suffered seemed to be intense. He had, some months ago, injured his instep by a fall from his horse: it had been gradually getting worse, and was on the verge of mortification. The groans which the poor boy uttered, but which he endeavoured to suppress as much as possible, were heard, at intervals, intermixing with the joyous shouts of the little girls, the solemn periods of the political commentators, and the sprightly repartees of those whose hearts were interested by the passions of gaming or of love: for there was card-playing in one corner of the room; and love-making is a thing of course, where young people, being congregated together, find that they have nothing better to do with themselves. The mother would steal occasionally to the couch of her afflicted child, assist him in changing his posture, or lighten the pressure of the bed-clothes; in which office she was occasionally assisted by her daughters. The scene was a mixture of the kindest sorrows and the thoughtless frivolities and enjoyments of life, blended—as it were, the rose with the thorn—the bud with the worm.

‘ I said there was a door between the saloon and the sleeping apartments of the ladies: I was mistaken; there was only an open door-way: I was sitting in the window-seat next to it, and, finding they were undress-

ing to go to bed, removed from it. As we were to set off early in the morning, I could have wished to have retired also to the vacant couch in the apartment which had been prepared for my reception; but I dreaded to pass the night in the room with the poor lad, whose bursts of agony now broke, with periodical uniformity of length and tone, on the stillness which prevailed. The reiterated voice of distress is afflicting at all times, but most so when it is out of our power to relieve the cause of the affliction: we then become identified with the afflicted, and must leave the rest to patience and endurance. The sympathy, however, with which we witness the miseries of others, is, perhaps, not unfrequently mixed with the certain, though secret, satisfaction of our own exemption from them. Having at length retired to rest, I was endeavouring to amuse my mind with some such reflection, when I heard a whispering in the apartment: it was a female voice in conversation on some subject of a deep and apparently highly interesting nature. As there were no glazed windows, the shutters of the room were all closed, excepting a small pannel which was cut in one of them, and which admitted a feeble ray of moonlight. By these means, I was enabled to distinguish two figures, and soon found that the persons in question were Don Simon and the eldest daughter. "I cannot," said the female voice, "without my mother's consent; and if I did, my sister Guadeloupe would be so jealous, that I should never have a moment's peace." He answered, that she was foolish either to think of her mother or her sister in the business; that she had nothing to do but to consult her own choice; she had already declared it, and abide by it she must. Thus saying, he walked off, whistling as he came to my end of the apartment, and throwing back an "A Dios" to the "buenas noches," uttered in the tender agitated voice of the young lady, he flung himself into the hammock, with the greater part of his clothes on, and, by the sonorous nature of his respiration, seemed to be asleep, in the course of five minutes.

' This despotie kind of love-making was really very extraordinary: it was plain the affections of the young lady were, at best, but indifferent towards him; but, then, what could she do against the "*sic volo*" of this Western Grand Senor! The lamentations of the poor boy, and my own reflections on the scenes I had just witnessed, disturbed my rest. I began to think dubiously of my companion, and how I should measure my behaviour towards him the next day: I had not hitherto sufficiently estimated his self-importance; which, although something disgusting, I, now, resolved to humour, on account of its whimsicality. Scarcely had day-light dawned, when, being awake, I perceived standing in the door-way, the beautiful little girl whose future views and interests in life had formed no small part of my contemplation during the night. She was enveloped in a loose night-gown, slightly closed round the waist. Her long black hair fell in graceful and natural profusion down each side of her neck: there was an air of slight anxiety and agitation in her look, which gave to her features, which were delicately pretty, an animated cast of interest, which I had not before observed in them. She stepped forward a few paces, and cried, in a half-whisper, "Don Simon!" She repeated the name, but no answer was given; again, and still all was silent. Poor thing, thought I, she has repented of her obstinacy, and Don Simon's determination will be gratified and fulfilled. This proved to be the truth;

but in a manner very different from what I had anticipated. I was surprised, and, perhaps, a little mortified, to find that I had been wrong in all my conclusions, with respect to the scenes which I had witnessed. The denouement was of a nature perfectly distinct from any that I had contemplated or imagined. Don Simon had risen, and the interview was, now, renewed in the presence of the other sister. I was still in bed, and, being wide awake, could not help listening to the conversation, when I discovered that it was to the following purport.

‘Don Simon began by insisting on the folly of their wishing to be all alike; he had only brought with him enough for one; and oh, my wounded sensibility! this was not love, but a piece of scarlet pelisse cloth, which was very scarce in the country, but which, by dint of his influence in the line, together with the alacrity which he always manifested in doing a kindness, he had contrived to procure in fulfilment of a commission given to him by the elder young lady. The discussion, however, which ensued, was not without its interest: the colour, quality, width, and quantity of the fabric which was to make their pelisses was discussed with an order and pertinacity which were justified by the importance of the subject. Some blue cloth might be obtained, perhaps, at Guatemala, but then the pelisse which was already purchased was English; and it was finally resolved, to the satisfaction of all parties, but especially to Don Simon, who had carried his point, as he seemed determined to do, from the beginning, with the elder daughter, that, as the piece of scarlet cloth could not be matched, they should await the arrival of the next vessel from England, which might bring them a fresh importation of that, to them so indispensable, an article of British manufacture.’—pp. 96—104.

The route towards *Zuquiniquilapa*, a name which equals in length any we ever saw written, was full of attracting objects. It was sylvan and solitary, and sometimes intersected by broad sheets of waveless water, which lay dark and gloomily, till lit up with a sea of light by the rapid rising of the sun. At others it was varied by the rich verdure of palm trees, and the other picturesque trees of a tropical country. Every now and then the road opened into wide grassy glens, variegated by smooth and refreshing waters, by the side of which hung flowering shrubs, making it like a garden path. The appearance of parties of the natives passing here and there among the rocks, and fording the stream, added not a little to the effect of the scene, of the beauty of which it is probable we can form but a very imperfect conception.

As our author approached the capital of Guatemala, his hopes and expectations gradually increased. His commission was of importance, and the place he was about to enter, was one of those of which Europeans had hitherto known but very little. Within a few leagues of the city, the country began to wear a greater air of civilization. Inclosures, little villas, and gardens, those best signs, perhaps, of a people being improving, appeared on the road. From the place on which the traveller was looking towards the object of his wishes, it appeared glittering in the sun, and presenting a beautiful assemblage of white domes and spires, inter-

mixed with the foliage of lofty trees, and varied by the frequent risings and declivities of the hilly ground, which was backed by the shadowy outline of the distant Andes.

The instructions which Mr. Canning had given Mr. Thompson, were, that he should proceed to Guatemala, and endeavour to ascertain the present state of its political government, and the disposition of the people—its resources, finances, military, commercial, and territorial, the amount of its population, the number and wealth of its towns, its principal means of communication within itself and with the exterior, and moreover, that he “should draw up a report upon those heads, and upon any other points on which he might be able to obtain information, respecting Guatemala, of interest to his majesty’s government.” Much of the information which the author collected on these several heads, is given in a very full and useful appendix; to some of the particulars in which we shall shortly refer. But the bulk of the volume is occupied with the ordinary materials of a traveller’s journal, and neither in its size nor style has it much the air of a narrative, written by an official visitor to the country. Thus, immediately after his arrival at the capital, and having given a few general remarks on the state of religion there, he proceeds to describe, and with great picturesque power, a *fête champêtre*, which took place at a beautiful village named Amatitan, situated in the heart of a verdant forest, protected by the broad shade of overhanging mountains. A curious incident is related in the account of this festival. In the midst of the gaiety the rainy season began, and heavy torrents rushed down upon the ground, which had not felt a drop of water from the heavens for months. As the heavy shower was falling, two horsemen galloped furiously down the street, and each catching up a lady without alighting, instantly flew off with them to their houses. In this manner all the assembled fair were borne away through the storm, and the author very rightly expresses his admiration at the gallantry and skill thus shown by the horsemen of Guatemala. But to pass from these lighter details to others of more importance, we find the following account given of the mint established at the capital of Guatemala, which he was shown by the director of the establishment, Don Benito Munoz. The information also which is here given, of the mines and mining concerns of the republic, is important. The present state of the coinage, of which our author gives the following account, is no slight evidence of the present unsettled, or rather imperfect, state of trade in Guatemala.

‘ It is a moderately sized building, and there were two presses employed in coining the new money of the republic: the greater part of the small silver currency, at this time, consisted of money called *masququina*, or pieces of ragged silver of all shapes and dimensions, varying between half the size of a sixpence and half a crown: it was almost impossible to know their relative values: the public, however, had no difficulty in doing so,

by the assistance of some coarse, and in most cases, almost obliterated marks upon them. These pieces of tokens, for they had neither the shape nor appearance of coin, had been issued, from time immemorial, at the two provincial mints of Nicaragua and Honduras, and, in spite of the sweatings and loppings which they had evidently undergone, continued to pass for their nominal value, with such good faith on the part of the people, that I had pieces given back into my hands, as being only of the value of half reals, whilst others, of half the size, were selected as being known to represent whole ones. It is not to be wondered at, that the new coinage was eagerly sought after. Donna Vicente, my kind hostess, was particularly anxious to take a quantity down with her to Sonsonate; and I procured her some for that purpose, in exchange for golden ounces.

The Mint, as at present established, is quite sufficient for the little work which it has to perform. There had been some talk of erecting a steam-engine instead of the clumsy apparatus, which, like that in Mexico, is put into action by the power of mules; but as there is a good supply of water within two hundred yards of the place, I pointed out the cheapness and facility of employing that element in lieu of the present system and of that proposed; and before I left the capital, I had the pleasure to find that the plan suggested had undergone some discussion in the proper quarters, and was looked upon as feasible and advantageous.

Of the territorial resources of Guatemala, those arising from its mineral productions are admitted to be considerable; but the advantages derivable from them, have been, in a great degree, only prospective. In the province of Chiquimula, some mines have hitherto been worked to great advantage, especially those of Alotopeque and San Pantalone: the latter is inundated. Those of Santa Rosalia, Montenita, and San Antonio Abad, are in the same vein, and have formerly yielded a great quantity of metal; they might again be put into activity, as nothing more is said to be wanting than to clear away the earth that has fallen in and blocked up the galleries. In the report made to the government by the assay-master of the Mint, it is proved that every quintal of ore extracted from these mines yields seventeen marks, six ounces and three-eighths of an ounce of silver.*

There are many mines in the province of Comayagua; to facilitate the working of which, the National Assembly passed a decree, on the 20th February, 1824, for delivering the gunpowder to the miners at prime cost. In Costa Rica, they are working mines of gold and silver; and some of copper have been discovered. The parties engaged in them are Mr. Trevithick and a Biscayan. The supreme government, as soon as the object of these persons was known, directed a letter on the 30th of March, 1824, to the Gefe of Costa Rica, to afford them every facility. In the interim, a company had been forming in England, and was established on the 1st of February, 1825, with a capital of 6,750,000 dollars, under Don Antonio José de Irisarri, agreeably to a sanction transmitted to him from his government in the month of June preceding. A former proposition had been made for establishing a company, in November, 1824, by Mr. Hines, of the house of Messrs. Symmonds and Co. of London, with a capital of

* A quintal is 100lbs. net: a mark is eight ounces.

£250,000. Another company was forming, whilst I was in the capital, under Mr. Vire; his partners afterwards came to London; one of them, Don Francisco Lavagnino, and the other, Don Prospero de Herrera, a cousin of Don José de Valle. The views of this company were chiefly directed towards working the mines in the province of Honduras; but the state of our public credit would not admit the plan to take effect:—from the respectability of the parties, and that assistance which Valle would have afforded his relative, there is little doubt it would have turned out highly advantageous.

The particulars of Herrera's mines, which I consider as some of the best in that country, and the expense of working them, were deposited with me by himself:—I wish I could be brought to think that a specification of them would be useful to the public. The conviction seems not yet to have passed by, that the precious metals must have undergone an intestine, physical, disorganization, out of sympathy, as it were, to the moral revolution with which the political features of these noble and interesting countries have recently been agitated. Owing to the duties on coinage in Mexico, Peru and Chile, considerable quantities of the precious metals are in the habit of being sent from those countries to be coined at the Mint of Guatemala. The value of metals so transferred, appears by an official return, to have amounted to 2,326 marks 5½ ounces of quicksilver, and 2,120 marks of silver in bullion. There is a mint in Tegucigalpa, in the province of Honduras, which coins about 1,400 dollars a week of the masquiquina or cut money; and, on account of the head mint not being on a proper footing, private coining and base money are very common, particularly in Nicaragua.

The greater portion of the metals extracted from the mines of Honduras, is exported in bullion and smuggled through Belize and the Mosquito shore to Jamaica. It is probable that not more than one-third of the metals produced throughout the country find their way to the head mint. The amount of monies coined in Mexico, before the revolution, was, in one year, as high as twenty-five millions, and since that event, it has fallen to ten millions of dollars. In Santiago de Guatemala, the coinage which in 1817, was 428,661 dollars, and in 1818, 554,564, was reduced in 1820, to 351,127 dollars. The total value of the coinage in the head mint from 1820 to 1825, was a million and a half—about 300,000 dollars per annum.—pp. 211—217.

A description is given by our author of Antigua, or old city of Guatemala, which had fallen so fearfully under the scourge of earthquakes. From the observations which the author made, it appears that it once occupied a site as large as that of Mexico, and double the extent of that of the new capital. 'The whole city,' says he, 'is a splendid panorama of romantic dilapidation.'

The government of Guatemala, is represented by Mr. Thompson, as similar in its principles to that of the northern United States. The power is vested in a federal congress, composed of proper representatives, and the assembly enacts laws, declares peace or war, and settles the other affairs of the republic. There is also a senate, consisting of only two senators, whose office it is to give sanction to the laws instituted in the popular council, and to offer

advice in cases of doubt and emergency. There are also a president and vice president, all of which officers are chosen by the people. In addition to this assembly, there is another, a supreme court of justice, to which appeal may be made from the congress, and which has authority over the president, senators, and other official personages. The federal republic consists of the following independent states, Guatemala, Honduras, Sonsonate, Nicaragua, and Costa-Rica, each of which contains, according to what has just been mentioned, an assembly of deputies; a council which sanctions or prohibits the making of a law; a chief to whom the enactment of the law, and the nomination of public officers are entrusted; a *gefepolitico*, or vice-chief, who acts on particular occasions, and a court of judges who possess the highest judicial authority. The first attempt of the people to obtain their independence, was made about the years 1811—20. In 1821 a general act was published, declaring their independence; but a division of opinion then took place, one party wishing for entire and absolute independence, the other desiring the establishment of a monarchy, with a Bourbon for their ruler. At length serenity was restored, and they took the name of "The United Provinces of the Centre of America." On the 24th of July, 1824, the independence of Guatemala was acknowledged by Colombia, and shortly by the United States of North America and by Mexico.

Mr. Thompson, after having performed his mission to the capital of the central republic, prepared for his departure. This was accompanied with many little circumstances, which are related by the author in his usually agreeable manner. We have room, however, but to mention one. On approaching the town of Guastotoia, he was astonished to hear that an English ship of war, having a consul on board, three commissioners, and a secretary, had arrived off Belize. Too much startled with this news, which he imagined might greatly affect his own transactions, to think of any thing else, he turned to pursue the messenger who had brought him the information; but we must give the tale in his own words:

' Full of these reflections, I had inadvertently omitted to take the right ford of the river, which I had now to re-pass, and when about twenty yards from the shore, found my horse plunge all at once into deep water, considerably out of his depth: as he was swimming against the stream, which was exceedingly powerful, and as he grew weak with his exertions, my situation became somewhat perilous: in the course of five minutes, however, he recovered his footing, which he also lost again, successively, two or three times. At last, owing to the weakness and inequality of the river's bed, which was strewed thickly with large stones, and as rough as a quarry, the poor animal fell and plunged us both under water. Being disengaged from the saddle, I was determined, at all risks, not to lose the bridle, for fear my horse might swim over me, or what I more dreaded swim from me; for I should have been, in such case, perfectly helpless in so impetuous a current. I clung to him, holding on by the rein, till he again recovered footing, and being remounted, we proceeded with the

utmost deliberation, when striking his fore feet against some hidden fragment of rock, he plunged down head foremost, and I, of course, with him. I still, however, retained my bridle, but the animal, in his endeavour to rise, struck me with his near fore foot such a blow on the temple, as rendered me almost senseless. Still I had fortunately recollection enough not to lose my grasp, and when I came to myself, found that I was again upon his back, and felt so much inconvenienced with the water which was flowing from my head, that I endeavoured to wipe it off with my sleeves. In so doing, I was brought more immediately to a sense of my peril, when I found that the streams which were flowing from my head were not of water, but blood, which poured down copiously; so much so, indeed, that I became seriously alarmed, thinking that so much would not proceed from an ordinary wound, but that I must have injured the temporal artery. By this time we had come to a complete shallow, which I afterwards discovered was the proper ford, but so similar, by the shape of its banks, to that which I had mistaken for it, that I remained some moments, apprehensive it might not prove the right one. However, we soon landed, and I continued galloping on after Senor Valdero, for the purpose of overtaking him, for relief, before I might be too weak to continue my intention, from the loss of blood, which was still flowing so copiously. In this way I passed two Indians, who by their exclamations, evidently conceived that I had been attacked by robbers, and was flying from them; and whilst hesitating whether I should return to avail myself of such surgical assistance as these poor creatures might be able to afford, in the absence of all prospect of meeting any better, I was hailed by two or three voices, and had the gratification to find they were those of Senor Valdero and his retinue.

He had taken up his quarters at a hut a little out of the road side, and had come out with the rest, attracted by the noise made by my horse's galloping, which was at its fullest speed. Having dismounted, the first thing I asked for was a looking glass, but there was none in the humble residence; nevertheless, on account of my anxiety to obtain one, Senor Valdero most kindly unpacked one of his trunks—a business of no ordinary trouble when made up for travelling in these countries—and produced a small piece affixed to a pocket-book. In the mean time, they had washed my temples with brandy and water; and I had become so faint that I remember they poured down my throat a large quantity of pure alcohol, which had nearly suffocated me. The blow had, as I thought, struck me exactly above the temporal artery; but a bandage, with a hard plugget, which I made myself for the occasion, being applied as tight as it could be attached, the bleeding fortunately subsided by degrees, and in the course of an hour I was well enough to resume my journey. I took a most deliberate view of the ford before I ventured again into this deceitful river, and my little horse trembled at every step he took; his courage, which was always indomitable, had been quite cooled upon this occasion, and he might, as the jockies say, have been governed with a packthread. On reaching the opposite bank, I was glad to find that he was still fresh in vigour and spirit, and as I had written the communication which I wished to make to Mr. Bayley, as also a despatch to the government, I pushed forward to come up with my party, before night fall, at a good gallop, occasionally feeling my temple, to ascertain if all was right:—the

wound continued to bleed very slightly, and before dusk, I reached Guatemala.'—pp. 355—361.

Another misfortune which happened to our author, was his nearly losing himself, with his attendant, in the river Chimalapan. Having arrived on its shore as the evening was fast closing, and observed the footsteps of cattle on its banks, they were left in doubt whether they might or might not safely attempt to ford it. Finding neither bed nor provisions to help them through the night, they determined on making the experiment, and waded into the stream for about thirty yards. Instead, however, of seeing themselves on the main land, they discovered they had only reached a small island, from which to the opposite shore, the river spread deep and dark. After one or two perilous traversings of the stream, they found it would be worse than madness to make any further attempt, and they determined on returning. But this was not now an easy matter. The night had closed in upon them, and when they recovered the shore, they were lost in the dense shades with which they were surrounded. At length they discovered a mule track through the forest, and having ridden for some time, they came to a little Indian settlement. Here they obtained conductors who guided them across the river, and they had the satisfaction to find that had they attempted the passage by themselves, they must have been inevitably lost. After one or two farther adventures, our author arrived at Belize, from which port he intended to set sail for England. For some days he was detained by the impossibility of obtaining a vessel, and he was at last obliged to run the risk of suffering from the pirates in the gulf of Florida, to secure his return home. The narrative loses none of its interest in this part. The fears which the author experienced on account of his despatches, increased as they approached the dangerous track of the pirates, and the different little incidents which contributed to confirm his dread, are recorded with no slight addition to the amusement of the reader. The principal resorts of the pirates are said to be in the isle of Pines, which lies to the south-west of Cuba, along the northern coast of Yucatan, and on each side of the whole gulf of Florida. They have another harbour in Porto Rico, but the North Americans have considerably lessened their numbers by attacking them with armed steam-boats, sufficiently small to follow them into the creeks, where they lie protected from the assaults of larger vessels. At length, after sixteen days of anxiety, they got out of the gulf of Florida, and few other incidents occurring worth alluding to, Mr. Thompson reached England in safety, and arrived in London on the very day on which, two years previously, he had set out to execute his official business at Mexico and Guatemala.

The principal information of a statistical nature, which the work contains, is, as we have said, to be found in the concluding historical sketch and appendix. From these, several useful particulars

may be gathered, and as little has been hitherto known of the remote nations of central America, they are in many respects highly valuable. From the account they furnish, we learn that Guatemala is bounded on the west and north by Mexico; on the south-east, by the province of Veraguas; on the south and south-west, by the Pacific; and on the north, by the Atlantic. Its extent is 16,740 square leagues. The rivers and lakes with which it is intersected, are large and numerous. One of them, the river Ulua, is navigable at all seasons for forty leagues, and proposals have been made to introduce steam vessels into the country, which would render them available to the most important purposes of national improvement. The ports also are numerous: of that of Culebra, in Nicaragua, the following report has been made by the engineers who were employed to examine it. Two hundred ships ride in it with safety; at fifty yards from shore, it has from ten to twelve fathoms water, with a good sandy bottom, being surrounded by fine woods, with plenty of fresh water, and having close to it farms of neat cattle; it is a league and a half wide at its mouth, and divided into three channels by some islands; the entrances are clean and deep, and its interior is sheltered from all winds. No later census of the population exists, than one taken about twenty-two years back; but from this and some separate observations which have been made at different times, the following table has been drawn up, and is considered tolerably accurate:

'The capital of Guatemala, including the Alcaldias Mayores of Sucatepeque, Sonsonate, Escuintla, Suchitepeque, Chinaltenango, Sololà, Totomicapan and Vera

	Souls.
' Paz - - -	630,000
Add Chiquimula - -	110,000
Quisaltenango - -	110,000
In the State of Guatemala - - -	850,000
In the State of Honduras - - -	280,000
In the State of San Salvador - - -	330,000
In the State of Nicaragua - - -	330,000
In the State of Costa Rica - - -	180,000
In the Ports of Truxillo, Omoa, Golfo, and Garrison of Peten - - -	30,000
Total - - -	2,000,000

'Of this population about 50,000 reside in the capital, and about 140,000 in the four other capitals of the several states of the federation.

	Souls.
' In San Salvador - - -	39,000
Leon - - -	38,000
Chiquimula - - -	37,000
Cartago - - -	26,000
Total - - -	140,000

'From the various mixtures of blood it is difficult to class them, except very generally. When in Mexico, I saw fifteen different classifications of them represented in some pictures at an old chateau, which seemed to be so minute and curious that I copied the notes illustrative of each portrait. For the present purpose, it may be sufficient to consider the proportions of the several classes to be as follows:—

Whites and Creoles	-	-	-	One-fifth
Mixed Classes	-	-	-	Two-fifths
Indians	-	-	-	Two-fifths

Of Europeans, or perfect whites, there are not more than 5,000, so that they are in the proportion of five souls to 2,000, and this aggregate, with the exception only of the native Indians, may be merged in one general denomination of *Mesties* or mixed. There are no slaves; and every individual enjoys equal civil rights.'—pp. 450—452.

The annual consumption of beeves in the capital, is said to be about a thousand; nearly the same number of swine are killed, but sheep are only slaughtered on occasions of festivity; they are principally valued on account of their wool. It is a curious fact, that provisions, except those kinds which are consumed by the natives, are dearer in Guatemala than in most parts of Europe. This circumstance is attributed by our author to the low state of agriculture, a deficiency of pasture, and the comparative excess of specie. The following table, showing the prices of provisions in the capital, is a curious evidence of the fact we have mentioned:

PRICES OF PROVISIONS IN THE CITY OF GUATEMALA.

Beef and Pork	-	-	2 Rials,	-	or	Sterling 1s. per lb.
Bread	-	-	1	-	or	6d. do.
Poultry	-	-	-	-	-	from 3d to 6d each
Cheese (very bad)	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	or	3d per lb.
Butter	-	-	1	-	or	6d do.
Eggs	-	-	-	-	-	1d each.
White Sugar	-	-	1	-	or	6d per lb.
Brown Sugar	-	-	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	or	3d do.
Rice	-	-	-	-	-	1d do.
Salt	-	-	-	-	-	1½d do.
Milk	-	-	-	-	-	6d per quart.
Brandy of the country	-	-	-	-	-	6d per bottle.
Do. Spanish	-	-	-	-	-	2s. do.
Wine (made from wild, poor grapes of the country)	-	-	-	-	-	1s. do.' p.457.

With regard to the finances of Guatemala, there is an old national debt of 1,825,189 dollars, but there are sufficient funds, it is alleged, for its liquidation. At present there is also a small one incurred with Messrs. Barclay, with whom the Government had contracted for a loan of 7,142,857 dollars, but received only a part of that sum. The whole of the loan which Guatemala has had from this country does not amount to more than 100,000*l.* sterling. The statement which is given in the following table of the expenses of the federal government of 1825, is worthy of the reader's attention:

	Dollars.
Expenses of the ministry of state - -	54,950
Do. of justice and ecclesiastical affairs -	17,600
Do. of finance - - - -	178,208
Do. of war and marine - - - -	627,828

Total Expenditure - - 878,586

The estimated income was, viz.—	Dollars.
Regular duties - - - -	530,000
Provisional quota - - - -	188,000
Novena decimals - - - -	88,888

Total Income - - 806,888

Expenditure excess - - - 71,698.—p.478.

Since the declaration of independence, the commerce of Guatemala has been more than doubled; the present total value of the import and export trade, is reckoned at 16,520,000 dollars. Of the army, the numerical strength of which is as follows, the organization is still incomplete. The permanent troops form a body of 1,800 men; the regular militia, with the artillery, &c. 10,700; and the civil militia, 10,000;—in all a force of 22,500. Both the men and horses are light, the accoutrements very bad, and the officers, with few exceptions, are ignorant of military duty.

With some years peace, and a proper management of its domestic and commercial affairs, the federative republic of central America will in all probability acquire stability and sufficient wealth to meet the future contingencies of government. Mr. Thompson's narrative affords much interesting information on the most important points connected with its present state and resources, and the reader may collect from the volume, sufficient materials to reason with some degree of certainty on its prospects. With regard to the general character of the work, it is written in the most agreeable traveller's style, and keeps up the attention as well as if it were the author's only purpose to amuse. There are some readers, we doubt not, who would have preferred seeing the bulk of the volume filled with matter of a more solid and statistical character.

ART. IV.—*Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren, 1794 bis 1805.* Vols. I. and II.

Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe. Stuttgart. 1828.
London: Treuttel & Co.

ALTHOUGH an author can never so fully disguise his real character and sentiments as not to be discoverable in his works, yet, as

he, in writing for the world at large, puts on his visiting-suit or ball-dress, it often requires a considerable degree of tact to find out the real man beneath them. This is even the case when he writes his own biography; for however veracious a man may wish to be, he will like to stand well with the world, and will gloss over and varnish every thing concerning himself till he thinks it looks becoming. It is therefore in his familiar correspondence alone that we may hope to see the man as he is; he then generally throws off all formality and disguise; he is at home in his night-gown and slippers, and speaks as he thinks and feels, and not as he might wish the world to believe him to do.

This is peculiarly the case with Schiller in his correspondence; in every line we perceive the love of virtue and truth, the earnest attachment to all that is noble and beautiful in art, the philosophical turn of mind seeking to give a *reason* for every feeling, but also the strong sensitiveness, and, at times, sickly irritability which are known to have characterized him. Goethe, on the other hand, a man of the world, who had spent his life at courts, looks upon things more lightly and carelessly, and feeling less strongly, is less inclined to expand himself on subjects which come before him. Schiller's letters are generally long, and the writer labours to exhaust the matter under view; while those of Goethe are mostly short and pithy: the author, with that clearness peculiar to his mind, either with few words goes straight to the point, or glides slightly over his subject, preferring to take things as they are, to demonstrating their fitness by argument. They have, therefore, each an interest of their own.

The present Correspondence was begun by Schiller in June 1794, by a formal invitation to Goethe to become joint-editor and contributor to the celebrated periodical *die Horen*, which was projected by Schiller, and chiefly conducted by him, from its first appearance in 1795 till its close in 1797. Goethe lived then at Weimar, in high favour with the Duke, and Schiller held a professorship at the university of Jena. They had been previously introduced to each other, without having become intimate. But now, Goethe having acquiesced in Schiller's proposal, a correspondence ensued which became every year more interesting, and never entirely ceased but with the death of one of the parties. It is a subject of regret that the two authors lived so near each other, since by frequent interviews their probably most interesting communications were made verbally, and therefore in a direct manner lost to the world; although indirectly, its gain has no doubt been the greater, as the improvement these two great writers insured by this connection would never have been so powerful had their intimacy been confined to the mere interchange of letters.

The most interesting portions of the two volumes are Schiller's criticisms of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, the latter part of which the author communicated to his friend in MS. But as this extra-

ordinary work, although ably translated, seems to be but little known in this country, we shall only extract such passages as can be understood without a reference to the book itself.

Schiller having offered some objections to the unsatisfactory impression which the conclusion of the novel would leave on many readers, and suggested some improvements of a philosophical and moral kind, by which this defect might have been obviated, Goethe replies :

‘ I beg you not to desist in urging me as it were beyond my own powers. The fault, you justly observe, proceeds from the very essence of my nature, from a certain bent which makes me take a delight in removing my being, actions, and writings out of the eyes of the world. Thus I shall always like to travel incognito, to wear a common dress rather than a fine one, and in conversing with strangers, or distant acquaintances, to prefer less important subjects and more trivial expressions to others ; to show myself more heedless than I am, and place myself as it were between myself and my appearance.

‘ After this general confession, let me pass over to a detailed one : that without your urging and driving I should, against my better knowledge and will have abandoned myself again in this novel, to this peculiarity, which, with the great efforts I have made in its production, would have been unpardonable, since all which can be required is easily seen and easily done.

‘ There is no question, that the apparent results of the work as I have expressed them, are much more limited than the contents of the work, and I fancy myself like one, who, after having set down many large sums, should purposely make errors in summing up, in order, from some whim or other, to reduce the product.

‘ Should it, nevertheless, happen (as human perverseness is often an insuperable obstacle) that I cannot bring forth the last important words, I shall request you to add at last, with some bold strokes of your pencil, that which I, bound by the strangest natural force, cannot utter.’

To this Schiller very modestly answers :

‘ You must by no means act against what you call your bent. For it also belongs to your poetical nature, in which you must of necessity remain ; all beauty in the work must be *your own*. The question, therefore, only is to take advantage of this peculiarity of your disposition for the benefit of the work, which may certainly be done as soon as you wish it.’

The protracted correspondence on the subject of this novel, is finally closed by Goethe, who, evidently wearied of a work which he had had so long in hand, writes thus to his friend :

‘ I have endeavoured to embody your ideas in my own manner. Whether you will recognise those spiritual beings in their earthly garb, I know not. I feel almost inclined to send the work to press without again showing it to you. The difference of our dispositions is such that it will never satisfy your demands ; and even this circumstance will, when you shall give me your opinion on the whole, offer an opportunity for many beautiful remarks.’

He actually did so. But Schiller, far from being offended, replies in his next letter :

‘ I am sorry you cannot come now ; I should have liked to have lighted my little lamp at you. With regard to the novel, you do well not to give way to ideas which cannot be easily assimilated to your nature. The work is all of one piece ; and even if there should any where remain a chasm, (which is by no means certain,) it is better it should remain there *after your manner*, than be filled up after that of another.’

We cannot leave the subject of *Wilhelm Meister*, without adding some of the honest commendations Schiller bestows on this work, which has been so harshly treated by some of our critics :

‘ That which seems to me most remarkable in the general impression,’ he says in one of his letters, ‘ is that the grave and painful totally vanish as in a phantasmagoria, and easy humour contains the complete mastery. This I explain in part from the gentle and easy treatment ; but I think I can discover another ground for it in the theatrical and romantic introduction and position of the events. The pathetic makes us think of the novel, all the rest of the reality of life. The most painful emotions the heart receives, however vivid, rapidly pass away, because they are produced by a wonderful agency, and therefore strongly remind us of their being the work of art. But be this as it may, so much is certain, that the serious part of your novel is only sport, and the sportive part its real earnestness, that the painful is only appearance, and the repose the only reality The dream flies to the other shadows, but its image remains, in order to introduce a higher spirit in actual life, and a poetical meaning, an infinite depth in calmness and serenity. This depth under a calm surface, generally peculiar to you, is one of the principal characteristics of this work.’

How highly Schiller esteemed Goethe’s talent will appear by the following letter, which he wrote to him during the early part of their correspondence.

‘ Jena, Aug. 31, 1794.

‘ On my return from Weissenfels where I had been spending some little time with my friend Körner, of Dresden, I received your letter ; its contents were doubly welcome to me, for I observed from them that in my view of your character I had met your own feelings, and that the plainness with which my heart spoke, had not displeased you. Our late acquaintance quickened as it is by many a fair hope, convinces me how much better it is to let accident have full scope, than to anticipate it by too busy an interference. Lively as was always my desire to enter into a closer connection with you, than is possible between the mind of an author and his most observant reader, I now clearly perceive that the very different paths upon which you and I wandered, could not, until the present time, have brought us usefully together. But now I must hope that we shall traverse as much of the road as may still be left, in companionship together, and with the greater advantage, as the latest companions on a long journey have always the most to say.

‘ Expect in me no great, real wealth of ideas ; this I shall find in you. It is my need and endeavour to make much out of little ; and, when you

are better aware of my poverty in all that is called acquired knowledge, you will probably be of opinion that I have not always striven in vain. From the circle of my thoughts being small, I read it quick and often; making thus a better use of my little riches, and atoning for their paucity by the multiplied forms in which I display them to the eye. You labour to simplify the magnitude of your world of ideas; I seek variety for my little possessions: you have a kingdom to govern; I only a family of thoughts which I would gladly enough increase to a little world.

‘Your mind works by *intuition* to an extraordinary degree, and all your thinking powers seem as it were to have cast themselves on your imagination, as their common representative. After all, this is the highest thing that a man can make himself, as soon as he succeeds in generalizing his perception, and making his sentiments legislative. You have striven after this, and to what a high degree have you attained it! My understanding works in fact by symbols, and thus I am suspended, like an hermaphrodite, between idea and perception, between rule and sentiment, between technicality and genius. It is this, which, especially in my earlier years, has given me such an awkward appearance both in the fields of theory and poetry; for I was generally surprised into poetry where I ought to have philosophized, and into philosophy where the poet should have sung. And even now imagination too often destroys my philosophy, and cold understanding my verse. Could I but once become so far master of these powers as to assign in freedom bounds to each, my lot would indeed be enviable; but, alas! after I have begun to know my moral power and to use it rightly, sickness threatens to undermine my physical strength. I shall hardly have time to complete a great and general mental revolution in myself, but I shall do what I can; and, when at last the building crumbles to pieces, it may, perhaps, be found that what was worthy of preservation has been saved from the wreck. You wished me to speak about myself, and I have made free use of this permission. I lay these confessions with confidence before you, firmly hoping that you will receive them with affection.’

In another letter he says:

‘Do not wonder any more that there are so few who are capable of understanding you. The admirable nature, truth, and facility of your descriptions hides from the herd of critics every idea of the difficulty of the greatness of the art; and with those who are able to follow the artist, who perceive the means he employs, the genius they see at work acts so overpoweringly, and shows them their own deficiency so forcibly, that they repel it with violence, although in their hearts, and in spite of themselves, they render you sincere homage.’

On the other hand, the following fragment may show how highly Goethe valued the acquaintance of Schiller:

‘Pure enjoyment and real profit can only be reciprocal, and I rejoice at being able to tell you what pleasure I have derived from your conversation, that I reckon those days to have been an epoch in my life, and how glad I am to have proceeded on my way without much encouragement, since it seems now that, after so unexpected a meeting, we are destined to proceed together. I have always valued the honest and uncommon

earnestness which shows itself in all you have written and done, and I may now claim a right to be made acquainted with the progress of your mind, especially during the latter years. If we have reciprocally understood how far we have got, we shall be able to work together with less interruption.

‘I shall gladly communicate what is in me. Since, as I strongly feel that my undertaking far surpasses the measure of human strength and their earthly duration, I should wish to deposit many things with you, and thus not only preserve, but also animate them.

‘You will soon see how great the advantage of your sympathy will be to me, when, by a closer acquaintance, you will discover a kind of obscurity and hesitation in me, which, although I am fully conscious of it, I cannot overcome.’

In a subsequent letter he says :

‘Herewith you will receive your letters with many thanks. I read them the first time merely as a philosopher, and observed in them a great, I had almost said, complete accordance with my sentiments. I read them a second time in a practical sense, observing closely whether I might discover any thing which, as an acting individual, could lead me off my path ; but there also I found myself only advanced and strengthened. Let us, therefore, rejoice in this harmony with full confidence.’

In another letter he writes :

‘I was about answering your first letter, when I was surprised by two others, in my truly earthly occupations. They are like voices from another world to which I can only listen. Continue to refresh and encourage me.....’

It is truly interesting to be made acquainted with the numerous and multifarious studies in which Goethe has been engaged. It is true, that a mere perusal of the catalogue of his works will show us that he is not only a poet, but also an historian, and a natural philosopher. But in these letters we find that he carried on all these different studies and employments at the same time ; that, while he was superintending a theatre, and figuring in the princely saloons, he was not only writing his inimitable poems, but studying nature in her inmost recesses, even to the development of butterflies and the internal organization of insects and worms, which he dissected with his own hands ; and to the structure of mountains, which he traversed in his pleasure jaunts. We must, however, hasten to other matters.

It is well known that Schiller was very severe towards his literary foes ; the strength of his feelings, and the honest earnestness with which he viewed every subject, did not allow him to proceed with that calculating coolness and self-possession evinced by Goethe. Thus Schiller says, in one of his letters, speaking of Reichardt, the editor of the periodical *Deutschland* :

‘The insect has again been stinging. Really we should hunt it to death, else it will never leave us in peace.’

To this Goëthe answers :

‘ We must let the cur bark a little while, till we can give him again a good thrashing. But generally all oppositionists whose business is to deny and pluck off, should be treated like those who deny motion, viz. calmly and constantly walk about before their eyes.’

In another letter Goëthe says :

‘ It is amusing to observe what it is that vexes that race of people, and what they think could vex us—how flat, empty, and vulgar the existence of another appears to them, how they direct their arrows against the exterior of things, how little they suspect how inaccessible the strong hold is in which that man dwells, who is in earnest with himself, and with what he does.’

Again :

‘ It is a policy not sufficiently known and practised, that the man who lays claim to any after-fame, should compel his contemporaries to speak out their objections against him. His presence, life, and actions will neutralize their effects.’

But much, no doubt, of this irritability of Schiller, was owing to his bad state of health, which disturbed him so much in the prosecution of his plans. The following passage evinces both his sufferings and the natural amiability of his temper :

‘ I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to Weimar, but with an earnest request that you will in no wise allow your domestic arrangements to depend upon me; my cramps, unfortunately, leave me no rest during the night, and thus compel me to devote the whole morning to sleep, so that it is dangerous to reckon upon me for any *given* hour of the day. You will, therefore, allow me to consider myself in your house as a perfect and unnoticed stranger, so isolated as to escape the perplexity of any other person’s being dependant on his motions. That order which benefits every other man, is my bitterest enemy; for, let me but be *obliged* to undertake any thing by a certain time, and that will be found quite sufficient to prevent my accomplishing it.

‘ Excuse these preliminaries which I cannot help sending before me, in order to make my existence even possible with you. I merely beg the miserable liberty of being allowed to be an invalid at your house.’

That his ill-health impeded the free development of his mind, appears from many passages. Thus he says in one of his letters :

‘ With all our boasted independence, how are we fettered by the power of nature, and what becomes of our will when nature refuses! That over which I have brooded for five long weeks, a gentle sunshine has called forth in three days; my perseverance hitherto may have certainly prepared this development, but the development itself I owe to the quickening sun.’

The miseries of authors have often been brought before the eye of the public; but the miseries of a *publishing author* are not so generally known. Schiller, with a view to economy, was at one time the publisher of the *Musen Almanach*, which he edited, and to which he was also principal contributor. His complaints to Goëthe on this occasion, are truly amusing. The following are but few.

'I must get a hundred title-pages reprinted; a pity for the money. Thus I see myself speedily punished for the evil we have done to bad authors. I cannot describe to you the innumerable annoyances the publication of the Almanack has put me to these many days; the late arrival of the songs alone compels me to make sixty-three fresh parcels.....I am afraid we shall not sell those on common paper; and as there are only five hundred printed on good, there will be at the same time a deficiency of Almanacks for the purchasers, and a deficiency of purchasers for the almanacks.....I have not written down how many copies are in the hands of the binder at Weimar.'

To these lamentations Göethe, with his usual coolness and good sense, replies :

'Such mechanical efforts for which we are not prepared, and which we never conduct with the proper exactness, spoil the whole pleasure, and at the end, when all things are to correspond, we have the mortification to find that all are deficient.'

Schiller met with extraordinary difficulties in the production of his immortal drama of Wallenstein. No man was, perhaps, ever so convinced of his own deficiencies, nor any one more resolved to compensate for them by the utmost exertion of the faculties he was conscious of possessing.

'The more I rectify my ideas,' he says, in one of his letters, 'about the form of the piece, the more overwhelming the mass which I have to manage presents itself to my view; and, indeed, without a bold faith in myself, I should hardly be able to proceed.'

Again :—

'As I want many, even of the commonest, means of a close perception of life and men, for stepping out of my own existence on a larger stage, I must, like an animal which is deficient in some organs, learn to do more with those I possess, and, as it were, use my feet in lieu of hands. Indeed, I lose much of my time and power in passing beyond the limits of my accidental position, and in preparing tools to seize upon so foreign an object as is to me the active, and particularly the political, world.'

A few days after he writes :—

'I now see pretty clearly, not only what *I want* and *ought* to do, but also what *I have*; the question only is to perform with that which I have before and within me, that which I want and ought. You will probably be satisfied with the *spirit* in which I work. I am very successful in keeping my matter out of myself, and to give only the subject. I might also say, that I feel no interest for it, and that I have never united such a coldness towards my subject, with so great a zeal for the work. I certainly have till now treated the principal character, as well as a few others, with the pure love of the poet; it is only for the next after the principal character, that of the younger Piccolomini, that I feel a personal affection, by which, however, the whole will rather gain than lose,' &c.

In another letter he observes :—

'The preparations for such a massy work as a drama, puts the mind into a strange commotion. Even the first operation of trying to bring a

certain method into your labour to prevent your groping about at random, is no trifle. I am now about the skeleton, and find that the nature of a drama depends on this as much as does the nature of man. I should like to know the methods you have employed on those occasions. With me, the sentiment is at first without a defined clear object; it does not appear till afterwards. A certain musical disposition precedes it, and then comes the poetical idea.'

The following is Schiller's opinion of the Christian religion, as expressed in one of his letters:—

'It seems to me that too little is said about the peculiarity of the Christian religion and its enthusiasm; and that what this religion may be to a beautiful soul, or rather, what a beautiful soul may make of this religion, is not sufficiently pointed out. I find in the Christian religion, virtually, the foundation for all that is highest and noblest; and the various appearances of it in life, seem to me disagreeable and absurd, only from their being unhappy representations of these qualities. If we look to the true characteristic of Christianity, which distinguishes it from all monotheistical religions, we shall find it to consist in nothing else than the REMOVAL OF THE LAW, the kantian *Imperative*, in the place of which Christianity demands free love. It is, therefore, in its pure form, a representation of beautiful morality, or the embodying of holiness, and in this sense it is the only poetical religion; and, in my opinion, this is the reason why this religion is so congenial to female natures, and is met with only amongst them in any thing like a bearable form.' * * *

The following rule of Goethe's, respecting the management of periodicals, ought to be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every editor's room, merely to show that what most of us have been doing for years past, through instinct, like Molliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had been so long talking prose without knowing it, is founded on the nature of things:—

'I am very far from blaming the admission of certain articles in the Almanack. People look there for a social variety, change of tone and manner; they want quantity and abundance; the good taste likes to distinguish, and the bad finds opportunities to confirm itself, while we are only laughing at it.'

To this may be added an observation of this amiable writer, which deserves almost as much attention as the rule:—

'It always appears to me, that, if on judging of books or of actions, we do not express ourselves with a loving sympathy, with a certain partial enthusiasm, it is not worth speaking of. The pleasure, the delight, the interest we take in an object, is the only thing real about it, and which again produces a real effect; all the rest is vain and only destroys.'

We have selected the following miscellaneous passages for their pithiness and truth.

'Half a man is sufficient to philosophize, and the other half can rest; but the muses completely exhaust us.' * * * 'SCHILLER.'

'Thus much have I learned from certain experience that only firm

clearness of thought can assist facility. Formerly I thought otherwise, dreading harshness and stiffness.' * * * 'SCHILLER.'

'I am glad that the idyl on closer examination will stand the test. For the jealousy at the end I have two motives. The one taken from nature is this, that every unexpected and undeserved happiness in love, is immediately followed by the fear of losing it; the other taken from art, as the idyl takes throughout a pathetic course, wherefore I was obliged to increase the intensity of the passion to the very end, when the parting bow of the poet brings it back again to ease and cheerfulness. So much in justification of the inexplicable instinct, by which such things are produced.' 'GÖTTE.'

'The public have no longer the unity of children's taste, and still less that of a thorough cultivation. They are in the middle between both; and that is the glorious time for bad authors, but for such as would not merely earn gold, bad indeed.' * * * 'SCHILLER.'

'Leaving a long and important labour is always more melancholy than pleasing. The expanded mind collapses too suddenly, and the power cannot very readily be turned to a new object.' 'SCHILLER.'

'It is after all the pathetic, which first engages the soul; subsequently, the sentiment unites for the enjoyment of calm beauty.' 'SCHILLER.'

'It is delightful, that with every due respect for certain established forms of society, as soon as pure humanity is at stake, you throw birth and rank into their proper insignificance, and this, as it should be, without a word of apology.' 'SCHILLER.'

We might go on filling many pages with extracts from this remarkable work, were we only to translate the aphorism with which it abounds. But, fearing we have even now transgressed our limits, we must conclude, by referring all our readers who understand German, to the work itself, and by wishing that one of our spirited booksellers might publish a translation, for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the noble language of our Germanic brethren.

ART. V.—*Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau et sur celles décharnées de ses parties, avec des Observations sur la Possibilité de reconnaître les Instincts, les Penchans, les Talens, ou les Dispositions, Morales, et Intellectuelles des Hommes, et des Animaux, par la Configuration de leur Cerveau et de leur Tête.* Par F. J. Gall. 6 vols. 8vo. Baillière, à Paris.

DR. GALL, the founder of the fanciful speculations and theoretical notions which are now woven into a system, and designated *phrenology*, appears to have been a very remarkable man;—full of original thoughts and ingenious arguments, arising from acuteness of observation and enthusiastic research, all of which, however, are more or less twisted awry, or tinged with the chromatic hues of his singular fancies. He studied nature most ardently, we readily grant; but always with an obliquity of vision which prevented him from seeing the true bearings

and positions of objects, or the true causes of effects and phenomena. Like most theorists, indeed, he sees nothing but his theory wherever he turns, and though he may meet with facts to contradict it in countless numbers, he contrives to fashion the most untoward of these into "confirmations strong."

We were much pleased—and few can fail to be pleased, with the history which he gives of what he calls his discovery of phrenology—but which we should be disposed to consider as the circumstances that suggested his systematic fancies, and gave an oblique bias to all his subsequent studies. This will appear more strikingly as we proceed: the following is his own account of the matter:—

' From the most tender period of my youth, I lived in the bosom of my family, composed of several brothers and sisters, and in the midst of a great number of associates and schoolfellows. Each of these individuals possessed some particular talent, quality, or propensity, which distinguished him from the rest. This diversity determined our indifference, or our reciprocal affections and aversions, as well as our disdain, emulation, and pursuits. In infancy, we are seldom liable to be deceived by prejudice: we take things as they are. We easily judged who amongst us was virtuous, or inclined to vice; discreet, or rash; candid, or dissembling; sincere, or false; peaceable, or quarrelsome; good, or bad, &c. Some were distinguished by the excellence of their penmanship, others by their readiness in calculations, and others by their aptitude for learning either history, or geography, or languages. One shone in his compositions by the elegance of his periods; another was remarkable by his harsh and uninteresting style; and another eminent by the connection of his reasonings, and the energy of his expressions. A great number exhibited the possession of talent, and disclosed a *penchant* for things which were not by any means the object of our instruction. Some carved out figures, and designed very well; some devoted their leisure to painting, or to the cultivation of a small garden, whilst their companions were engaged in turbulent games; others were delighted to rove in forests, to join the chase, to seek birds'-nests, to collect flowers, insects, and shells. In this manner each of us developed his natural character, and I never observed that he who one year had been a cheating and treacherous companion, became the year after a sure and faithful friend.

' The schoolfellows, whom I had the greatest reason to fear, were those who learnt by rote, with such an extreme facility, that, when examinations occurred, frequently raised themselves to the place, which I had obtained by the merits of my compositions.

' Some years afterwards I changed my residence, and had still the misfortune to encounter those who were endowed with as great a facility for learning by rote. It was, then, I remarked, that they all resembled my old companions in respect of their eyes, which were large and projecting.

' Two years later, I went to a University. My attention was, at first, fixed upon my new schoolfellows, who, in the flower of life, had large projecting eyes. They generally boasted to me of the excellence of their memory, and, although, they were not, under many considerations, my superiors, all surpassed me, when there was any thing to be learnt by rote, or long passages to be recited with correctness.

'This observation having been confirmed to me by the students of other classes. I should naturally expect to find a great facility of learning by rote, in those whom I remarked to have large projecting eyes. I could not believe that the union of two circumstances, which had particularly struck me on these different occasions, was nothing more than the effect of chance. After having satisfied myself of this, I began to suspect, that there must exist a connection between this conformation of the eyes, and the facility of learning by heart.

'After many reflections and observations, I imagined, that if the memory was thus portrayed by external signs, it might, also, be so with other intellectual talents or faculties. From that moment all individuals who were eminent for any particular quality or faculty, became the object of my attention, and the form of their heads was my chief and deep study. By degrees I began to flatter myself, that I had discovered some exterior characteristics, which were constantly to be observed in great painters, musicians, and mechanics, and which evidently denoted a decided disposition for painting, music, and mechanical arts.—Tome i. p. 4.

That Gall continued to pursue the same line of observation till his death, in August, 1828, appears from what we are told by an English gentleman who visited him a few months before, and who describes the Doctor as a middle-sized personage, well proportioned, but thin and rather pallid, possessed of a capacious head and chest, and having a penetrating and peculiarly brilliant eye, features large, and strongly marked, though devoid of coarseness. "After presenting my letters of introduction to him" (our informant continues) "he shewed me into a room, the walls of which were covered with bird-cages, and the floor with dogs, cats, &c. Observing that I was surprised at the number of his companions, he observed, 'All you Englishmen take me for a bird-catcher. I am sure, you feel surprised, that I am not somewhat differently made to any of you, and that I should employ my time talking to birds.' 'Birds, Sir, differ in their dispositions, like men; and if they were but of more consequence, the peculiarity of their characters would have been as well delineated.'—'Do you think—' said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavouring to gain his attention; "do you think, that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?" 'Yes,' I said, 'I have remarked their vanity frequently.' 'We will call both feelings into action,' said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms: 'Mark his mother's offended pride,' said he, as she walked quietly across the chamber to her mat: 'do you think she will come if I call her?' 'O, yes,' I answered. 'No, not at all.' He made the attempt, but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavoured to lick but an instant before. 'She will not speak to me to-day,' said the Doctor.

"He then described to me the peculiarity of many of his birds, and I was astonished to find that he seemed familiar, also, with their dispositions (if I may be allowed the word). "Do you think a man's time would be wasted thus in England? You are a wealthy

and powerful nation, and as long as the equilibrium exists between the two, so shall you remain; but this never has existed, nor can, beyond a certain period. Such is your industry, stimulated by the love of gain, that your whole life is spun out before you are aware the wheel is turning; and so highly do you value commerce, that it stands in the place of self-knowledge, and an acquaintance with nature, and her immense laboratory.

"I was delighted with his conversation, he seemed to me to take a wider view in the contemplation of man than any other person with whom I had ever conversed. During breakfast, he frequently fed the little suitors, who approached as near as their iron bars would admit. 'You see they all know me,' said he, 'and will feed from my hand, except the blackbird, who must gain his morsel by stealth before he eats it; we will retire an instant, and in our absence he will take the bread.' On our return, we found he had secreted it in a corner of his cage. I mention these, otherwise uninteresting anecdotes, to show how much Dr. Gall had studied the peculiarities of the smaller animals."

But though we cannot help admiring Dr. Gall's materials of study, we by no means coincide with the deductions which he made from his observations; for these, so far as we have examined them, (and we have paid more attention to phrenology than most of its opponents condescend to do) appear to us to be unsatisfactory, dreamy, and vague, and altogether deficient in that definite and precise character indispensable to scientific accuracy. Were these our only objections, however, we might be disposed to waive them in favour of the ingenuity of Dr. Gall and his disciples; but, independently of its physical vagueness and incongruity, there appear to us very strong objections against the system of a moral and religious nature—which are sufficient to stamp it with the character of a quack romance, rather than a theory of science and utility.

This our charge is made good against Craniology, Phrenology, or whatever it may be called, from the single fact, that all our dispositions and propensities, good and evil, are according to its affections of the brain similar to hunger and thirst, as affections of the stomach; appetites, in fact, which must be gratified, whatever be their object; and whether it be to covet, to steal, to hide, or to destroy—the appetite must be satisfied with its proper food, of theft or of destruction. This way of supporting the influence of heaven-born passion, is even worse than that of novels and plays, for many will read a book pretending to philosophy and to reasoning from fact, who will not deign to read Werter, or the Stranger, or the Robbers.

It is, therefore, evident, that according to this system the soul can have no distinct existence, independent and away from the brain, and its catalogue of appetites. We know that Dr. Gall, and his disciples, expressly deny the charge of materialism, although there surely must be something in it, since both he and (if we mistake not)

Dr. Spurzheim, were banished from their native country on this very charge. To deny, indeed, the materialism of the system, will not do; it cannot stand for a moment without it, unless the doctrine of the brain appetites, the basis of the system, be abandoned. These appetites are described as requiring each their peculiar food, among which we find murder and theft gravely catalogued, and instances are given of persons who murdered and stole from no other motive, than to satisfy the brain appetites of murder and theft, which hungered for gratification. Among other instances of this sort, we are told of a young woman, who declared upon oath, in a court of justice, that she had an illegitimate child solely for the purpose of enjoying the pleasure of murdering it as soon as it was born, to gratify her appetite for murder. If this be human nature, we henceforth renounce all fellowship with it.

We refer to the materialism of the system, which in every page meets us under a shape no less questionable, than the general doctrine of the brain appetites; we refer to the evident anxiety shown to level mankind with the brutes, by a comparison of their various dispositions and propensities. Many of the organs, as they are called, were actually discovered by instituting comparisons between the human skull and those of brutes. For example, the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, or the appetite of love of offspring, was discovered, and is still supported, on the comparison of the skulls of the cuckoo, the crocodile, and the turtle, which have but little care of their young; and the skulls of the turtle-dove and the pelican, whose opposite dispositions have been long proverbial. It is thence concluded, that the man, or woman, who has a skull formed *en arriere*, like any of these animals, shall have a corresponding propensity. That is, this propensity is the same in man and in brutes, and arises from the same cause, namely, a bulging out, or protuberance of the brain, discovered externally by a bump.

We doubt not in the least, that there are such differences in the conformation of the head, as there are differences of conformation in the feet; and we doubt not that certain conformations of the head or of the feet, may be sometimes found attendant on certain characters and dispositions. But what we deprecate—and we cannot do so too strongly—is the drawing of hasty conclusions concerning these, which may hold, perhaps, in one case out of ten thousand, in the same way as a quack medicine may cure one and kill ten thousand. The folly lies in looking only to the single instance, and overlooking altogether, the more numerous exceptions. Such, we conceive, is the nature of the evidence for the delusion, dignified in the eyes of those who love unintelligible words, by the sounding name of Phrenology, which, so far as it relates to the human mind, is most grossly false in all its details, and not only false, but dangerous, as it goes to affirm the soul to be material, and its power to be of the same nature with animal appetites. With respect, however, to comparisons of man with the brute

creation, we must give Dr Gall credit for being more rational than most of his phrenological disciples, as will appear from the following passage, with the greater part of which we should be disposed to agree :

‘ The same progression which exists in the gradual perfection of animal organization, as far as regards vegetable life only, is observed in the gradual perfection of the nervous system, and of animal life, which depends upon it. Comparative anatomy has followed the gradual perfection of animals; from the most simple absorbent vessels, to the most complicated apparatus of mastication, deglutition, and digestion—to the most perfect circulation. With every fresh viscus, every fresh apparatus for sensation, is discovered a fresh function, and this function is more complicated in proportion, as the organization of the viscus, or apparatus of sensation, is more perfect. The stomach, kidneys, lungs, heart, eyes, ears, are the more complicated as their functions become so.

‘ The same gradation may be demonstrated in the structure of the brain of the different species. I have demonstrated in the preceding chapter, that the existence of such moral quality and intellectual faculty, depends solely upon the presence of certain determinate cerebral parts, and not upon the whole mass of brain. It follows that the number of the faculties is in direct proportion to the integrant parts of the brain. In insects, fish, and amphibia, the nervous mass contained in the cerebral reservoir, is still divided into several distinct masses. The greater part of these are not integrant parts of the brain, properly so called. They are ganglia, from which arise the nerves of smell, hearing, sight, &c. The two hemispheres, properly so called, are placed behind the two ganglia of the olfactory nerves, and are the more complicated, as the industrial instincts are more, numerous; the cerebellum, in these animals, generally forms a hollow pouch, sometimes placed horizontally, sometimes folded together.

‘ In birds, the two hemispheres are already more considerable, although distinct convolutions cannot be discovered. The cerebellum still consists merely of its middle, or fundamental part; but already appears composed of many rings placed side by side.

‘ In the small mammalia, the shrew-mouse, the mouse, rat, squirrel, weasel, &c. convolutions are not yet discoverable. But as they are already distinctly found in the other larger rodentia, the beaver, kangaroo, &c., we may suppose that they equally exist in them.

‘ In larger mammalia, the cat, pole-cat, marten, fox, dog, ape, the convolutions are more distinct and numerous, but their form varies according to the species.

‘ In the dolphin, elephant, and man, they are more numerous and deep than in the beaver, kangaroo, cat, &c., and their form and direction vary completely according to the species.

‘ In all the mammalia, the cerebellum possesses, besides the middle, or fundamental part, two lateral parts, which are more or less complicated, according to the species; and as the *soi-disant* *pous varolii*, or the *soi-disant* cerebral ganglia, i. e. the transverse layers of nervous bands, are only the commissure, or junction of the lateral parts of the cerebellum, they are found in all the mammalia, and in none of the ovipara.

‘ The number of the integral parts, or of the convolutions of the brain, varies equally in the different species of mammalia; in some, the anterior

lobes of the hemispheres are larger, or more elevated; in others, again, the inferior parts of the anterior lobes are nearly wanting. The middle lobes, and the other convolutions, present similar varieties.

'In this way the integral parts of the brain augment in number and development, as we pass from a less perfect to a more perfect animal, till we arrive at the brain of man, who, in the anterior superior, and in the superior region of the frontal bone, possesses several parts, of which other animals are deprived, and by means of which he is endowed with the most eminent qualities and faculties, with reason, and the feeling of religion and existence of God.'—vol. ii. p. 364.

'Some pretend to discover a striking resemblance between an ourang-outang and that of a man. But in the first place, the difference of their volume is as five to one; their convolutions differ considerably in number and structure; the anterior lobes, especially, are contracted into a cone, flattened above, hollow below, &c.; and the difference is still more remarkable in other similitudes.'—vol. vi. p. 298.

It must be confessed that there is a very considerable sprinkling of truth in the Doctor's remarks upon the mental faculties, which, apart from the system they are brought to support, are well worthy of perusal. Instead of dividing these faculties, as is done by Dugdale Stewart, and others, into perception, attention, memory, judgment, &c. as fundamental faculties, and viewing the power of taste, a genius for poetry, for painting, for music, for mathematics, &c. as more complicated powers, or capacities, which are gradually formed by particular habits of study, or of business, Dr. Gall regards these last powers as distinct faculties; and perception, attention, memory, judgment, &c. merely as modes or varieties, common to the action of each faculty. He contends, that when we see a boy brought up exactly like his brothers and sisters, displaying fine musical talent, or an astonishing power of calculation, though in all other respects a child, his pre-eminence cannot be explained by particular habits of study, or of business, nor by mere strength of judgment, memory, &c. That the boy has a strong perception of melody, a strong memory of tunes, a strong musical imagination, a strong musical judgment, or a strong perception, memory, and judgment of numbers; but is not clearer headed, or more attentive on any other point, while men of the strongest sense may have no perception, memory, or judgment of tunes, or may calculate with extreme difficulty. It is the same with regard to instinct. Writers consider instinct a general faculty, while it is only the inherent disposition to activity possessed by every faculty, and there are, therefore, as many instincts as fundamental faculties. By instinct, the spider spreads a web and ensnares flies: the working bee constructs cells, but does not kill flies to support itself; it takes care of the young, but does not copulate. Many male animals copulate, but take no care of their young; the cuckoo, both male and female, abandons the charge of bringing up its young to other birds, although it is impelled to copulation by a very ardent instinct. The castor builds a hut, but neither

sings nor hunts ; the dog hunts, but does not build ; the butcher-bird sings, builds, and preys ; the quail does not mate, but copulates, takes care of its young, and migrates ; the partridge mates, copulates, and takes care of its young, but does not migrate ; the wolf, fox, roebuck, and rabbit, marry, and take care of their young conjointly with the female ; the dog, stag, and hare, copulate with the first female they meet, and never know their offspring. The vigorous wolf, the artful and timid hare, do not burrow like the courageous rabbit and the cunning fox. Rabbits live in republics, and place sentinels, which is neither done by the fox nor the hare. How, he asks, can these various instincts exist in one species of animals and not in another ? How can they be combined so differently ? If instinct were a single and general faculty, every instinct should show itself, not only at once, but also in the same degree, and yet while in the young animal many instincts act with great force, others are still quite inactive : some instincts act at one season, others at another. There is one season for propagation, another for emigration ; one season for living solitarily, another for assembling in companies, and for collecting provisions. And how, he asks again, can we explain, on the supposition of a general instinct, why the different instincts do not exist merely separate in different species of animals, but that many of them are even contradictory. (See vol. vi. p. 415, &c.)

There seems to be much plausibility in all this, if we reflect on the various talents and dispositions of persons who are placed in the same circumstances ; how unsuccessfully some apply with the utmost perseverance to a branch of study in which another under the same instructions, or, perhaps, scarcely assisted at all, or even with every impediment thrown in his way, reaches excellence with little trouble, and again fails in one in which the first is, on the other hand, successful ; how early various tempers are developed among children of the same nursery ; how hereditary are peculiarities of talent and character ; how similar some persons are to each other in one point of talent and character, and dissimilar in another ; how positively contradictory many points of the same character are found ; how exactly the same is true of all species of brutes, and of all individuals amongst them, each species having its peculiar nature, and each individual its peculiar character. But instead of concluding, with Dr. Gall and his disciples, that there is therefore one innate faculty for numbers, and another for colours, a third for music, &c., with a variety of distinct innate sentiments and propensities ; and that memory and judgment are but modes of action common to the different faculties, we should be disposed to refer those varieties and peculiarities of character and talent to the physical strength or weakness, obtuseness or sensibility, in the constitution. We are the more confirmed in this view, which we cannot at present spare room to develop, by examining our author's tests for ascertaining a faculty to be primitive and innate. He says,—

'An instinct, inclination, sentiment, or talent, deserves the denomination of fundamental, primitive or radical:.

'1. When a quality or faculty (or its organ) is not manifested, nor developed, nor diminishes at the same time with others. Thus the instinct of generation (with its organ) is generally developed and manifested later than other inclinations. Thus the memory of names usually grows weak sooner than the other faculties..

'2. When in the same individual, a quality or faculty is more or less active (and its corresponding cerebral part more or less developed) than the others. Thus the greatest sculptors have not the least disposition to music; the greatest poets little talent for mathematics.

'3. When a single quality or faculty is active, whilst the others are paralyzed, (and only the corresponding organ developed.) Thus persons imbecile in every other respect, are often violently impelled by physical love, or have a great talent for imitation, &c.

'4. When all the other qualities and faculties being active, (and all the other organs sufficiently developed,) one single quality or faculty is inactive, (and one single organ not developed.) Thus certain individuals cannot comprehend that two and two make four; others detest music, or women.

'5. When, in mental diseases, one quality or faculty only suffers, or one only is entire. Thus one insane person is mad only in regard to religion, to pride, &c.; another, although mad in every respect, still gives lessons in music with great intelligence.

'6. When the same quality or faculty is quite differently manifested in the two sexes of the same species of animal (and the organ is differently developed in the two.) Thus the love of offspring (with its organ) is more developed in the females of most animals; thus, among singing birds, the male only sings, (and has the organ well developed.)

'7. When the same quality or faculty (and the same organ) always exists in one species, and is deficient in another. Thus many species of birds, the dog, the horse, &c. have no inclination (nor organ) for construction, though so strikingly manifested in other kinds of birds, in the squirrel, in the castor. Thus, certain kinds of animals are predaceous, migrate, sing, take care of their young, while other kinds are frugiverous, lead stationary lives, do not sing, abandon their offspring.'—vol. iii. p. 213.

By investigating the faculties according to these characteristics, Dr. Gall thinks he can ascertain twenty-seven, which is considerably fewer than the numbers catalogued by his British disciples; thirty-three is the number last published. These faculties, moreover, have each an appropriate locality in the brain, which is frequently manifested by an elevation, or the contrary in the portion of the skull which covers it, according to the following distribution, which will be more easily understood by referring to a plaster bust, or a print mapped out in the phrenological manner:

1. That the organs of the faculties or qualities common to man and brutes, are placed in parts of the brain common to men and brutes; at the inferior-posterior, the posterior-inferior, and inferior-anterior parts of the brain, *v. c.* of the instinct of propagation, the love of offspring, the instinct of self defence, of appropriating, of stratagem, &c.

2. Those which belong to man exclusively, and form the barrier between man and brutes, are placed in parts of the brain not possessed by brutes, viz. the anterior, superior, and superior of the front; *v. c.* of comparative sagacity, casuality, with poetic talent, and the disposition to religious feelings.

3. The more indispensable a quality or faculty, the nearer are its organs placed to the base of the brain, or median line. The first and most indispensable—the instinct of propagation, lies nearest the base: that of the love of offspring follows. The organ of the sense of localities is more indispensable than that of the sense of tones or numbers; accordingly the former is situated nearer the median line than the two latter.

4. The organs of fundamental qualities and faculties, which mutually assist each other, are placed near to each other, *v. c.* the love of propagation and of offspring, of self-defence, and the instinct to destroy life, of tones and numbers.

5. The organs of analogous fundamental qualities and faculties are equally placed near each other; *v. c.* the organs of the relations of places, colours, tones, and numbers, are placed in the same line, as well as the organs of the superior faculties, and the organs of the inferior propensities.

We must give Dr. Gall full credit for his persevering exertions in attempting to ascertain the cerebral, or rather cranial locality of each of these organs, which had he been a pretender, he would have fixed at random, without giving himself any farther trouble. We have already seen how he was led to infer the locality of the faculty, and the organ of language; and he traced in the same manner one organ after another, just as it might happen. He becomes so warm upon this subject that he forgets his usual modesty, and exclaims, 'I defy those who attribute my determination of the fundamental faculties, and of the seat of their organs, to caprice or arbitrary choice, to possess a tenth part of the talent necessary for the most obscure presentment of this beautiful arrangement.' (vol. iii. p. 210.) His method was, upon finding two individuals remarkable in the same point of character, and casting their heads, to examine the casts daily for months before he could fix upon the precise configuration in which they agreed. For many years he was unwearied in travelling to most of the prisons, mad-houses, and hospitals of the continent, examining the habits and heads of brutes innumerable for comparison, and engaging persons at salaries to examine points for him in the way of reading, of dissecting, of casting, and of observing individuals.

In imitation of Dr. Gall, we are strongly recommended by phrenological writers to frequent mad-houses, churches, prisons, theatres, and courts of law, where numerous studies may be found in the heads of the persons assembled there; and they are anxious that every body should become a proselyte, in order to perfect the

inquiry by a multiplied observation. In certain circles, which we hope are both confined and few in number, we have the means of knowing that the mania has already spread too much. For example, we have known more than one instance in which the heads of servants were examined, previous to engaging them, and in which those who had any suspicious bump were rejected, though otherwise their character was good. We have even known the system influence the opinion of a jurymen, though his fellow-jurors, not being illuminati, were all against him. Viewing it in this light, it becomes greatly more serious than a matter of vain speculation, and every rational person ought to set himself against the delusion. Who could have believed, in these enlightened times, we should have begun to imitate savage tribes in squeezing and moulding the heads of our children? Yet such a project has been proposed for the purpose of producing the requisite bumps to form a great character. According to this project, nothing more is necessary to produce a Newton, or a Columbus, or a Washington, or a Shakespeare, than to procure a mould of the particular head; which it is wished to imitate, and by pinching, squeezing, and binding, to form that of the child to correspond.

One thing suggests itself unfavourable to this, granting it practicable and the system true; namely, that a person may have the requisite bumps in perfection, and yet the faculties or appetites may lie dormant. This, it will be perceived, is a most convenient loophole for our phrenologists to escape through, whenever they are puzzled: and accordingly when characters are not found to correspond with the bumps, the faculties of the protuberant ones are either said to be dormant, or counteracted by some other bump! Such is a specimen of the subterfuges to which the supporters of a system are driven. We do not, however, make these objections in the spirit of cavil, how much soever we may have used strong and even severe expressions. We beg that these may be applied to the system only, and not to Dr. Gall or his disciples. Indeed it would be exceedingly unhandsome to speak harshly of a man, who bears with so much apparent composure the ill-treatment which he has had to endure from the enemies of his system. The following passage forcibly demonstrates his good intentions, whatever the consequences of his doctrines are or may be.

'The followers of the different schools of philosophy among the Greeks accused each other of impiety and perjury. The people, in their turn, detested the philosophers, and accused those who investigated principles with presumptuously encroaching upon the rights of the Deity. The novelty of the opinions of Pythagoras caused his banishment from Athens; those of Anaxagoras threw him into prison; the Abderites treated Democritus as a madman, because he dissected dead bodies to discover the cause of insanity; and Socrates, for demonstrating the unity of God, was condemned to drink hemlock.

'The same scandal has been renewed at all times, and in all nations.

Many of those who distinguished themselves in the fourteenth century by their knowledge of natural things, were put to death by magicians. Galileo, for proving the earth's motion, was imprisoned at the age of seventy. Those who first maintained the influence of climate upon the intellectual faculties of nations, were suspected of materialism.

‘Universally, nature treats new truths and their discoverers in a singular and uniform manner: With what indignation and animosity have not the greatest benefits been rejected? For instance, potatoes, Peruvian bark, vaccination, &c. As soon as Varolius made his anatomical discoveries, he was decry'd by Silvius as the most infamous and ignorant madman. Vesanus, litterarum imperitissimum, arrogantissimum, calumniatorem maledicentissimum, rerum omnium, ignarissimum; transfugam, impium, ingratum, monstrum ignorantie, impietatis exemplar perniciosissimum, quod pestilentiali habitu Europam venenat, &c. Varolius was reproached with dazzling his auditors by a seductive eloquence, and artificially affecting the prolongation of the optic nerves as far as the thalami. Harvey, for maintaining the circulation of the blood, was treated as a visionary; and depravity went so far as to attempt his ruin with James and Charles the First. When it was no longer possible to shorten the optic nerve, or arrest the course of the blood in its vessels, the honour of these discoveries was all at once given to Hippocrates. The physical truths announced by Linnæus, Buffon, the pious philosopher Bonnet, by George Le Roy, were represented as impieties likely to ruin religion and morality. Even the virtuous and generous Lavater was treated as a fatalist and materialist. Every where do fatalism and materialism, placed before the sanctuary of truth, make the world retire. Every where do those, upon whose judgment the public relies, not merely ascribe to the author of a discovery the absurdities of their own prejudices, but even renounce established truths, if contrary to their purposes, and revive ancient errors, if calculated to ruin the man who is in their way.

‘This is a faithful picture of what has happened to me. I have, therefore, some reason to be proud of having experienced the same lot as men to whom the world is indebted for so great a mass of knowledge. It seems that nature has subjected all truths to persecution, in order to establish them the more firmly; for he who can snatch one from her, always presents a front of brass to the darts hurled against him, and has always force enough to defend and establish it. History shows us that all the efforts and sophisms, which are to be directed against a truth once drawn from darkness, fall like dust blown by the winds against a rock.

‘The instance of Aristotle and Descartes should particularly be quoted, when we wish to display the influence of prejudice upon the good or bad fortune of new doctrines. The opponents of Aristotle burnt his books; afterwards, the books of Ramus, who had written against Aristotle, were burnt, and the opponents of the philosopher of Stagira declared heretics; and it was even forbidden by law to dispute his doctrines, under pain of being sent to the galleys. Now, there is no longer any discussion about the philosophy of Aristotle. Descartes was persecuted because he taught the innateness of ideas, and the University of Paris burnt his books. He had written the most sublime thoughts upon the existence of God; Vöet, his enemy, accused him of atheism. Afterwards, this same university declares itself in favour of innate ideas; and when Locke and Cordillac

attacked innate ideas, the cry of materialism and fatalism resounded on all sides.

'Thus the same opinions have at one time been regarded as dangerous because they were new, and at another as useful, because they were ancient. We must, therefore, pity mankind, and conclude that the opinions of contemporaries, as to the truth or error, and dangerous or innocent tendencies of a doctrine, are very suspicious, and that the author of a discovery should be anxious only to ascertain whether he has really discovered a truth or not.'—vol. i. p. 221, &c.

We feel much of the force of these observations, and yet, after weighing them with some scrutiny and care, we cannot bring ourselves to retract aught of what we have above thought it our duty to say against the author's systematic doctrines, the chief of which appear to rest upon the most vague and fanciful proofs. When applied to individuals, the alleged discovery of characteristic dispositions is frequently most absurd and ludicrous. In a lecture, for example, lately delivered in London, by a physician who was a disciple of the system, he stated that he had attended a patient in the Dublin Hospital, in whom the brain-appetite of language was so insatiable, that she talked incessantly, except during sleep. After death, the head of this talking woman was dissected, when it was found the organ of language had worked with so much assiduity, that it had almost drilled a hole in the skull!!!

We may give another instance of phrenological absurdity, from the examination of the skull of King Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, recently discovered at Dumferline. The system is accordingly represented by its followers in the interesting light, as an auxiliary to history—as confirming, forsooth, or refuting, upon scientific principles, the frequently vague accounts of historians. We follow the account given by Sir George Mackenzie, a distinguished member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. Previous to seeing this account, we had heard it rumoured, that the Scots Phrenologists had decided Bruce to be a coward and a poltroon, at least while he wore the skull in question; but we must do Sir George the justice to say, that the rumour was most false and malicious, as courage is one of the first organs which he remarks, as being largely developed in the skull. It is, indeed, only by examining the skulls of persons distinguished like Bruce, that the system is supported; it was in this way, at first got up by Dr. Gall, and it would have been a woeful dereliction of principle to have made Bruce a coward.

Along with courage, Sir George found in the skull of Bruce, that firmness was "in great proportion, as well as love of approbation and self-esteem. Destructiveness, too," he says, "is large; and there is no doubt that Cumming fell by the hand of Bruce. Secretiveness is also large, so necessary to a man who undertakes the management of public affairs; but the sense of justice seems to have been scarcely sufficient to guide him in the path of recti-

tude. Veneration is well marked, but benevolence is not particularly prominent. The former led him to regret that he had not accomplished his purpose of visiting the Holy Land, and to direct that his heart should be carried thither after his death. No acts are ascribed to him to mark him as a being possessed of superior wisdom, or of a character particularly amiable; and a hero may be both a bad man and not remarkably clever." Mark what follows. "The reader is requested to compare the skull of Carnimbeigle, the New Holland Chief, with that of Robert Bruce." Sir George possesses this inestimable treasure, to wit, Carnimbeigle's skull, and finds that he had confidence in himself, courage in a high degree, ambition, *a strong sense of justice* (in which Bruce was very deficient), besides much cautiousness, and a talent for stratagem.

It may be worth while to notice that Dr. Gall's disciples have made several innovations, or as they term it, discoveries, in addition to the system of their master. One of these is, the attempt to establish a new brain-appetite, under the name of Supernaturality, or the Appetite for the Marvellous, which lies between the organ of Hope and that of Ideality. Those who possess it in perfection, "are disposed to mysticism, to have visions, to see ghosts, demons, and phantoms, and to believe in astrology, magic, and sorcery." "It contributes much, also, to religious faith, by inducing a belief of mysteries and miracles." So says Dr. Spurzheim, and it is added, that a few of our best living poets and novelists have this appetite, of great capacity. This is a very comfortable piece of information to all those who may have the organ strongly developed, and might be alarmed lest they should, in consequence, receive a vision from departed spirits, or from some of old Lucifer's myrmidons—an occurrence which many would encounter for the honour of becoming great poets.

The spirit of innovation, however, does not hold with adding to the system; for the Edinburgh Phrenologists have actually ventured upon the rejection of the brain-appetite, denominated Inhabitativeness. Now we protest strongly against this conduct, as being contrary to good disciplinship, particularly where a German is the master. The disciples of Kant, Werner, Mesmer, Von Feinagle, and Beer, look upon their masters as all perfect and infallible, and would almost as soon think of resigning their existence, as of altering, or objecting to, their lessons and doctrines. Whence, then, comes the anomaly of members of the Edinburgh Society renouncing their allegiance in the case of Inhabitativeness, when they are such faithful adherents to the other parts of the system? It must, indeed, be confessed, that this appetite of inhabitativeness is not the least absurd in the catalogue; for we are told, that according to its development, it causes one rat to live in a garret, and another rat in a cellar, or in a coal-pit; and induces cod-fish to live in water rather than on land; and cats to live on

land rather than in water. On considering these cases more circumspectly, the Edinburgh Phrenologists were for once deserted by their credulity, and ventured accordingly to refute the Doctor, in spite of his "*αυτος εφη*." The following is their reasoning, but we vouch not for its excellence:—

"In the lower animals, it is extremely probable that a faculty, or several faculties, of this kind may exist, directing some to seek their food and safety in water, and some to build nests on trees and on rocky cliffs. But in regard to the existence of this organ even among lower animals, many difficulties are to be encountered. For instance, we cannot conceive that the same faculty prompts a rook to make a nest on a lofty tree, and the rabbit to burrow in the ground. It is possible that there may be a faculty in man, which inclines him to be stationary or sedentary. Such a faculty, however, would be different from that described under the name of Inhabitativeness!!!"

Such is the nonsense written and published by those who talk of Phrenology as a science. That Dr. Gall, as well as his coadjutor, Dr. Spurzheim, demonstrated the brain in a novel and ingenious manner, and made many curious observations, physiological and metaphysical, we are most ready to grant; and after what we have above said, we can scarcely be accused of a particle of animosity or prejudice against the masters or their disciples; but after admitting all this, we must, in the most unmeasured terms, condemn the system of Phrenology, as wanting the most requisite foundations of a science.

ART. VI.—*Biographie Universelle. Ancienne et Moderne.* 52 tomes. Paris: 1811—28.

A GREAT authority in such matters, the late M. Barbier, the author of the well known and extremely well executed dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Publications, said of this work several years ago, and before it had been half completed, that its appearance might be considered as forming as remarkable an era in the literary history of the nineteenth century, as the *Encyclopædia* had done in that of the eighteenth. To those who take their notions of what a biographical dictionary is, or may be, from the ordinary compilations that pass under that title, this language of Barbier's will probably seem somewhat extravagant. Works of this description, indeed, have generally, it must be confessed, been got up after a fashion but little entitling them to any estimation whatever as literary performances, still less to be regarded as conferring any distinction upon either the age or country in which they have been produced. Even the most ambitious of them have scarcely aspired to any thing beyond a correct statement of dates and other dry matters of fact; or if more has been attempted,

it has been merely to intersperse here and there a few extracts of paraphrases of what has been said in relation to the conduct or characters of the persons treated of by the common authorities, the writer or compiler himself all the while assuming no higher part than that of a translator or copyist. With the exception of the critical dictionary of Bayle, and portions of the *Biographia Britannica*, this description is strictly applicable to every work of the kind that had appeared either in our own country, or in France; before the commencement of the great undertaking, of which we propose at present to give some account. Even the fullest and best dictionary of general biography which we yet have in English,—that which appeared some years ago in thirty-two volumes, under the superintendence of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, is no more than a mere compilation—extremely convenient, we acknowledge, as a book of reference, but scarcely to be referred to as an authority; and, certainly, among the last works in the language that one could point to as conferring any distinction upon our national literature.

The *Biographie Universelle* was projected, we believe, in 1810, and the first volume of it appeared the following year. From an expression which we find in the preliminary discourse, it would appear that a work of only eighteen volumes was originally contemplated; but its proprietors gradually extended their plan, and the undertaking was only completed a few months ago, by the publication of volume fifty-second. One consequence of this is, that the names belonging to the latter part of the alphabet are treated of with considerably greater fulness than those that come under the earlier letters. The concluding volumes are, indeed, in every respect superior to those that were first published. Not only are the articles they contain more extended, but the greater experience of the editors, the more liberal expenditure which the success of the undertaking would naturally encourage the publishers to hazard upon it, and the accession of still more distinguished talent than was originally employed, which would, consequently, be brought to aid in its completion, are causes that have all contributed gradually to improve the quality of its materials. We ought to add, perhaps, the circumstance of the greatly improved condition of the times in which the latter volumes of the work were brought out, as compared with those in which it was commenced, and for some time carried on. The history of the publication, indeed, in this respect, is somewhat curious, and may rank with that of Walton's Polyglot, which, as is generally known, appeared, awkwardly enough, with a flaming dedication addressed to Oliver Cromwell, just in time to welcome the return of Charles II.; in consequence of which unexpected event, such of the copies as had not been sold, had to be kept back till they were provided with a counter-epistle to the restored monarch, as well as carefully expurgated of their very ill-timed compliments to the other

king. The managers of the work before us, so far as we have observed, have in circumstances quite as puzzling as those in which the good bishop of Chester was placed, escaped falling into any thing like the blunder into which he was unfortunate enough to precipitate himself. L. G. Michand, the publisher of the work, and by whom (in conjunction with his brother Joseph, the author of the History of the Crusades, now in course of publication,) it was, we believe, principally edited, was known, as well as his brother, even in the times of the Empire, to be attached to the interests of the exiled family, but had for a considerable number of years resided at Paris as a printer. The first nine volumes of the work appeared under the government of Buonaparte, and, of course, had to pass under the review of the imperial censors. We do not observe, however, that this circumstance induced the editors, on any occasion, to flatter the existing authorities, or to pervert any statement of facts in order to conciliate their favour, whatever omissions may have been made in obedience to their mandates. The tenth volume was ready for publication before the overthrow of the empire, but was kept back till that event took place, when the editors were enabled to give it to the public unmutated in certain articles to which the censors had objected. On the restoration, Michand was made printer to the King, but was very soon deprived of this office in consequence of a pamphlet which had issued from his press in opposition to some of the measures of the government; and the eleventh and twelfth are the only two volumes of the *Biographie*, on the title-pages of which we find him designating himself from his short-lived appointment. We have not, however, detected in the remainder of the works any deviation from the loyal tone of political sentiment, in which it had indulged in the moment of the return of the Bourbons, or any other indication on the part of its conductors, of resentment for the manner in which their publisher had been treated.

We shall best explain the leading principles upon which this great undertaking has been conducted, by translating a few sentences from the preliminary discourse given in the first volume from the pen of Mr. Auger:

‘Without wishing to exaggerate the importance of a Universal Biography, we may affirm that no other work comprehends so many different objects, or rather that there is no object which it ought not to comprehend. Whatever has existed, whatever does exist in great political, military, civil and religious events, in useful scientific labours, in noble productions of literature, and in precious monuments of the arts; all these things, the works of men who have made themselves illustrious by means of them, ought of necessity to be pointed out and even appreciated in a history of all the celebrated men that have ever lived. If this be true, we could not suppose, unless we meant merely an incomplete and undigested compilation, prepared without exactness and without discernment, that such an enterprise could be executed by one or two individuals only, let them enjoy what access to the proper sources of information they might. * * *

The true method, without doubt, of arriving at a satisfactory result, was to divide the whole field of human knowledge into a great number of distinct parts, and to intrust each of them to a writer who had made it the especial object of his studies. Such has been the first consideration, such the first care of the conductors of the *Biographie Universelle*. * * * The announcement of a work by a *society of Savants and Men of Letters*, has become one of the most ridiculous and useless baits which it is now possible to hold out to the credulity of the public. These anonymous *savants and men of letters* are often without knowledge of any kind, and incapable of writing. Sometimes, too, really honourable names, extorted by importunity, or even taken without consent, gratuitously adorn delusive *prospectuses*, and are thus more or less innocently accomplices in the fraud. But here the writers are named; all are known; many have already attained celebrity; the rest aspire to it, and have at least pretensions to that consideration which is the reward of useful exertions. Every article is signed by the name of the writer; and that name, be it what it may, there is no one of them who is disposed to risk, by attaching it to what might either be unworthy of his past, or prejudicial to the success of his future labours.

The writer then proceeds to state the view taken by the editors and contributors to the work, of their duty in regard to each of the several great divisions of literary and general history. With respect to the history of the sciences, of literature, and of the arts, he remarks, that the lives of those who have acquired distinction in these departments, are to be found almost wholly in the history of their works; and that, therefore, it is indispensable that under every such name should be given a critical account of the labours which have rendered it illustrious—not, says he, that we suppose we have been able, within the narrow limits to which we are confined, to compress a complete analysis or description of *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius that demand our notice—but, yet believing that it is quite possible to give an exact enough sketch of them, and to pronounce a judgment respecting each of them which shall be the result of reflection, and be expressed by means of precise and characteristic traits. To the important department of Bibliography, he adds, particular attention has been paid. Political history has been treated in such a manner, as that the different articles relating to it form a complete and connected body of narrative, and present, by means of mutual references, a full view of all the events of every particular period, and of the history of each distinct people. Finally, where, as sometimes happens, the life of a distinguished individual lies partly in one and partly in another department, it has been passed successively under the review of different contributors, so that no subject has been left to be discussed except by a writer competent to do it justice, from its having been the object of his particular attention.

Upon this very judiciously contrived plan, the conductors of the work perseveringly proceeded, publishing at the rate of from two to five volumes a year, till they completed their undertaking. Al-

though the project originally enjoyed the support of a numerous association of publishers and capitalists, it was carried on, we are given to understand, for the last fifteen years by the exertions and resources of M. Michand alone. The mere manuscript of the work, he says, cost him above four hundred thousand francs—which we shall not wonder at when we consider that the letter-press extends to more than thirty thousand closely printed pages. The list of contributors includes above three hundred writers, and we find in the number almost every name distinguished in the literature of France during the last twenty years. The Baron de Barante, Biot, the Comte de Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Victor Cousin, Cuvier, Delambre, Delille, Emeric-David, De Gezando, Ginguené, Guizot, Humboldt, Lacroix, Laplace, Malte-Brun, Madame de Staël, Sevelinges, Silvestre de Sacy, Sismondi, Villemain, are a few of those that meet our eye as we look over the catalogue. With these are associated many others also of great celebrity, while, perhaps, none even of those that are least distinguished are quite unknown in the world of letters.

Of the execution of so voluminous a work, and embracing such a multiplicity of subjects, we can, of course, in our limited space, express ourselves only in very general terms; but after the particulars we have just mentioned, we shall be understood to bestow upon it no slight commendation, when we say that it is, we think, upon the whole, such as does honour even to the very able writers of whose co-operation it is the result. It is quite evident that every contributor writes *con amore*, and with a determination to do his best—a spirit which could only have been excited and kept alive by the excellent regulation of making each put his name to his articles, and the reputation which was therefore to be acquired by a performance of superior ability and merit. This part of the plan too was evidently attended with other important advantages in a work of this nature; among which we may mention particularly the authority which it necessarily confers upon the statements made, which instead of resting as in other such publications upon an anonymous assertion, or the mere sanction of the editor's *imprimatur*, who cannot by possibility have investigated the truth of the hundredth part of them, are here all given under the attestation of known witnesses, who profess to speak only to what they have actually ascertained, and of the degree of whose learning, accuracy, and fidelity in reporting, every line to which the signature of any of them is attached becomes a criterion and a record. In all former works of this description, the majority of the articles have been merely transcribed from previous compilations, and even such of them as have been re-written, have rarely presented any thing more than was new than the addition of a few facts, or a little more particularity in the detail of those that had been generally noticed. In the case of neither, had the copiest or reviser entitled himself to express an opinion in regard to the subject upon which he employed

his pen, by any profound study of it, or any elaborate research among original sources of information. He was in general merely a hireling going through his drudgery, having no anxiety about his performance, except to get as speedily as possible to the end of it; no object for engaging in it at all, except his pay; no hope of doing himself honour by any talent, or care he might bestow upon it; no fear of its imperfections ever rising up in judgment against him. The work, indeed, got up in this way, bore distinctly enough, as most works will do, the evidence of the manner in which it had been prepared. It was not expected to shew either much learning or much ability of any kind. Nobody thought of referring to it as an authority, however convenient it might be found to consult it on ordinary occasions, as a repository of a multitude of facts not elsewhere to be found collected and arranged in so convenient and accessible a form. It never became a book which people read, and took delight in reading, as they do other works of narrative; but rather lay like a dictionary on the shelf, only to be taken down when there was a wish to know some particular date, or other forgotten circumstance in the history of an individual. But the *Biographie Universelle* has, throughout, the charm, for which nothing else can compensate, of a freshly-written work; every page of which shews that not the hand merely, but the heart of the writer, was in his subject, and that he had fitted himself for the discussion of it, not by a summary glance at a few of its leading facts or principles, or by turning over once, for the first time in his life, the leaves of one or two of the most common books relating to it, but by having devoted to the study of it the whole powers of his mind for a long enough time to enable him thoroughly to master it. The consequence is, that the book does not remind us of a dictionary at all; but we go over its pages with the same satisfaction and interest which we should feel in perusing any new publication by one of the most eminent writers of the day. It is, in fact, literally a large collection of narratives and dissertations by some of the first names in the living literature of France, in which country, accordingly, the successive volumes were received and read on their appearance with much the same feelings which are excited among ourselves, by a new number of any of our most popular magazines or reviews.

We shall now proceed to notice two or three of the articles by which we have been most struck, in looking over the volumes, although it is obvious that in so voluminous a collection, many productions of probably great merit must have escaped our observation altogether, in the comparatively hasty survey which alone, of course, we have thought it necessary for our present purpose to take of the work, and that even of those which have particularly attracted our attention, we cannot attempt to enumerate more than a very small number. But we are anxious to lay before our readers a few spe-

cimens of the book, from which they will be best able to judge of its superiority to other similar publications.

The lives that are written with the most uniform ability, are perhaps more connected with the history of science, all of which are admirable. The principal contributors to this department of the work, are M. M. Biot, Delambre, Lacroix, and Maurice; to the first of whom, in particular, we are indebted for a great variety of articles, distinguished at once by the ease and gracefulness of their style, and by the mastery which they shew their author to possess over the whole extent of his subject. We do not know that any of these is more happily executed, than that of our own Newton, which extends to nearly seventy pages, and is in all respects, one of the most finished performances in the whole work. Instead of selecting, however, any of the more eloquent passages from this article, we translate the following extract from the narrative portion of it, as containing an interesting statement, which has not yet, we believe, appeared in English.

‘He had formed a small laboratory for his chemical pursuits; and it appears that for some years after the publication of the *Principia*, he gave himself up almost entirely to this branch of science. But a fatal accident despoiled him in an instant, of the fruit of all this labour, and for ever deprived the sciences of the benefit they might have derived from it. Newton had a little dog called Diamond, of which he was very fond. Being one evening called out of his closet on some pressing business, into the next room, he inadvertently shut the door on Diamond, and left him behind him. Returning a few minutes after, he found that the little dog had overturned a lighted taper on the desk, which had set fire to the papers to which he had committed the result of his experiments, so that he beheld the labours of many years lying before him, consumed and reduced to ashes. We are told that on the first shock of so great a loss, he merely remarked, “Ah! Diamond, Diamond, you little know the mischief you have done.” But the grief which he felt, and which reflection must have rendered still more acute, injured his health, and would seem, if one may dare to say so, to have for some time even affected his understanding. This fact, which has not hitherto been known, but which would seem to be confirmed by a variety of probabilities, is found stated in a manuscript note of Huyghens, which has been communicated to us by M. Van Swinden, and which we shall now transcribe without any further explanation than that which that distinguished scholar has himself added. “There exists,” says M. Van Swinden, “among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huyghens, a small folio, being a sort of journal, in which Huyghens had been accustomed to note down different matters; it is marked Z, No. 8, in the catalogue of the Leyden library, page 112. Here is what I have found written in this book by Huyghens’ own hand, with which I am perfectly acquainted, from the number of his manuscripts and autograph letters which I have had occasion to read.” On the 29th May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotch gentleman, told me that the illustrious geometrician, Isaac Newton, had fallen about eighteen months before, into a state of derangement, either in consequence of over-application, or from the grief he had expe-

rienced from having had his chymical laboratory and several important manuscripts consumed by a fire. M. Colin added, that shortly after this accident, having paid a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and expressed himself in such a manner as to evidence his alienation of mind, his friends taking him into their own charge, set about his cure, and having kept him shut up in his apartment, made him submit to the proper remedies, whether he would or not, by which means he has recovered his health, so that he now begins to comprehend his own *Principia*. "Huyghens," adds M. Van Swinden, "mentioned the circumstance to Leibnitz, in a letter dated the 8th of June following, to which Leibnitz replied on the 23rd of the same month, 'I am happy to hear of the recovery of M. Newton by the same communication that brings me an account of his illness, which undoubtedly was one of a most alarming nature; it is for persons like you and him, Sir, that I wish a long life.'"

'It would appear from these details, that scarcely any doubt can be entertained of the fact to which they refer; in other words, that that mind which for so many years had unintermittently applied itself to contemplations so profound, that they formed, as it were, the farthest limit of human reason, was at last itself shaken by the excess of its efforts, or at grief by beholding their results annihilated: and certainly there is nothing extraordinary in either of these two suppositions, while at the same time we ought not to be astonished that the first sensations of an affliction, such as that which Newton must have experienced, should have expressed themselves without violence; his spirit was, as it were, struck to the earth under their weight. But this fact of a derangement of mind, whatever may have been the cause of it, would explain why, after the publication of his *Principia* in 1687, Newton, although no more than forty-five years of age, never produced any new work in any department of the sciences, but contented himself with endeavouring to render more generally intelligible those which he had composed a long time before this period, by completing them in those parts where the argument seemed to require further development. And it may be remarked, that these new developments appear in every instance to have been drawn from experiments and observations made at a former period; as for example, the additions to the second edition of the *Principia*, in 1713, and the experiments on opaque laminæ, and on diffraction, as well as the chymical questions inserted at the end of the optics in 1704; for in stating these experiments, Newton expressly tells us, that he had taken them from old manuscripts which he had formerly composed, and he adds, that although feeling the necessity of extending and rendering them more perfect, he has not been able to resolve upon doing so, these matters lying now too far out of his way; whence we may conclude, with extreme probability, that although he had recovered sufficiently to comprehend anew all his former investigations, and even to extend them by some useful additions and modifications, as is proved by the second edition of the *Principia*, in regard to which he maintained a very active mathematical correspondence with Cotes; he nevertheless was no longer disposed to undertake any new labours in those sciences, in regard to which he had already done so much, and in which he must have so well perceived all that remained yet to be done. But whether this determination was enforced upon him by necessity, or was only inspired by a sort of moral lassitude produced by so long and so

fatiguing an exercise of thought, what he has actually accomplished is sufficient to place him, in all the physical and mathematical sciences, in the very first rank of inventors; and after having admired him as the creator of natural philosophy, one of the greatest contributors to the advancement of mathematical analysis, and the most illustrious investigator of nature that ever existed, it behoves us to acknowledge, that it was he alone, who laid the foundation of mechanical chymistry, by shewing that the combinations depend on the action of the molecules, and by rising by means of the boldest and happiest inductions to ideas respecting the composition and changes in the condition of bodies, of which the conception was altogether unknown before his time.

We may add, as perhaps a slight additional confirmation of this curious statement, that the decay of Newton's mind in his latter days, was matter of general rumour, even while he was yet alive. Dr. Pemberton, if we remember right, in the preface to his "View of the Newtonian Philosophy," mentions, that before having been introduced to Newton, to whom he became known in the old age of the latter, he had heard that the illustrious philosopher had become unable to understand his own works; but he adds, that he found this to be by no means the case, having, we think he says (for we have not the book at hand to consult), had a good deal of conversation with him in regard to different parts of his philosophy, which convinced him how completely unfounded was the report. It is not improbable, however, that it may have had its origin in the circumstance of much older date, recorded in Huyghens' journal. In both statements, it will be observed, the leading particular is the same, namely, that the great geometrician had become unable to understand his own works. The truth, therefore, in all likelihood is, that Newton did experience an attack, of the nature alleged, at the time mentioned by Huyghens, but that the knowledge of the circumstance was long confined to a few of his more intimate friends, and only began to be a subject of general rumour many years after, when the facts were naturally circulated in an incorrect form, and a mistaken date assigned to them. There is appended, we may remark, to this excellent article, a long and elaborate note, by M. Daunon, on "Newton's Chronology," which is well worthy of perusal.

We have other articles from the pen of M. Biot, on Des Cartes, Franklin, Galileo, Cassini, Copernicus, and many more names, all written with distinguished talent; but our next quotation shall be from a life of Tycho Brahe, by his countryman, the admirable Malta-Brun, one of the most eminent contributors to the *Biographie Universelle*, not in one merely, but in various departments. The following paragraph is interesting from the description which that universal scholar and able writer, whose loss the world of letters has had so much reason to deplore, gives in it from his own observation of the present condition of Tycho's celebrated repeal of *Uranienburg*.

‘After having visited for five years all the observatories of Germany and Switzerland—after having made himself acquainted with the methods of observation then in use, Tycho returned to his native country, being then about twenty-nine years of age. He confined himself at first within the bounds of his estate, perhaps in consequence of an awkward accident he had met with, which might have exposed his person to the ridicule of the young nobles. In a duel which he had fought in Germany with one of his countrymen, the latter, a better swordsman than Brahe, had given him a wound which cut off part of his nose. Tycho made himself a false nose of wax, or, as others say, of an amalgam of gold and silver, but he was always obliged to carry about with him a box of glue, to stick on again the artificial nose, when it happened by any chance to drop off. But whatever may have been the cause of his retirement, the appearance of the famous new star in the constellation of Cassiopea, in 1572, and the observations which Tycho published on that subject, fixed upon him anew the attention of the whole nation; the learned chancellor, Peter Oxen, declared himself his admirer, and the king, Frederic II., appointed him to teach astronomy at Copenhagen. Attached to laborious retirement, it was with repugnance that Tycho received and returned those visits of etiquette, which in great towns form a sort of social duty; he avoided the idle; he detested frivolous discourse; in a word, he lived only for science. He ardently desired accordingly a rural asylum, whither he might be able to withdraw himself from the importunate visitors whom his celebrity attracted; this Frederic II. procured for him, by giving him the Island of Huen, in the Sound, between Elsinour and Copenhagen. This island, which is two leagues in circumference, enjoys a very extended view on all sides, especially to the south, where the horizon unites with the waters of the Baltic and the flat lands of southern Scania. It is a fine situation for an astronomical observatory. The king, Frederic II., added to the gift of this island, a pension of 500 crowns, a fief situated in Norway, and a canonry, the revenues of which, estimated at 2,000 crowns, were to serve for the maintenance of an observatory erected at the expense of the king. The monarch gave also to Tycho’s secretary, *Peter Jacobson Hemlose*, a canon’s prebend. (Sneedorf, *History of Denmark*, vol. ii. p. 80, in Danish.) Thanks to this truly royal munificence, then without example in Europe, there was soon to be seen elevating its front on the highest ground of the island of Huen, a magnificent edifice, called *Uranienburg*, that is to say, the palace of Urania. There dwelt Tycho, in the midst of his books, surrounded by multitudes of disciples, visited even by sovereign princes, among others, by James VI. of Scotland, who passed eight days with him, in the year 1590. This castle, which was seventy-five feet in height, contained lodgings for the students, a printing office, a chemical laboratory, and a great number of apartments, with the ceilings ornamented with paintings. Tycho says, that he had expended on it, besides the sums furnished by the king, 100,000 Danish crowns out of his own pocket. A pavilion, situated more to the south, bore the name of *Stelleburg*, (the castle of the stars) it served for such astronomical observations as were made in the day time. We have ourselves for a whole year perambulated that classic soil; we have surveyed the enclosure of *Uranienburg*, which is still marked out by eminences formed by the rubbish of bricks; the flocks now bound over the remains of the palace of

Urania. A little farther on is a field of corn ; there is found a cave which is said to have belonged to the castle ; this is the ruin which Picard availed himself of, when commissioned by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in order to fix the longitude and latitude of Uranienburg. The garden, which lies contiguous to a farm-house built below the site of the castle, still preserves a few dim traces of its ancient splendour. You may perceive a grass plot, which in the time of Tycho, was the basin of a lake ; there is still to be seen in it the little bay, where his pleasure boats scattered about the water. This lake received the rain water, collected in ten or twelve reservoirs scattered over the island ; from the lake issued a rivulet, still existing in part, but the hydraulic skill of Tycho had formed a current sufficiently strong to move a mill, which from its ingenious construction, served by turns for grinding corn, for making paper, and for preparing leather. The remains of the mounds and buildings still attest with what facility this great astronomer descended to economical detail. Love came likewise to embellish this pleasant asylum ; a peasant girl, or according to others, the daughter of a curate, called *Christina*, possessing a charming figure, subdued the heart of Tycho—she became his wife. Thanks to the intervention of the king, who restrained the prosecutions to which Tycho was subjected in consequence of this marriage, the first subject of quarrel between him and the nobility.

Most of the articles relating to English literature, appear to be from the pen of the late M. Suard, who evidently did not possess any very profound acquaintance with his subject, although, we believe, he obtained at one time no little reputation in France, for his translations of the works of some of our countrymen. Most of the lines written by him seem to be only the common notices, slightly recast, in so far as regards the expressions, but without any new value or interest being given to them from his own reading or reflection—a circumstance which gives them a marked difference of character from most of those by which they are surrounded. A good many are given, indeed, as having merely undergone his revision ; and of these, nearly all, we should suppose, are simply abridgments, or verbatim translations, from our own common authorities. The consequence is, that the portion of the *Biographie Universelle*, which is devoted to the polite literature of England, is upon the whole, decidedly inferior to all the rest of the work. Two or three considerably more elaborate articles there are, on some of the very greatest names belonging to this department—such, for example, as those on Milton and Shakespeare, by M. Villemain ; but in general, nothing more is given than the scantiest details and the most superficial criticisms, presenting a striking contrast, not only to the fulness with which, as might have been expected, every thing relating to the literature of France is discussed, but also to the great research and ability displayed in the articles on ancient literature, by MM. Clavier, Daunon, &c. ; in those on Oriental literature, by Silvestre de Lacy, and other distinguished names ; in those on the literature of Italy, which are principally by Ginguené and Sismondi ; and in those on the literature of Germany, among

which are some of the very best in the work, by Stapper, Guizot, Depping, and others.

The historical characters of our own country, have chiefly been committed to M. M. de Lally, Zolendal, and De Sevelinges, the latter of whom especially, is a writer of great ability and eloquence. We fear, however, that even with regard to his part of the work, we cannot express ourselves in terms of much commendation. Both these distinguished contributors unfortunately contemplate their subject, in general, through a mist of passion and prejudice, which effectually prevents them from considering it impartially or profoundly. The Toryism, or Jacobitism of both, has perverted their narratives and dissertations into party pleadings, and induced them, in almost every case, to look only to the facts on one side of the question, and scarcely to consult any authorities but those favourable to their own views. There are some of their articles, indeed, which by nearly all parties in this country will, we apprehend, be considered little better than tissues of misrepresentations.

It would give us much pleasure to be able to quote a few passages from some of the learned, eloquent, and profound articles on the history of mental philosophy, both in ancient and modern times, which we have from the pens of Cousin, De Gerando, Picot, Stapper, and other contributors; but we find it impossible to detach any passage of convenient length from the context, so as to present it in a satisfactory form. We must, therefore, content ourselves with remarking, that all these disquisitions are of the first rate merit, and greatly superior to any thing of the kind of which the literature of our own country has yet to boast. Even the ablest of our literary periodicals have produced nothing in the same department that will bear to be compared with these admirable articles.

A principal feature of the work, as we have already remarked, is its criticism on the great works of ancient and modern literature. Different opinions will of course be entertained, as to the justness of many of the remarks which are expressed by the editors and their assistants, in the performance of this part of their task; and no reader will probably be disposed to subscribe to any thing like one half of what he finds set down for his perusal. Indeed, it would be no very difficult matter, we believe, to detect difference and contradictions of sentiment among the writers themselves, if it were worth while; or if it were not impossible to suppose that it would be otherwise, in the case of the co-operation of so considerable a number of minds, on subjects so susceptible of being viewed in so great a variety of lights. It will, however, we think, be acknowledged, that the judgments delivered throughout the work, are in general founded upon a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with the authors reviewed, as well as expressed ably and powerfully—so that while they leave room for dissent, they leave none for any

feeling that the matter has been discussed by an authority incompetent to do it justice. It is always a man of talent that addresses us, to whom we feel it a pleasure to listen, whether we agree with him or not. As one example, taken almost at random, of the manner in which the merits of the great names of literature are appreciated in the *Biographie Universelle*, we may give the following short character of the eloquence of Bourdaloue, from M. Gallais.

‘He died admired by his age, regretted by all his brethren, respected even by the enemies of his order. Boileau, who did not love the Jesuits, loved and often went to see Father Bourdaloue. He is rightly regarded as the reformer of the pulpit, and the founder of Christian eloquence among the French. What distinguishes him above all other preachers, is the force of his reasoning and the solidity of his arguments. Never has any Christian orator given to his discourses more majesty, nobleness, energy, and grandeur. The study of the holy fathers had enriched his mind with that abundance of arguments which he unfolds with so rare a superiority, and to which the talent he had for dialectics, adds an accession of force, resulting from what logicians call the *identity*, or the evidence. He has been reproached, like Corneille, with being too fond of argument, with being too much given to thought, with addressing himself rather to the heads than to the hearts of his auditors, with sometimes enervating his eloquence by too frequent a use of divisions and subdivisions; and it cannot be gainsaid that this is all true; but in subscribing to these reproaches, we ought not to cease to admire the inexhaustible fecundity of his plans, which in truth never resemble each other; his happy talent of disposing his reasonings in that order which seems to command victory, according to the fine comparison of Quintilian: *velat imperatoria virtus*; that exact and instant logic, which excludes sophisms, contradictions, paradoxes; that justness with which he founds our duties on our interests, and that precious secret of converting the details of morals into so many proofs of his subject. A parallel has often been drawn between Bourdaloue and Massillon. They were both great men, but of different orders of talent. If Massillon be now read with the liveliest interest, he is indebted for this advantage to the charms of his style, rather than to the force of his reasonings. If we consult our contemporaries, they will without hesitation give the preference to the rival of Racine, to the painter of the heart, in one word to the author of the *Discourse on the small number of the Elect*; but if we consult the contemporaries of Massillon himself, they assigned to him only the second place. They said, “Bourdaloue preached for the men of a vigorous age; Massillon for the men of an effeminate age; Bourdaloue elevated himself to the height of the great truths of religion; Massillon conformed himself to the weakness of the men with whom he lived. Massillon will never cease to be read; but it is a misfortune that we can no longer understand Bourdaloue; it is our fault, and not his. We are the losers there. The first part of his famous *Passion*, in which he proves that the death of the Son of God is the triumph of power, is generally regarded as the *chef-d’œuvre* of Christian eloquence. Bossuet has uttered nothing stronger or more elevated. Nothing can be placed by the side of this first part, not even the second, which, any where else, would be splendid and victorious.’

To this we may add by way of conclusion, the following specimen from a subsequent volume ;—it is by M. Duvan :

‘ If we cast a general *coup-d’œil* over the dramatic career of Schiller, we shall find in it as much of irregularity as of genius. Essaying by turns all the different species of writing, we behold him commencing by the license of *Shakspearianism* ; attempting unsuccessfully historic tragedy ; more unhappily still that of domestic life ; precipitating himself with a disdain of all controul into the ideal ; returning in his maturer age to history ; accommodating himself to a system of almost French regularity ; making a grotesque and unmeaning mixture of the historical, the ideal, and the romantic, rising to the simplicity of the Greeks, and finishing with history. We see nothing fixed, nothing constant in his march. His versification even has been much criticised. It is in truth the most defective part of his tragedies. They contain a great number of irregular verses, in respect either of the quantity or of the number of the syllables. * * * But when the poet is elevated by a genuine inspiration, his verses are extremely exact ; and we have entire pages in which the harmony of the diction rivals the beauty of the images. In spite of his faults, Schiller is incontestably at the head of the German theatre. *Ugolino*, *Emilia Galotti*, *Nathan*, *Julius of Tarentum*, *Goetz of Berlichingen*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and several other pieces, marked without doubt the existence of that theatre. Some of these are even, in reference to the art, more perfect than those of Schiller ; but there is in his emotion, a fire, a charm, which we rarely find in the others, in the same degree. We must beware of comparing him to Shakspeare, who unites all these qualities, but who is always true, in his beauties as in his grotesque monstrosities. If we consider the whole of the principal works of Schiller, we shall feel ourselves warranted in concluding that he is far from being a perfect author (*vollendet*). We may lay the blame on his bad health, his nervous irritability, or the nature of his genius, but it is certain that he has finished or perfected nothing. His two histories and his romance are none of them completed ; and there is no one of his tragedies which, looked to in reference to its plan and characters, deserves to be proposed as a model. But if his dramatic compositions must, in so far as the art is concerned, be treated with some severity, it is impossible to praise too much the sentiments with which they are filled. Among the modern poets, who give in general more development to their sentiments than the ancients, to whom they are inferior in their pictures, perhaps, no one has surpassed Schiller in the painting of the ideal. Whether borne onwards by the most unbridled imagination, or restrained by a noble regularity, his soul is never enfeebled by its devious excursions, nor dried up by rules. Madame de Staël has well said, *his conscience is his muse*. If he does not completely satisfy the fastidious reader or spectator, he transports, elevates, ennobles him. His brilliant tirades sometimes charm by their naïve simplicity, sometimes elevate by their sublimity ; and when he loses himself in an ideal reverie, contrary to the character of his heroes or the truth of history, you feel only that his wish has been to represent the empire of virtue triumphing over the hardest hearts. See *Wallenstein* melted, and Philip dreaming of the perfecting of humanity. In a word, Schiller appears to us to be the most noble representative of the romantic poetry.’

ART. VII.—*A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great : or more Men and Things in the British Capital.* By the Author of *Babylon the Great*. 2 vols. London : Colburn. 1829.

THERE are few people in London who philosophize on London. Its population is in general divided into those who never think, those who are too busy to think, and the few who would think, but are prevented by the noise and confusion which surround them. There are here and there, however, two or three determined observers, whom no ambition of being wealthy, and nothing less than an earthquake can hinder in their meditations. Of these, one perhaps is a sentimentalist, another a politician, and a third a projector and reformer. In the case of our author, these characters are united in his own proper person, but this is a prodigy which seldom occurs, and the few real observers of London, are as distinct in their species, as a lawyer from a painter. The metropolis, in fact, presents such a compound of real and fictitious greatness, of actual and artificial misery, of human power in its full action, and human passions twisting and torturing their subjects in every wild and fearful manner—such a compound of the good and evil principles mixed up and packed together in the common clay of existence, that speculation may employ itself in every different manner, and never want a subject while it has London to look upon.

A night's wandering through the metropolis, would have furnished Sterne with materials for a volume six times the size of his "Sentimental Journey," and with subjects that would have so made his heart feel, that his pathos would never have approached the verge of affectation. London, in the deep still night, is a wonderful place. The earth seems to us to have nothing then resting so heavily on her breast, as this vast capital. There is no corner of the world where silence is so felt, or where it has such a bodily resting place. With a million of sleeping people around us, to be awake and active, is to have a deeper consciousness of existence; and there is a sense of power pressed upon the mind, when we walk up and down the streets in which the now hushed and helpless multitude, but an hour or two back made us shrink into insignificance. Here then the idle, rambling thinker, may find ample room for his lucubrations: whether the moon be shining and looking down with her kind and merciful smile upon the children of wretchedness, or the darkness be hanging her ruffled pall like an omen over them, and the only object to be seen through it, is the red and glaring dial of St. Giles'—under all aspects of the sky and weather he may find good companionship for his thoughts in the streets of London. It is also a satisfaction to find so experienced an explorer of the metropolis as our author, bearing his testimony to the perfect security with which a sober, thoughtful-minded man, may carry on his observations. If such a one would wander

through London by night, we can tell him he may do it without fear of harm, either to his person or mind ; for a mind that could receive a taint, or not be taught to think more solidly than before, in a nightly ramble through this human wilderness, must be worse than we can suppose any of our readers to be.

But to pass from the mere sentimentality of the subject to that which is more obviously useful, the work before us proves what we have often thought might be proved, that the study of London, in its complication of men and things, is one of use and profit. Neither Babylon of old, nor imperial Rome, nor Alexandria, that mother of scribes and party-coloured Christians and philosophers, could have furnished, it is probable, any thing so worthy of mere experimental observation, as the modern English capital. It is not its size or its wealth, or its importance in a commercial point of view, which, considered separately, makes London what it is, either in appearance or reality. It is the impulse given to its vast and fluctuating population, by causes always mighty in their effects, but never certain in their action, to which it owes the phenomena that distinguish it. The great mass of the people of London are, more than mankind in any portion of the globe, under the continued excitement of money-getting speculation, or of the still stronger impressions which result from the uncertainties of support to which two-thirds of the population are subject. From the undue, and we may even add, the unnatural impulse which is thus given to the actions of one part of the inhabitants, and from the destruction of all settled habits and feelings of confidence in the other, there springs that spirit of wealth-worshipping and enterprise in the high, and of keen cunningness or dissoluteness in the low, which compose the principal elements of London character. It is hence that in this place, the stream of human life flows on more rapidly than elsewhere, but suffers more frequent interruptions from uncalculated hindrances ; that even the ordinary actions of people are performed with more rapidity, and that the physiognomy of a regular bred metropolitan has a certain sharpness and quickness of observation, which distinguish it from that of all others of the human race.

A population thus characterised, cannot fail of furnishing subjects for useful inquiry. The muscles of the great social body are boldly developed in all its members, and not a movement takes place but their action may be observed. The effect, consequently, of particular engines, made use of to counteract any national evil, are better studied here than in any place—for where the evil exists in its greatest strength, there the effect of the counteracting law, if it act at all, will be most certainly visible. The true character, indeed, of a legislative system, in regard to its efficiency, may be estimated with something very near certainty by its influence in the metropolis ; and for this reason, that there the national bond of union between man and man, is rendered looser

than any where else, individual aggrandizement being generally stronger than the ties of neighbourhood, and there being, in consequence, a continued necessity for the law to add its support to the weakened benevolence or morality of the people. In the same manner the influence which the public amusements, or the fashionable pursuits of the period, have upon the popular mind, may be best discovered by watching their effects on the inhabitants of the capital. They are, by a sort of proscriptive right, the judges in all matters of pleasure or fashion for the rest of the nation, and as their sentiments are, on all occasions, when such matters are before them, expressed without fear or reserve, the observer has little trouble in discovering what good or evil influence the object in question is likely to have on the popular mind in general. No where either, as in the metropolis, is public character to be so safely studied. The effect of any great national question is there manifested at once, and not as in a provincial town, left to work itself through a hundred little labyrinths, made by the careful considerations of tradesmen and artizans, fearful of losing their customers of opposite parties. This circumstance is produced; not so much by the size of London, or the immensity of its population, as by the proper character of the people, who being always more intent on the irregular acquisition of gain, than on the means of its slower and safer production, are naturally disposed to catch at every political change, as capable of being turned in some way or the other to their private advantage. With regard to the characteristics of the nation in general, as it is moral or vicious, more or less disposed to the performance of particular duties, or the commission of certain crimes, London does not, perhaps, afford a fair evidence, and the foreigner who should form his ideas of the English character, from what he finds it in London, would be deceived every step he sets. The hospitality of a people is not to be judged of by the luxuriance of their civic feasts. The charity of their nature cannot be safely estimated by the number or size of public hospitals or schools, nor are their modes of living, their comparative love of public or domestic enjoyments, fairly seen in the busy and excited rounds of a metropolitan population. The people of London are truly and properly the English public, and the circumstances which are likely to have a popular influence, first affect and produce its consequences among them. But when the national temper is to be studied in its more private action, it must be observed under the direction of other motives than those ordinarily affecting the people in a mass. A handful of persons is better than a million for such an inquiry. The passions which are generated by public excitement, destroy or greatly subdue those which belong to the individual, and in proportion as our situation is advantageous, enabling us to judge of a people as a people, it is unfit for our deciding upon the qualities and characteristics which are personal, rather than general and national.

But ill adapted as we conceive a London population to be, for giving us correct ideas of the English people in their private and domestic character, it affords the strongest illustrations which can be brought forward to show the influence of particular circumstances on the human mind and nature. No where in the world is personal character so soon changed or modified as in the metropolis. Of the prodigious number of strangers who annually recruit the force of its inhabitants, not fifty, it is probable, could be found, who, after a residence of a very few years, have not become altered in the loss or strengthening of some striking quality; whose habits have not undergone many essential changes, or who have not been taught to place their wishes on many new and heretofore undesired objects.

In the author of the 'Second Judgment of Babylon the Great,' we have a shrewd and well qualified observer of the manifold circumstances to which we have here briefly alluded. He has looked not without feeling, but with a keen and inquisitive eye upon men and things, and though occasionally writing in a style which a more professed sentimentalist will regard with pleasure, he has preserved throughout his production that argumentative manner and turn of thought which are fitted to the nature of the design. The state of the law, as immediately affecting society; the various systems of speculation which are pursued by, or, we might almost add, pursue the busy metropolitans; the light and festive saloons in which fashion basks itself, and the fearful fiery dens of debauchery, all these have given the author subjects for weighty reflections; nor has he stopped here. He has followed his Babylonians to their places of religious worship, examined the principles by which they are governed in their attempts to do good, and varied the whole by an intermixture of those pithy remarks, which can only be made by a man who has long accustomed his thoughts to answer the call of circumstance and occasion. The observations on the law and on the different courts, afford strong instances of the quickness and tact, in inquiry, for which the author's style is distinguished. As the subject is important, we shall give a few of the remarks which we find in the chapter entitled, according to the quaint manner which he affects in these things, *Lex Babylonica*. In the former part of this section, there is less originality of thought than in the remainder, and the author expends the ammunition of his wit on game long ago shot and killed. But the following reflections are really so just, and appeal so strongly as well to our feelings as to our reason, that we cannot pass them over without presenting them to our readers. After observing that one great error in the present system of criminal justice, is the making of persons who suffer by crime, the prosecutors of the perpetrators; and thus the injury which is in fact done to society, as well as the individual, makes it a public rather than a private affair, he proceeds to remark,—

' Private prosecutors standing up and demanding exile or death against their fellow-subjects, for what their presence there gives an impression can be nothing more than private offences ; their begging when the trial is over for repayment of the expense to which they are put ; the hurried and apparently heedless mode of conducting this most solemn of all business ; the cold-blooded indifference of the Old Bailey pleaders ; and the whole appearance, keeping, and conduct, of that foremost of Babylonian receiving-houses for the hulks and for the gallows,—make the Old Bailey Sessions among the most painful scenes that a feeling mind can contemplate : and setting aside altogether the monstrous discrepancy that there is between many of the crimes and the punishments, the consequent necessity that there is upon the part of the Crown to extend its prerogative of mercy to a great number of those whom the law dooms to die ; the effect which this hope of mercy has upon the sentence itself, and the agony and consequent despair which it inflicts upon those who must ultimately undergo that punishment which humanity doubts whether man, under any circumstances, should dare to inflict,—betray a want of the fit solemn slowness and awful dignity, about the Babylonian Courts of criminal retribution, from which one cannot help turning away as from a painful and pernicious thing. The men and sometimes also (*pro pudor !*) the women of Babylon, frequent those scenes ; not to learn wisdom, but to seek amusement—to gratify that restless and rapacious curiosity, which will not be satisfied with the things and other occurrences of a very large and very full epitome of the world. Nay, they will not only attend as matter of amusement, and laugh and joke while the scales of life and of death are quivering with their final poise ; they will come there in order to ascertain whether the bets which they have taken—the base gambling sums which they have staked upon the turning up of life or death for their fellow-creature, are to be won or to be lost. Without this abomination, the scene is revolting enough ; but with this, there is not a brand of infamy deep enough, and deformed enough, for marking its enormity.

' One cannot help regretting that in these Courts counsel are permitted to do so little for those who probably fee them with the last money they can borrow, and that the little which custom permits them to do, is done in so heartless and heedless a manner.

' When all else appears to have deserted the hapless victim of the law,—when the private prosecutor has sworn against him,—when learned counsel has stated the case,—when the witnesses for the prosecution have given their evidence—that evidence which has been known and arranging all the time that the party charged has been immured in a prison—when the few brief cross examinations have been made,—while the prisoner stands in open view of all the spectators, with the reflected light of a mirror disclosing every line of his face, and judge, jury, and the spectators, are all entirely engaged in trying him both by the evidence which has been sworn against him, and by that which appears in his own expression ; at that moment of pain and difficulty he is called upon to make his defence—to collect his scattered thoughts and summon his tortured nerves, in order that he may be a match for cool men and cunning lawyers. All this from the world he might possibly bear, but that which cuts to the heart is yet behind ; his counsel rises, pulls his gown about him, instinctively puts his hand in his

pocket, and jingles the fee in the hearing of the poor wretch whose last hope was, and to that moment is, the assistance which that fee is to procure. But does the sage counsel plead? Does he make one effort to turn the scale of justice; or failing that, does he appeal to the proper sources of mercy? Does he tell the jury, in the language of that Gospel upon which they are sworn, that "with whatsoever judgment they judge, it shall be judged to them again?" Does he dwell upon the temptations to which the unfortunate person may have been exposed—the hard necessity which, in an hour of madness and despair, tempted him, when man would not "give him leave to toil," to put forth his hand, and take upwards of forty shillings in a dwelling-house, in order to save, from that starvation which he had no other means of preventing, those whose lives were dearer to him than his own? Oh, not a jot! The man of law, whatever else he may have learned along with it, has learned to avoid the statute himself; and so, pulling his gown around him, and chinking his fee, as I have said, he delivers these words of conciliation, with any thing but the most kindly looks, "If you *have* any thing to say for yourself, now is your time to say it, for I can do no more for you;" and with that he flings himself out of that Court, to attend in another, pocket another fee, and make merry thereupon, at the very moment, perhaps, when the poor culprit is undergoing sentence of death, for want of the very assistance which the learned person could have rendered.

'Besides the cruelty and abomination which may be perpetrated under the cover and pretence of the regular law; and the sums which the extortioners, connected with the lower departments, may wring from the timid and the ignorant, the matter is rendered worse by mock attorneys, who go about selling that legal counsel which they cannot deliver. The sum of which these harpies annually defraud the public, by obtaining fees for the purpose of raising suits, and from defendants for pretending to stay them, has of late years become so great, and the parties have become so open and daring in their depredations, that a special statute would be demanded for the regulation of the matter. The mischief which is done by licensed dealers in law is quite enough, without any of the additional infliction of smugglers. In this, however, as in most illegal practices, within the Babylon, there is protection if there be money to pay for it.—pp. 24—29.

We shall not stop to make any observations on the subjects treated of in the chapters immediately following the one from which we have extracted the above. The sentiments they breathe are humane, and the satire upon the Chancery Court, not a little humorous; but we have seen the same subject handled so frequently before, that we are inclined to pass to a more general topic, and one which in these modern times have attracted no little attention. We allude to those infectious abodes of ruin, where chance is installed as the mother of human destinies, and men sit quietly down hand to hand to root out the very fibres of their existence. These splendid cradles of despair, called *par excellence*, Hells, are not more a disgrace than a wonder in this metropolis. How they can be suffered to exist under any screen or subterfuge, is a matter to us impenetrably mysterious. If there

be no law at present sufficient to crush them root and branch, why is there not one made? and if the servants of the legislature be not lynx-eyed enough to penetrate through their labyrinths, let others be sought for, whom neither fear nor bribery shall be able to turn. There are very few systems of law, in fact, which would not be sufficient for almost all the wants of a society, could they always be brought into actual operation by the zeal and determination of those employed in their execution. But there must be a woeful dereliction of duty, either in the superior or in the lower officers of the legislature, when places which are known to breed the most destructive enemies of social order and happiness are allowed to exist, and continue their frightful depredations on the vitals of humanity. We doubt whether the Palais Royal, with its hundred wide-mouthed pits of folly and despair, possesses any receptacle so frightful as one or two of those which disgrace our metropolis. But however this be, there is more harm within and around these places in England, than in France. We can better endure to see the out-door sitting, the volatile, changing, hap-hazard living Frenchman, venturing his maintenance or fortune at a game of chance, than we can an Englishman, constitutionally calculating and sedate. If the former gamble, it is from the same principle that he wanders over the world depending for his happiness every instance on the lucky turn of circumstance. If he loses every thing, and is made a beggar, we know that there are thousands of his countrymen, whom the loss of fortune has never made less gay or contented. But with our countrymen it is very different. An English gambler is the man gathering samphire on the precipice with a constitutional dizziness. There is no medium between hope and despair, and his cold blood once heated, never grows cool again by any natural liveliness or tendency to health. Scarcely a day passes from the commencement of his career, before gambling, as an amusement, become a serious occupation and profession; the excitement which was sought for an hour of *ennui*, is in a short time one of the necessities of life, and the interest and pleasing agitation of the spirit which were felt in the first hour of the pursuit, become, before the victim is aware of his danger, a fearful rushing up of all the passions to the brain—a gathering of every strong and latent vice, which man can attract from the elements of evil into his own heart. The appearance of the gamblers of different nations in their moments of highest intoxication, would be an admirable subject for a painter. We think in such a picture, those of our own country would present an aspect of the most terrible abandonment. The author of “*Babylon the Great*,” has given in his present work, a very excellent description of the London Hells; and as we presume it will be a novelty to most of our readers, we extract it.

‘ Whatever may be the style and decorations of the buildings, they are hell all over. They need no sign. Go into the streets where they are; find

out the mansion of the most captivating aspect, and with the most alluring entrance, and that you may rest assured is a hell. About it every thing is fine and fascinating, and a stranger would suppose that in such a mansion there could be found none save the highest and most honourable in the land; and if he felt either himself or his property in danger, the hell is the very place to which he would flee as an asylum,

If, however, he should be told, that the whole of this vast and gaudy pile had been erected out of a year or two's plunder; that the sole and only object of it was to rob the vain and the silly (always allied, by the way,) of their property; that, for the accomplishment of this purpose, agents were appointed, and scouts running to and fro throughout the country; that others of smooth tongue and winning manners were stationed in every public room and place of resort, for the purpose of worming themselves into the favour and confidence of those whose fortunes and propensities had been favourably reported for the concern; that these panders to the den are furnished by the counsel with lists of those whom they are to allure, and notes of the mode of alluring; that within that tempting place is contained every thing that can pamper the appetites and lull the reason to sleep; that the air, the sea, and the earth, are ransacked for the richest and rarest viands, and that for the preparation of these to "bankerout the wits, nobility, and even royalty itself, are outbidden for the Swiss of cookery; that every liquor that can be had to "lap the senses in Elysium," is offered without money and without price; and that, after all these great and costly establishments and givings, there yet arose from what was perpetrated within those walls, a revenue greater than that of the wealthiest man in these kingdoms,—he would pause at the threshold and exclaim, "This must be a den of monstrous iniquity!" And truly so it is. It is a whited sepulchre—"full of rottenness and dead men's bones:" rottenness of every principle and every feeling, and dead men's bones, not by any allegorical flourish, but in literal truth.

'They who pass by see the splendour, and many of them are thereby tempted to enter—if they are worth the ruining, and can find any one who will introduce them to their ruin; and if they are wealthy, there are, as I have said, those upon the watch who can soon conduct them to their fate. The blandishments of the place are seen, are ostentatiously displayed; but the crime and the misery are veiled from mortal view. After the game is found, and the hounds of the table are on the slot, there remains no disinterested spectator who can tell the tale; and the previous preparation is such, that the poor victims are unconscious of their fate until the intoxication has abated, and the bonds which they have executed in the madness of wine and despair, are put in force against them. Vast as are the sums lost in the games, they do not make up the whole, or nearly the whole, of what, if the losers have the means, they are compelled to pay; but care is taken by the gamblers, who carefully avoid that which intoxicates their dupes, that there shall be no means of detecting the fraud.

'Independently of the fascinations of those hells, and the agreeable manners which the hell-mongers and their confederates can, ere matters come to the extreme point, assume, there is an air of fairness in the games themselves, and also in the appearance of the manner in which they are usually played. Indeed, the leading games at those places are so contrived, that there is no need for unfairness in the mode of playing. That,

if discovered, would ruin the character of the house (for even these dens of iniquity can *talk* about *their character*), and therefore matters are so managed, that the certainty of gain to the one party and ruin to the other, is in the game itself. This is at once a surer and a safer means than the others: the party to whom the hell belongs, are certain of that part of the stakes which the chance of the game gives in their favour, and from their familiarity with the run of the chances, they generally have the better of the player with regard to the rest.

‘The games most frequently played, are *Rouge et Noir* and *Roulette*; and they are no doubt selected, because a great number of persons can play; because the stake of each may be, within certain limits, proposed by the owner of the den, whatever he thinks fit; because the performance is very rapid; and because the appearance of the game, and the quantity of money displayed for the purpose of paying those who win, is very tempting.’—vol. i. pp. 192—196.

The games most commonly played are, *rouge et noir*, and *roulette*; but the play is not confined to these, as there are a number of side tables, at which a variety of the confederates employ themselves in instructing the yet uninitiated how to descend the first steps in their ruinous career. But the author’s description increases in interest at this point, and affords a very lively picture of the gay and splendid scenes in which the infamous transactions are carried on, which he so forcibly reprobates.

‘Imagine then that you have got into the hell of slower torment, the *Rouge et Noir* saloon. Your first impression is that your conductor has shown you into the wrong place, and that you are not in hell, but in *Elysium*. The hall itself is of the most ample dimensions, and the most perfect symmetry; the ceiling is tinted with the most airy colours of the sky, the carpet outvies the gayest parterre, the festoonings are of the finest damask; wherever you turn your view, a splendid mirror repeats the scene; on the sideboards are all things which the voluptuary can covet; and the glare of light from lamps and lustres, broken into the most beautiful rainbow tints by ten thousand faucettes of crystal, outshines and outdazzles those “cressets,” with which the enchantment of Milton lighted up the infernal palace. Nor does the company please you less; for though those persons who are so assiduous in their attentions be as base-born as they are base, they are trained to assume the external air, and play off the external manners of gentlemen. It is very true that, if you could be calm and philosophic, you would easily detect them; for the tailor, the posture-master, and the barber, cannot make a gentleman; but that is a place which calmness and philosophy do not enter, neither could you introduce them if you would. Among these, however, may sometimes be seen the titled of the land, and occasionally (though I hope not often) the fair and the fascinating. In short, the people who are taking a momentary rest upon the chairs, sofas, and ottomans, appear, at a casual glance, to be the blissful tenants of a blest abode; but ere “the slaughter is begun,” if you look narrowly, you can discern on them “the print of passions, not allied to heaven.”

‘In the middle of the apartment stands the table, putting you a little in mind of the great sacrificial stone, upon which the Mexicans immolated

the unhappy victims to glut the vengeance of their unsightly goddess of war. The divinity here offends not the sight as did the Mexican idol, but it is as cruel in reality, and the victims to it far outnumber those to the other.

‘ This sacrificial table is of large dimensions and handsome appearance. Upon the centre of it is piled an immense heap of money, to tempt the cupidity of the players ; and the inexperienced youth, who has had his ear poisoned by the flattery of the decoys, and his brain influenced by the wines, hesitates not long ere he communicates to his betrayer that he is resolved “ to have a dash at it.” One of the confederates, whose business it is to deal the cards, sits at one side of the table beside this money (or bank as it is called), and another sits opposite to him, whose business it is to “ rake ” towards him the sums won by the bank ; while there are others that pay the losses, and watch the play. There are two sets of chances in the game, the *red*, and the *black*, and the *colour*, and the *reverse*, but these are determined at the same time ; large square patches of red and black are placed for the stakes ventured upon these, and the stakes for the colour, and the reverse are laid down between them. Before the game begins, the spots on the table, the heaps of money, six packs of cards sealed up, and the fatal rake, are the whole apparatus that appear.

‘ At the time appointed, the *tailleur*, or dealer, takes his seat ; the other confederates are at their posts, and the players throng round the table. The six packs of cards are then unsealed, counted, shuffled pack by pack, first by one confederate and then by another ; then by *one* player, who may be, and very often is, also a confederate ; then again by the dealer, who mixes all the packs together, shuffles them once more, and has them cut ; and so they are ready for the game.’—vol. i. pp. 197—199.

Our author has entered into a curious calculation as to what must necessarily be the profit of the parties who keep these hells, and there never, it is probable, has existed a system of fraud more ingenious, or more fitted to deceive. According to one calculation, the gain to the institution may amount in one year to the enormous sum of *seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds*. According to another, it would be much more. All this immense profit is produced by the exquisite science which has been employed in calculating the chances of the different games which are played, at the various tables which the saloon sets out. But we cannot help observing that this system of robbery, for it is really and truly such, is, after all, very little worse than the public lotteries which have been allowed by government ; and to their introduction, it is more than possible, some of the worst gambling schemes which the country has witnessed, may be attributed. We give one instance of the author’s method of showing the manner in which the individual players are sure to be ruined, while the Hell flourishes.

‘ When the player stakes his money on the number, he may do it on one number, or two, a whole column, or any number of them that he pleases ; and if he wins, he gets thirty-five times his stake on a single number, or if on more than one number, he gets the sum which results

from dividing thirty-six times the stake, by the numbers: thus, if he lays money on two chances, he gets eighteen times the stake, and if he lays it on eighteen chances, he gets double the stake. Playing on a single number holds out the greatest temptation; and a thoughtless person, who hopes to make money by play, will stake ten pounds in hopes of winning three hundred and fifty in a minute or two, much more readily than he will stake the same sum on eighteen numbers of the same machine, in the hope of getting twenty pounds. The men of the hells are aware of this, and so have made the odds against the player much greater on one number than in any other case.

'It will be observed that there are thirty-eight holes in the revolving plate, while thirty-five are allowed for the single number, and thirty-six for the others. The advantage to the table and against the player, is therefore rather more than one in thirteen on the single number, and one in eighteen upon more numbers than one. So that, whatever may be the average stakes, the table is certain in every fourteen times' playing to sweep away the whole on the single numbers, and in every nineteen times to sweep away the whole on the others. Every time, therefore, that a sum is risked on a single number, above seven per cent. of it is gone; and every venture upon more than one number is at a loss of more than five per cent. With eager hands, about three minutes are, I believe, enough for playing a game at roulette; and thus, whatever may be the sum which the player risks on the average, he is certain to lose it to the table within the hour. It may be, indeed, that he is "lucky," and that the loss may fall mostly on his fellow-players, or that he may be in pocket; but as "time and chance happen to all," if he continues to play, his turn will come, and the sure per centage to the table will, in time, and that in a very short time, consume both his gains and his fortune, however large. The yawning gulf of a roulette hell, is bottomless as that pit of retribution of which it is so proper a type; and he who escapes from the more slow torment of *Rouge et Noir*, may soon find reason to bemoan himself with the fallen angel—

"And in that lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

'Let us suppose that a party of players take with them to a roulette hell the sum of twenty thousand pounds, and begin to play at eight o'clock. At first they resolve to be cautious, and stake only two thousand pounds among them. The losses and gains fluctuate; but, upon comparing their moneys at nine o'clock, they find they have only eighteen thousand among them. Amazed at this, and finding that caution does not save them, they double, and martingale, till the stake runs up to eight thousand. Gain and loss fluctuate as before: but, when they come to count their money at ten, it is all gone but two thousand. With that they make one attempt more. It fails. Their own money, and money not their own, has vanished. They cast one last and agonizing look upon the infernal machine, and, having no more of which to be spoiled, they are turued out of the den, and "plod their weary way" to the three final asylums of gaming—the Gazette, the Madhouse, and the Inquest-room. So passes the golden dream of avarice and folly, for the sad awakening of incurable woe—woe with which reason cannot sympathize, and to which commiseration cannot administer."—vol. i. pp. 207—210.

The observations made by our author on the manner in which Sunday is spent in the Babylonian Capital, are in the main just. The fashionable places of public worship in which pride and hypocrisy, clothed in the garb of charity, offer up their pretended devotions, are rightly reprehended by him, as too frequently presenting an easy means for the most corrupt mind to obtain a credit for piety. But he has a little mistaken his right path in this portion of his subject. In lauding the peaceful aspect of a country village on the Sabbath, he has not only fallen into a strain of common and indifferent sentiment, but has positively erred against truth and plain reason. The fields may, and we have often thought do, look more cheerful, more green and balmy on a Sunday, than on any other day of the week, and the cattle we have no doubt seem, and really are, more happy when browsing freely on the fresh herbage, than when toiling on the dusty road; but the arcadianism of our imagination ends, when we turn from these objects and examine our own species. So far as we have been able to observe for ourselves, we have seen very little in country villages on a Sunday, which would warrant us to consider, that it is better kept in such places than in the capital. The circumstances in fact, which make the principal figure in our author's description, fully disprove the idea of there being more piety in the one than in the other; for it signifies little in reality, whether the sanctity of the day be broken by the coquetry of a village maiden, or that of a fashionable lady in the park. As he chose to consider the subject on its religious bearings, he should have weighed things with a more honest balance. If he had done this, he would have seen that, notwithstanding the apparent tranquillity of the country on the seventh day, there is in truth as little religion there as any where; that, though in our good nature we should be inclined to regard a village curate as of all creatures the most benevolent, there are as many country as city parsons, harsh, overbearing, and unattentive among their flocks. Nothing, indeed, can be more erroneous than the mandlin affectation which would pretend to find religion more pure, in proportion to the rusticity of its habitation. If it be harder for the rich than for the poor to persevere in their duty, it is every where the same, and the latter have equal reasons for seeking the supports of religion, whether they endure their hardships in a clay-built hovel, or in the close and suffocating garret of a London lodging-house. And whenever the call of feeling or necessity appeals with equal force, it will be equally attended to;—that this is the case in regard to religion, we want no other evidence, than the crowded manner in which places of worship of every kind are attended in the metropolis; both churches and chapels having in many instances larger congregations than are to be seen in any other town in the kingdom. Our author, we fear, has taken this part of his subject upon the trust of other people's report, or has contented himself with peeping into one or two of the city churches

which stand in parishes filled only with warehouses or counting houses. Far better would it have been if he had filled the pages occupied with the above observations, in attacking that most dangerous instrument of popular demoralization, the Sunday Newspaper press. The disgraceful abuses which are suffered to exist in the publication of Journals on that day, cry loudly for the attention of the legislature. Considered merely in regard to the positive breach of the law which they occasion, by their sale and dispersion, and as they obviously and directly interfere with those solemn calls to sober and retired reflection which the season offers, they are a disgrace to a country pretending to keep the Sabbath holy; but putting aside any over-strained sentiments on the subject, let the Sunday Newspapers be examined by any person not totally indifferent to honesty of feeling, or decency of thought, and they will be found to contain not merely the ordinary matter of the public journals, and which may not be exactly fit for the attention on a day of sober repose, but the most disgusting details, the most virulent slanders, and the basest sentiments which the lowest minded wretches can collect and put together. There is nothing so wonderful to us, as that any man of sense and good feeling should add his support to such a public nuisance, by buying a single number of any Sunday Newspaper that sees the light.

Our author is far more successful in his chapter on Babylonian Iniquities, than in that on Sunday in the capital. In the former, he treats with his usual good sense, on the disposing causes to crime in the metropolis—such as want of connections, bad examples, and the variety of temptations to which it gives birth, both professional and domestic. On this important subject, much is every day being said by preachers, philosophers, and judges; but while the science of political economy, and every other science is making rapid progress, that which attempts to account for the increase or diminution of crime, is still in its cradle, and so must it continue to be till it begins to be pursued in a different manner to that in which it has hitherto been studied. It is safer to theorize on any thing than on human passion and the various issues of the human heart, and whenever it is done without a positive acquaintance with particulars, it leads to fatal and irretrievable mistakes. But so far from laws and ordinances being framed by the rules which the study of human nature dictates, they are, generally speaking, the result of a present and accidental necessity—humanity being afterwards obliged to fit itself as well as it can to the established but imperfect measure. No system of laws, either human or divine; no preventative of crime, taken either from an act of parliament or the scriptures, can effect any thing, till the classes whom they most concern are better known than at present. It is to the neglect of all personal inspection into the condition of the poor, that the nullity of our religious institutions is to be ascribed, the inefficiency of the cri-

minimal law, and the fruitlessness of public executions and other punishments. Of the immense advantage which would accrue, by a deeper and more practical knowledge of the immediate sources of individual crime, we have a striking instance in the influence which many of the chaplains to the public prisons, obtain over the culprits whom they visit. If such a knowledge were more general, and applied in the business of legislating to protect us against crime, the effects would be shortly seen in the diminution of offences against society, and in the decreasing length of the Old Bailey calendar. But the consideration of this subject would very easily lead us beyond our limits, and we must turn to a part of the volume before us, which introduces to the notice of the reader, a circumstance not generally contemplated as directly tending to increase crime in the metropolis, but which we agree with the author in considering as a very material injury to the morals of the lower orders.

‘ Still another cause, if not so directly as these of the production, yet of the concentration and concoction of crimes and criminals, which exists in the nature of the Babylon itself, more especially within these few years, is that which may be denominated the *local*, or perhaps the *architectural*, — the numbers of small houses that have been created in the outskirts of the town. These have been constructed at a cheap rate, out of the ruins of old buildings and the rubbish of new. The builders seem never to have considered whether these were wanted or not; and thus they have erected hundreds of them in places where there is not work for a single labourer, and which consequently such a labourer could not occupy without wasting a good deal of his time and his strength in going to and from his work. Those then who have built them have been obliged to leave them empty, to let them, if that was possible, at an under-value, or to sell them for what they would bring. The first of these modes would, from the fragile nature of the materials and the imperfect manner in which they are put together, soon be a total loss; and therefore the choice is between the second and the third, and it is determined, not with any reference to the good or the evil of society, but by the wealth or the poverty of the builder. If the former be his condition, he himself beats up for such tenants as he can get; and if the latter, he finds a purchaser, a more efficient agent in the same operation; and the “new row,” with some sounding name upon it, is forthwith converted into a den of thieves. These dens are usually found in back lanes, and obscure and remote places, which are unpaved, covered with mud and mire, imperfectly lighted, if lighted at all, and into which the guardians of the night never deign to look,—as their operations there would be all labour and no reward, and the labour would not be unaccompanied with danger.

‘ When a place of this description once gets haunted with such characters, there is hardly any possibility of ejecting them. The landlord will not do it, because he would have no chance of getting other tenants; nobody else can, unless they were to indict the houses as nuisances; and as one is just as much a nuisance as another, there is of course nobody to complain.

‘Whether this evil admits of any remedy, is not for me to say; but this much is certain, that, if the wise men—and some of them are very wise—who “dine and do more” for the out-parishes of the Babylon, would devote to it a very small portion of the time and attention which they devote to the swelling of the local imposts, and the mystification of the local expenditure, possibly they might do some good, and certainly they could not make matters worse than they are without their interference—and that, in their case, is saying more than those who are not familiar with the municipalities of the Babylon are aware of.

‘The plans are bad, not only on account of the parties to whom these low houses are let, but on account of the other characters that they receive as lodgers and inmates. The houses look so new and so simple, and the starved pigs nozzle and grunt about with such an air of destitution in the lane, that you would think the whole row a chosen dwelling of innocence; but such are the places to which stolen goods are taken for concealment, in which base coin is manufactured, and to which an occasional “nodding” peripatetic is wiled in the evenings, and haply not heard of again, save in the newspapers, as “the gentleman who left his lodgings.”

‘These are not the only places of the Babylon, where misery and crime are produced by lodging-houses for miscellaneous persons; for among the poorer tradesmen of the place it is too much the custom to rent houses, of many times the extent they have any use for, and let off the greater part. This distracts their attention, and corrupts their morals; they all become demi-theives, that is, they board upon those with whom they lodge, and if the occupation be profitable, they care not much for the morality.’—vol. ii. pp. 227—230.

The above is a good specimen of that practical wisdom which is discernable in most parts of the ‘Second Judgment of Babylon the Great.’ Occasionally, as we have observed, the author lets himself fall into a vein of observation which has never the merit of originality, and is sometimes rendered worse than useless by false sentiment; but generally the work is written with strength, and is replete with pertinent remark, showing how much wisdom a man may earn as he traverses the crowded streets of this great mart of existence, and what importance he may give to his own personal experience, by only looking to the right and the left, as he mixes with the thousands who are hurried on by the restless passions of their common nature. In many respects we totally differ from the author in some of the views he has taken, nor would a stranger to the metropolis find him in all points a safe or sufficient guide; but no one can peruse the work without discovering in it new materials for reflection, and the moral tone of thought which accompanies the speculations into which the writer enters, gives us confidence in the correct principles with which he has pursued his inquiries.

ART. VIII.—*The History and Doctrines of Buddhism, popularly illustrated; with notices of the Kappooism, or Demon Worship, and of the Bali, or Planetary Incantations of Ceylon.* By Edward Upham, M. R. A. S. With Fifty-three Lithographic Prints, from original Singalese designs. London: Ackermann. 1829.

It is with a kind of reverence we open a volume professing to illustrate a system of religion which has governed, for so many ages, the destinies of three hundred millions of the human race. It is to us a holy book;—sanctified, not by the sublimity of the doctrines it develops, but by the magnitude of their results; and drawing attention to speculations less on the power of the Deity, than on the weakness of that strange, mysterious, and awful being, man. There is a peculiar magnificence in the mythologies of the East. Their gods sweep vast and stately along, in a procession which draws the gaze and the worship of unnumbered millions; a dreadful air of antiquity rests on the

“ ——— dark, backward and abysm of time,”

from which the high cortege has issued; and we are haunted as we look, with a consciousness of power—a kind of poetical idea of fate—which blinds us for the moment to the monstrous impossibilities of the scene.

The idolatry of the Budha is invested with even more of the grandeur of a religion of the senses, than that of its rival Brahmenism. An uncreated world; an eternal progression of events—of rise, change, and decay; the fire, the water, and the wind, sweeping periodically the whole system to destruction; a germ of self-existence, hidden amidst the ruins, then distending, rising, bursting into a new heaven and a new earth; another cycle of terrestrial ages; another crush of the elements of matter; another renewal of this mortal immortality—another—another—another—till the pursuing, panting imagination loses itself in the gulph of eternity. Such are some of the dogmas of Buddhism, on the existence of the world; nor has the inventor of this extraordinary system been less successful in fascinating the human sympathies than in dazzling the human imagination. He threw down the odious barriers of caste; opened the arms of his religion to the whole human race; proclaimed the soul to be immortal, elevated man even above the gods themselves, inasmuch as on the earth alone, and from among the families of men, can a candidate arise for the honours of the Budha. To this peculiarity must be attributed the increase of a religion, which holds within its vast embrace nearly a third part of mankind.

From whatever quarter the faith originally came, India was the centre from which it radiated over the rest of Asia. From hence, says Sir William Jones, in enumerating the dominions under its influence, “ turning your eyes in idea to the north, you have on your right many important kingdoms in the eastern peninsula: the

ancient and powerful empire of China, with all her Tartarian dependencies; and that of Japan, with the clusters of precious islands, in which so many singular curiosities have too long been concealed. Before you lies that prodigious chain of mountains, which formerly, perhaps, were a barrier against the violence of the sea; and beyond them the very interesting country of Thibet, and the vast regions of Tartary." To this immense space, Mr. Upham correctly adds the ultra-Gangetic kingdoms of Birma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China,—comprising the region between the Ganges, the Indian Ocean, and China.

In a confined space like ours, it would be in vain to attempt presenting even an outline of the various opinions entertained with regard to the antiquity of the system. Mr. Upham is disposed to allow a very wide latitude to Buddhist Chronology, beginning with the *modern* era at a thousand years before Christ. * "The *original* Budha," says Mr. Horace Wilson, the secretary of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, "seems to be of Scythian or Tartar extraction, and to have existed above one thousand years before Christ. The records of China, as mentioned by M. De Guigne, assign about this date, and call Cashmir the seat of his nativity. The Rajah Tarinjini, however, or history of Cashmir, which may, by reasonable inferences, be made to agree tolerably well with the Chinese statement of the date, does not mention where he was born, and connects the prevalence of his religion in Cashmir with a Tartar, or Tarushca, a Turk, or Scythian subjugation of the country. The existence of the Budhaic creed in Tartary, may be traced from a very early period to the present day, and is a corroborative proof of its indigenous origin. Although, however, the northern origin of the Budha might be easily made out more satisfactorily, the fact is scarcely worth investigating with reference to the present condition of the Budha faith: there is merely a nominal connexion between them, the real founder being Gautama, the son of Sudhodana, a prince of Maghada, or Bahar, who flourished in the eighth century before Christ, or 542. This personage might have borrowed the ante-vedaic notions of the elder Budha, and the tenderness for animal life; he was probably, however, instigated very much by animosity towards the Brahmins, as it is a curious part of the history of a religious innovator, that he should be a Chetriya, or of the military caste," †

* 'It is manifest,' he says, 'that a powerful Budhirt monarchy was established on the banks of the Ganges at a much earlier epoch, as the accounts of the Magadhan empire record, that a powerful kingdom existed at Hortinapoor, at the very remote period of 1900 years antecedent to the Christian era.'—*Introduction*, p. 12.

† From some learned notes furnished to Mr. Crawford on his setting out on a mission to the courts of Siam and Cochin China.—See *Crawford's Embassy*, p. 360.

Without pausing to inquire whether we are warranted in tracing the system farther back, we may mention that M. Abel Remusat has furnished us with an historical account of thirty-two successive patriarchs or teachers of the Buddhist doctrine, beginning at one thousand years before Christ, and bringing down the series to the year 713, A. D. * The three most remarkable personages of the period included between these two dates, were Sakia, or Zaca Sinha, † Gaudma Budha, and Wijya Sinha. Of the first and the last very little is known; but the era of Gaudma, or Gautama, has been ascertained to commence at 543 years before Christ; and it is he, according to the Buddhists, by whose laws the world is now governed, and will be governed for 2657 years from the 1st of May, 1801, of the Christian era.

The inquiry into the priority of the two systems of the Buddhists and the Brahmins, is not one of much importance; but the manner in which it has been treated by M. Joinville and others, involves a question in the history of the human mind, as connected with religious impressions, on which we are the more anxious to deliver our opinion, that we find ourselves forced, while admitting their postulate, to draw an inference diametrically opposite.

"We find the religion of the Budha in ancient times," says M. Joinville, "extending from the North of Tartary to Ceylon, and from the Indies to Siam; in the same manner we see that of Brahma followed in the same countries, and for as long a space of time. It is therefore not in history, but in the precepts of the two religions, that are to be found the data by which to decide this question." * * * "I am rather of opinion, upon a comparison of the two religions, that that of Budha is the more ancient, for the following reasons:—The religion of Budha, having extended itself in very remote times, through many parts of India, was in many respects monstrous and unformed. An uncreated world, and mortal souls, an idea to be held only in an infant state of society, and as society advances such ideas must vanish. *A fortiori*, they cannot be established in opposition to a religion already prevailing in a country, the fundamental articles of which are, the creation of the world, and the immortality of the soul. Ideas in opposition to all religion cannot gain ground, at least cannot make head, where there is already an established faith; whence it is fair to infer, that if Buddhism could not have established itself among the Brahmins, and if it has been established in their country, it must be the more ancient of the two."

The mistake in this inference arises from an assumption, contrary to all history and all analogy, that there is a certain principle of progression in the human character, which admits of no relapse,

* *Melanges Asiatiques*, tome i. p. 113.

† Mr. Wilson supposes this to be merely a name of Guatama; but whether it is so or not is a matter of no consequence, chronologers being agreed in affixing 1000 years B. C. if not as the date of the origin of Buddhism, yet as a period when Buddhism did exist.

and which invariably advances from error to truth. The fallacy of this idea is sufficiently demonstrated in the history of the arts and sciences; but in religion more particularly, to those who can found their reasoning upon "a wide knowledge of the fates of nations, and upon just views of human nature," it appears pre-eminently conspicuous." We would say more distinctly, after the elegant and learned writer we have just quoted, that in religion itself, at least among the Gentile nations, we may observe a certain progression from purity to star-worship, from star-worship to polytheism, and thence to the grossest idolatry. A distaste of superstition then perhaps returns, and purity is retrieved—and after all, a few "new adopted deities, from some outskirts of the scheme, may make way for a multiplication of mysteries; and that for a relapse into ignorance and credulity."†

Moreover, as far as we have been able to penetrate into the shades of antiquity, we have found at every step the faith more pure and the worship more simple. The adoration of one Almighty God seems to have prevailed at some early time through the entire world. In the beginning of the third century of the Hejeira, when the celebrated re-action took place among the wild followers of Mohammed, which caused the whole circle of polite learning to be known in Europe, under the name of *Studium Arabum*, the books of the Zabians opened to the enthusiastic researches of the scholars of Arabia. There, it was found, in the opinion of the most learned Doctors, as we are informed by the historian Abul-Faragi, "that the religion and rites of the Zabians were the very same with those of the ancient Chaldeans; and that their chief seat was in Haran, on the Chaldean border, where they had their grand temple on the top of a hill."‡ The principal point of the doctrine was a belief in the eternity of the world, and in a co-eternal mind—which formed precisely the religion of the old Chaldean, in which Abraham was educated among his countrymen; and which served as the foundation for the system of the magi, or priests, of the Assyrian, Median, and Persian empires. And that this pure worship of one God by prayer and incense was by no means peculiar to Chaldea, we have in sundry places the authority of scripture to believe.§

The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, gloried in being the "first of mankind who built temples, reared altars, and created statues to the gods;" or, in other words, who introduced idolatry.

* 'Blackwell's Letters concerning Mythology, p. 363. † Ibid.

‡ 'Historia Dynast. Dynast. ix.

§ 'Melchisedec, a Canaanitish prince, was a priest of the most High God. Genes. xiv. 18. Abimelech, King of Gerar in Palestine, was not astonished at the appearance of a heavenly vision. Ibid. xx. 4, 5. We may instance, also, the Arab Job, and, in later times, Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, a priest of the true God, in the land of Midian; as well as Balaam, the Aramite (Syrian).'

Among the ancient Persians, fire was only the symbol of the one true God.* But it is needless to multiply instances which must be fresh in the mind of every scholar; and still more so, to detail the changes by which "ideas contrary to religion" came to make head, "as society advanced," when there had been already "an established faith."

Neither are we better pleased with Mr. Upham's account of the causes of those desperate wars of Brahma and Budha, which filled India with blood for some centuries. "The great schism," says he, "which divided the Eastern world, and made the union irreconcilable, seems in fact to have originated in the period wherein the mounis, or teachers of the Buddhist doctrine, either from a reforming principle, or a love of power, or a combination of both, proceeded to have their own theories, or sacred books, not explanatory of, but in direct opposition to, the Vedas: teaching their followers, that they alone were true believers of the saving faith, throwing down the barriers of caste, and elevating the dogmas of the faith above the sacerdotal class, and admitting every one who felt an inward desire to the ministry and preaching of their religion." In our opinion, this irreconcilable difference begun with the first establishment of the sect, and was not the effect of an after thought, or spirit of encroachment and proselytism, on the part of the Buddhists. The two doctrines are diametrically opposed to each other—where one is, the other cannot be. The schism, as it appears to us, was the effort of a rude attempt at reform—a popular rising against the intolerable tyranny of the Brahmins, originated, and organized, by some ignorant Mahomet of the north of India. Political reform was the ostensible, but personal aggrandizement the real object; and to obtain either, it was necessary, in the early ages of the world, to pretend to some share in its supernatural government, or at least to some peculiar influence with the beings who govern it. The ninth incarnation of Vishnu in the person of Budha, formed an admirable *point d'appui* for the reformers; for Budha himself—this personage of the Hindoo mythology, was a reformer. "Thou blamest," says a Hindoo poet, apostrophizing Vishnu, "Thou blamest, O Wonderful, the whole Veda, when thou seest, O kind hearted, the slaughter of cattle prescribed for sacrifice, O Cesava,† assuming the body of Budha. Be victorious, O Heri, lord of the Universe!" To this day, therefore, Budha forms a part of the Hindoo religion; although in his worship, mingling with adoration, there is sometimes observed a strain of reproach; drawn forth, no doubt, by the imprudence which occasioned so many disasters to the Brahmins.

Who this distinguished individual was, and whence he came, who assumed the character of Budha, for the purpose of overturning

* 'Hyde, De religione veterum Persarum.

† Names of Vishnu.

the religion of millions, are questions, of course, of much interest. The statues of the different Budhas, it might be supposed, would assist in determining the country of the originals.

‘ By bearing in mind the circumstance that there are four principal Budhas operating upon the doctrines of the present mundane period, we shall find many statues of the Budha exhibiting physiognomic traits of different races of beings, plainly referable to their own periods of time, and to other varieties of the human species than the Tartar or Caucasian tribes; such specimens present themselves in several of the idols of the Budha, preserved in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. The principal idol of the Budha Gaudma in Europe, may certainly be deemed that which now stands in the vestibule of the British Museum. *

* * The statue is nearly five feet in height, and exhibits the form of a young man, in a contemplative attitude; the features are placid, and on a cursory view they might be deemed vacant; but it should be observed, that the point of development invariably aimed at by the Buddhists, seems to be the idea of abstract thought, or absorption: it forms their *beau ideal*, and is the main tenet of Buddhism. This air of calmness, serenity, indifference, or whatever it may be defined, is accompanied with a cold smile; the expression indeed rarely pleases, but it may be fairly assumed that few persons could long regard the features, without their gaining at length in a certain degree on the attention, and calling forth reflection. This perhaps is the very impression which the Indian, as well as the Egyptian sculpture, aimed at producing, for M. Denon has illustrated this point with equal felicity and strength of sentiment, in his remarks on the Colossi of Gournon, and on the Sphynx; and it may not perhaps be thought irrelevant to observe, that the Memnon and Horus in the British Museum, as well as the most ancient Greek statues, the Eginetan forms, are all improved with the characteristic smile of the Budha Gaudma. The hair is crisped or curled; it has no resemblance to the flowing character; and whether indicative of an Ethiopic origin or not, at all events it manifestly differs from the locks of the natives, which are long and lank; and moreover, in its close shorn character, it is altogether at variance with their mode of wearing their hair long and flowing, since they esteem it a mark of freedom to have it hanging over their shoulders, while short or cropped hair is held to be a badge of subjection.” * * * “ Much difference of opinion has taken place as to the character of physiognomy, and the race to which the principal statues of Budha belong. Some of them certainly exhibit the Ethiopian, or Negro marks; nor can it be wondered at, that a person so universally revered throughout the East, should be presented to us under the forms of his respective followers; whether the African model may not have superseded the Indian, we cannot in our present state of knowledge of the faith determine. In point of fact, the Budha Gaudma in the British Museum, does not furnish a resemblance of the Indo-Chinese; they are a race of a short squat athletic make, while the figure of the idol is slender, and the hair totally different; the eye certainly resembles theirs, for it partakes of the elongated form which is peculiar to the Tartar tribes; it is almost closed, and their whole attitude is that of thought and repose.”’
—pp. 16—18.

So far Mr. Upham; and perhaps it was wise to avoid the

discussion of so mysterious a subject. But the traditional connection which has subsisted from very early times between Ethiopia and India, is one of the most curious things in history. Homer notices two races of Ethiopians, those of the east and west; and Strabo tells us, that these did not differ from each other in physiognomy.* Herodotus also mentions a nation of Ethiopians inhabiting Upper Egypt, and another in the East.† In the Canon Chronicus of the laborious scholar, John Marsham, we find collected the testimonies of ancient writers on this subject.‡ After noticing, after Eusebius, an expedition under Amenophis, in which “Ethiopes, ab Indo flumine consurgentes, juxta Egyptum conseruerunt,” he translates from Philostrates—“Quondam, inquit, fuit tempus, quando Ethiopes haec loca incoluerunt, gens Indica: nondum autem erat Ethiopia: sed Egyptus terminabatur super Meröen et Catadupas, et tam fontes Nili quam ostia continebat;” and adds, “Dicit etiam illos, ob Gangis regis sui cædem, ab alliis Indis impuros habitos, tandem portentis patria ejectos fuisse.”

Can it be that the struggle had already begun between the Buddhists and Brahmins, and that this colony of eastern Ethiopians was composed of a party of the former, overpowered and driven from their country? That Egypt was peopled from the Asiatic side of the Red Sea there can be no doubt; as we find the same variety of the human race extending from the banks of the Ganges, to some distance in the north of Africa.§ But how then comes the crisped hair of Gaudma, and the negro faces of the other Budhas? Is it altogether improbable that a line of negro kings may have reigned over the Asiatic refugees? Or, as the descriptions of the Budhas, unlike their statues, are strictly Asiatic, is it more likely that the idol makers may have copied in their statues, simply, the strangest, or most striking, physiognomy presented to them?

We now present our readers with a sketch of the wild system of the Buddhists.

* The universe is considered to be unlimitedly extensive, and to contain so many Sackwalles,|| that if one of them were filled to the brim with mustard seed, and the same distributed at the rate of one seed to a Sackwalle, the mustard seeds would be consumed before all the Sackwalles should be supplied with the same.

† Of these Sackwalles, our world is represented to be the happiest, and is highly esteemed for its producing Budhas, which no other does, and consequently it has a name peculiar to itself, Magul, or happy Sackwalle.

‡ It is, as other Sackwalles, encircled by a rocky wall, 3,610,350 yodoons in circumference, arranging itself with distinct worlds, one over the other, at a fixed distance of 42,000 yodoons, beginning from the bottom till the top, viz. First the air, next the water, and then the earth

* Lib. 2.

† Lib. 7. c. 70.

‡ Page 335—7.

§ Blumenbach, On the Unity of the Human Race, French translation, p. 286.

|| ‘A set of all kinds of worlds, situated one over the other, within a circular, rocky wall, called Chakrawarty.’

supported thereon, within which are situated the thirty-six great, and one hundred and twenty-eight subordinate hells, and the world of Nagas or the divine snakes; and on the surface of the earth is situated the human world, over which stand the six heavens of the Dewa Loka gods, one over the other. Above those are the sixteen heavens of Brahmas, one over the other. The uppermost heavens of Brahmas are indissoluble, but all the rest are dissolved and created by themselves at every periodical season, called culpa.' * * * 'Budha is so rare that numerous culpas often pass without blessing the world with a Budha, but this present culpa, luckily producing five Budhas (of whom four are past, and one is expected,) is styled Maha Budha-culpa.

'When the days of a culpa are completed, and the rain ceased, six more suns will be added to the present, making seven suns altogether; they will alternately rise and set without making any distinction of night, and shine with such mighty heat, till they have consumed to ashes the whole universe, including even the great rock Maha-meru; when that is done, the whole of the universe will be inundated, and in time become icy, and so remain.

'When the Brahmas of the several heavens see this ice, many of them have a desire to walk upon and taste it; and so continuing for some length of time, walking on and tasting it, they are transformed to males and females, and then the carnal desire is created in them, and from that moment they cease to be Brahmas, and remain upon the same in pairs, without being able to go back to their heavens. They are, nevertheless, well contented with their situation, and the ice proves to them delicate food, having a heavenly taste. They need not the light of a sun, for the illumination of their own bodies give them ample light.

'This is the origin of the human world, but in time the illumination of their own bodies subsiding, the necessity of a sun was felt, which was accordingly formed, as well as a moon; thus the divine nature retained by them being diminished, and the ice consumed, the earth proved to be excellent food, having a delicate savour; next which they lived upon a certain creeping plant produced by the earth, and then mushrooms; so by degrees they lost all their miraculous and delicate food, the brightness of their bodies, and the great age they were possessed of, and other such things. They were then necessitated to build houses for their shelter, and to labour for their subsistence; their work, however, was light and easy at first, as the planting of one single grain of suyanjata-ell (a kind of heavenly grain without husk) produced a harvest of such abundance, that many families might be supported by it for a year.

'By the diminution of the happiness of the human world, and the gradual increase of wickedness, mankind found the necessity of a ruler being elected, and accordingly an immense concourse of people assembling together, one among them was appointed to be their king; he became immediately a mighty monarch, and, as he was elected by the universal consent of the people, he was called Maha-sammata, and is the first king of the human world in the culpa, who reigned many thousands of years. His posterity, as well as the posterity of the whole human race, losing their might, age, and happiness, have been by degrees brought to their present state; and by their future increase of sins, this deterioration shall go on until the world shall be reduced to an extremely mean state, when men

shall live no longer than ten years, and their stature be reduced to a very diminutive size; when a quarterly dissolution will take place, by which almost all the animals will perish, excepting those that will take shelter under the rocks and in caves, without being wetted even by a single drop of that dreadfully destructive element, which will continually fall in torrents for seven days, each drop of the size of *nepera* and *palmeira* trees, according to a previous notice given by a Deweta. Such as are wetted even by a single drop of this rain, shall appear to each other as tigers and bears, and whatever they handle shall become destructive weapons; so they will assault each other till they all perish.

‘They that are saved under the rocks, and in caves, on coming forth after the devastation, shall see this awful destruction of the world, and shall be greatly amended themselves, and renounce one sin forbidden by one of the five commandments of the Budha; their children shall renounce two sins, their grandchildren three sins, and so on. Their longevity, size, and the productions of the soil, shall increase by degrees, and the world shall be totally free from sin and wickedness, till its inhabitants increase so much in age and happiness as to think themselves immortal, and then they will relapse by degrees into depravity.

‘Except the worlds, which are dissolved and created by themselves, by periodical reactions, without any final beginning or end; all living things depend on two principles, *koosula-karma*, and *akoosula-karma*, or the merits of good deeds and bad deeds. A man by the merit of his good deeds may be born a god, and for bad deeds an ant; and this is the case with all living things, including gods. The heaven is not to yield its happiness for ever to any being, nor the hell its misery, but only as long as their good and evil deeds deserve. Thus the souls of all living things, in every Sackwalle, are liable to removal from one body to another, according to their respective merits. Men, after death, may be born again as any kinds of animals, gods, men, devils, &c.; and even so the beasts or other beings, may exist again as men or gods according to their deserts.

‘Budha enacted three degrees of doctrine in 84,000 sections; one concerning gods, the second the clergy, and the third the laity. Besides numerous precepts which he enacted for the observation of the priests of the highest and higher orders, there are ten commandments, five of which are to be observed by the common disciples, eight by the speakers, or holy priests, and the whole (ten) by the Sameneras, or priests of the lowest quality, viz.

‘TABLE I.

- ‘1. Thou shalt not kill.
- ‘2. Thou shalt not steal.
- ‘3. Thou shalt not commit fornication.
- ‘4. Thou shalt not say any manner of falsehood.
- ‘5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor.

‘TABLE II.

‘In this, four of the five commandments are the same as in the first table, the third commandment only being altered; for, after thou shalt not commit fornication, this adds, nor even admit a lustful desire, nor suffer the touch of a woman, and then come the three following:

- ‘6. Thou shalt not eat at an unpermitted hour.

' 7. Thou shalt abstain from dancing, singing, and playing music, nor shalt thou see them.

' 8. Thou shalt not use high and great seats.

' TABLE III.

' The eight foregoing.

' 9. Thou shalt abstain from the use of flowers and perfumes of all sorts.

' 10. Thou shalt not receive, use, or touch gold, silver, and coins of metal, or any other kind.'—pp. 79—82.

In the foregoing account of the fate of the universe, there is no mention of the destruction by wind, the grand and final cataclysm. There is something very nearly a kin to the sublime in the description of this consummation in the Asiatic Researches, vi. 242—244, which Mr. Upham throws into a note.

' There are three remote causes for the destruction of the world, luxury, anger, and ignorance; from these, by the power of fate, arise the physical or proximate causes, viz. fire, water, and wind. The first two causes have been described; the third, by wind, seems to be the most universal and overwhelming: the writings relate that a thousand years before such event, a certain Nat descends to this island; his hair is dishevelled, his countenance mournful, and his garments black; he passes every where through the public ways and streets, with doleful voice announcing the approaching disaster. In the same manner as the fowls of heaven, and the fish of the sea, by a certain natural instinct, have a foreboding of storms, so the Nat perceives the approach of a world's destruction.

' When the world is to be destroyed by wind, the Nat having finished his warnings, a fine rain falls, but it is the last rain during that world. The wind begins to blow, and gradually increases; at first it only raises sand and small stones, but at length it whirls about large rocks, and the summits of mountains; then shaking the whole earth, it dissipates this and the others, with all the habitations of the Nat, *Rupa* and *Arupa*, and scatters them through the immense extent of the skies.

' Each world has sixty-four periods before the grand or final cataclysm;* out of sixty-four times, it is fifty-six times destroyed by fire, seven times by water, and once only by wind.

' Thus it appears that, in the great final catastrophe of wind, the whole universe is dashed in pieces, and scattered throughout the extent of space. This, therefore, being the most dreaded of all misfortunes, is the very catastrophe alluded to by the Celtic inhabitants of the countries bordering the Danube. When Alexander inquired of them what they most feared? their reply was "that the heavens would fall on their heads."—p. 81.

We must now advert more particularly to Budha himself, the pivot of the whole curious machine; and we shall begin by transcribing an Indian legend quoted by Mr. Upham, which exhibits the Brahminical version of the story of the Budha Avator, which differs only in unimportant particulars from that of the Buddhists themselves:

' Budha was born of Maha-Maya, the wife of Suddhadana, Rajah of

* Mr. Upham must mean sixty-three periods.

Caïlas. As soon as he saw the light, he was placed by Brahma in a golden vessel, and delivered to a female attendant, but the child alighting, walked seven steps without her assistance. A sage, who, on the news of his birth, repaired to the palace, wept and laughed alternately as soon as he beheld the wonderful child, because he divined appearances both of good and bad import. From marks of a wheel upon his arm, three pundits declared that he would become a Rajah Chackrawarty, and the fourth that he would arrive at the dignity of an avatar. The boy was now named Sacya, and at sixteen espoused the daughter of the Rajah Chahidan. Certain mysteries being revealed to him, he renounced the world, and became an ascetic, and clothed himself in Zalmoxis's garments, which he discovered in one of the five flowers that appeared at the creation of the world. A traveller passed by, and presented to him eight bundles of grass; Sacya accepted the offering, and reposed upon it; suddenly a golden temple appeared, on the summit thereof Brahma alighted to hold a canopy over Sacya Indea Naya, and the four tutelary deities of the earth, attended to do him homage. At the same time the chief rebel, Asoor, with all his forces, came to give battle to Sacya, upon which Brahma Indea, and the other deities, fled. Sacya, perceiving that he was left alone, invoked the assistance of the Earth, who suddenly brought on a mighty deluge, which compelled the Asoors to retire. Then the Holy Scriptures descended from above, and Sacya became the Budha Avatar.

When stripped, however, of all the fables of a wild mythology, it would seem that this being destined to become the prophet and legislator of the nations, was understood at first merely as a man, qualified to teach and govern by innumerable transmigrations into different forms of existence. Passing through human life, in every grade of society; inhabiting successively the bodies of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles; sometimes a demon; sometimes a god; but, through all his transmigrations, exhibiting virtues almost super-human, conquering the five deadly sins, mortifying the flesh, abstracting the spirit from the concerns of mortality, and leaving behind him a glorious example to the species of which he was the ornament and guide—at length the destined Saviour arrives at a state of absolute perfection, which is implied, in mythological figure, by his passing into the heavens. He is thus a god, which, in Buddhism, means nothing more than a being in a state of happiness, and whose peculiar privileges are the *power* of transmigration, and an exemption from the *necessity* of the metamorphosis. Having been recognised by the preceding Budhas as a worthy successor, or in other words, his life having been conformable to their precepts, he assumes the Budhaship himself, and promulgates, in a new doctrine, the results of his varied experience. In pursuance of this object, he sometimes adopts a variety of metamorphoses, or, to pursue the explication, divides, with numerous individuals, the office of teaching.

Such, in a few words, is the only rational account that can be given of the Budha; but how vast and complicated is the system of which this is the centre! Yet how, it may be asked, can the

preaching of the Budha affect the doctrines of men, in a condition of which an eternal and inevitable necessity is the ruler? The question, in the present state of our knowledge of the doctrine, cannot be answered. Mr. Upham supposes that the Buddhism with which we are acquainted, consists of the fragments of two systems, one ancient and one modern; but after all, the difficulties are, perhaps, not greater than those involved in the system of Mahommedanism, and even in those of some sects of necessitarian Christians. One thing is certain, that in modern Buddhism, it is taught that an adherence of the human race to the divine rules, may even avert, for a certain time, the destruction of the world; while it will certainly lead individuals to Nirwana, or the heaven of eternal bliss, which alone is exempted from the laws of decay and reproduction.

Of Nirwana, the heaven of heavens, there is no detailed description; it being merely designed as containing the opposite of every evil that can befall humanity; but the account of one of the inferior heavens, of the Dewa Loka, may by comparison give some idea of the surpassing glory of the former. Its great city is of a square form, surrounded by a gilded wall. The gates are of gold and silver, surrounded with precious stones. Around the city are seven moats; beyond them, a row of marble pillars studded with jewels, and beyond these, seven rows of palm trees, the fruit of which is rubies, pearls, and gold. Lakes, flowers, and shrubs, enrich the ground of this heavenly district; and in particular the padze-zebayn trees, on which magnificent garments, and delicious viands hang, instead of fruit. To the north-east there is an immense hall, from the roof of which hang golden balls; and its walls, pillars, and stairs shine with gold, and precious stones. The pavement is of chrystal, and each row of pillars contains one hundred columns. Whenever the god Sekkraia repairs to this hall, the flowers are instantly shaken from the trees (on which new ones are as instantly produced) and fill the avenue of his approach knee-deep. The imperial throne, surmounted by the white chettra, or umbrella, glitters with gold, pearls, and other jewels; and is surrounded by the thirty-two shrines of the counsellors of Budha, behind which are the other Nat gods, while the inferior gods discourse heavenly music with their voices and instruments. The business commences by the inferior deities setting forth, according to command, to perambulate the world, for the purpose of noting the actions of mankind; and having returned with the golden book in which they had inserted their observations, it is passed from the hands of god to god, till it reaches Sekkraia, whose voice, as he reads it aloud, sounds over the whole heaven of Tavateinza.

The hells of the Budha are of proportionate horror; but even the damned, when born again, (for the metamorphosis does not finish in the infernal regions) if they perform good deeds and re-

pent of their transgressions, may at last reach Nirwana. In the hell called Sajewayaya, the condemned are torn to pieces by hot irons, and then exposed to intense cold. After a time the limbs unite, and are torn asunder again—and so on for five hundred infernal years. In another hell, they are hewn with red hot axes, and cut into eight or ten pieces with burning iron saws and hooks, for a thousand infernal years. In another the damned are squeezed with red hot iron rocks, rolling from the four sides of the hell; and ground among four burning mountains for two thousand years. In another, they are tormented by flame entering their body, by its nine openings, and consuming their hearts for four thousand years; in another, fire and smoke enter their bodies, and waste them away for eight thousand years; while tears as red as blood, and as hot as fire, issue from their eyes. In another, they are tumbled down headlong from a lofty burning mountain, and transfixed on red hot iron spits, on a red hot iron floor, where they are cut and torn with swords by the demons for sixteen thousand years. In another, they are placed on red hot iron rocks, and being unable to stand on them, fall down on the red hot iron floor, where they are received by red hot iron spikes as large as Palmeira logs, on which they are transfixed with their heads downwards.

In Ceylon, the religion of which it is the chief object of the book before us to illustrate, Buddhism appears to have had to struggle firmly against a native superstition common to Africa and other quarters distinguished by excessive ignorance. We allude to the worship of demons; and we cannot convey information on this head in a more interesting form, than by transcribing a passage from the Missionary Register, in which the Rev. Mr. Fox describes a midnight scene in the jungles of Ceylon.

‘The Nagas are the lower order of the gods; they are supposed to give the power to some men to blight all the fruit they look at, and this they call ‘aes-wasa,’ or eye-poison. I knew a native of whom his countrymen said that if he looked on a tree it would wither; they told me that the Naga-rajah, or king-serpent, was on him. Of the demons I can say little more than what I have been an eye-witness of; and being at that time but imperfectly acquainted with the language, I could not learn all I wished to know. Travelling a little after midnight on foot, with only one native, who served me as a guide, I heard the sound of tom-toms in the jungle; I ordered my guide to lead me to the place; he durst not refuse, but he seemed much afraid, although I then knew not why. We came at length to a temporary hut (which they call a maduwa) adorned in front with cocoa-nut leaves, and about sixty lamps made of coarse clay; I saw some shadows of men, but they disappeared, and on my approach I saw only the Kappooa dancing before the place, with hollow bangles on his arms, filled with stones, or some metallic substance, to make a jingle; in his hands he held two vessels filled with perfumes, in which mastic seemed to predominate; these in appearance somewhat resembled the hour-glass. He was singing something in Malabar (which I could not then understand) in a tone higher than is common with European voices.

My presence did not interrupt him, and my attendant could use no language I was acquainted with ; I therefore entered into the *maduwa* to learn all I could from observation. Opposite to the front of the *maduwa* was a clay image of a *yaksa*, or demon, on a frame ; before the image lay a sick man, near his feet was a wicker basket ; this I lifted up, and underneath it was a black fowl, which had been made blacker by soot, or some black ingredient. This, I afterwards understood, was to be slaughtered at the dawn of day, and its blood sprinkled on the image ; this is a very common service for the sick, and is usually performed before a new house is occupied, lest the demons should injure the inhabitants ; the same ceremony is usually observed after the birth of an infant, and a charm engraven on a thin plate of lead is given : this is deemed a secure defence against *yaksas*."

Mr. Upham, it will be observed, has performed a very difficult task in a very creditable manner, and the illustrative plates of the volume are highly curious and instructive. The work is, in every point of view, an acquisition both to the learned and the ignorant.

We conclude this too scanty notice with the concluding paragraph of our author.

' Buddhism has a vein of doctrine which breathes of ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers, when both its services and altars stood side by side with those of the Hindoo gods, and the worshippers of Brahma were delighted to honour the bright star of Budha in the planet Mercury. The records of history are for the present wanting to enable us clearly to trace out the period of the important moment and cause of that deadly struggle which took place between two great sects ; and which for centuries, we may infer, was continued amid the fiercest opposition. Still, however, the *Kammuva* and the various portions of doctrine scattered throughout these extracts, show that Buddhism founded itself in Ceylon, among a population whom it reclaimed from the Ophite, or serpent worship, and the worship of demons ; that Gaudma, as a reformer, came from India ; and that his sect reacted on India, by disseminating a doctrine impugning the authority of the Vedas, the Brahminical scriptures, by exalting the banner of Budha over them ; by overthrowing the claims of caste, and all the exclusive prerogative, upon which the sacerdotal class of India so pride themselves ; and especially by forming a potent and influential priesthood, *free and open to every class of the community*. By these decisive steps, the Budhists so menaced their power and existence, as to excite the religious hatred of the zealous Brahmins, to unceasing and unsparing hostility. The Budha, of the days of their union and primary concord, could not be plucked from his bright planet, but enough of Avatarism lurked in the system to melt him down to a form of Vishnu, and enough of the esoteric doctrine of the re-absorption of the soul, to give a colouring to the charge of atheism and heterodoxy alleged against modern Buddhism—a charge which, as it originates with the Brahmins, the bitterest enemies of the Budhists, so, it should be admitted, only upon other and unquestionable evidence, deduced from the tenets themselves. Without assuming any pretension to an intimate or thorough knowledge of Buddhism, or arrogating ought beyond an anxious and long protracted study of the complex, and even chaotic elements of that system, the conviction has powerfully struck

my mind, and become an essential point to state, that in Budhism there is mixed up a germ of intellectual motion, "a seed not swallowed up and lost in the wide womb of uncreated night," which speaks of moral responsibility, and responds to the realities of eternity; and gladly does the mind, which has thus feebly and imperfectly performed its task of endeavouring to unfold the Budhist philosophy, turn its feeble rays to the bright efflux of all knowledge, thus beautifully apostrophized by Bulstrode, an ardent admirer of Pythagoras, the most illustrious copyist of the Budha:—"Sempiterna Lux! nec honores nec divitias peto: me modò divinæ lucis radio illumines, et sapientia rerumque naturalium cognitione instruas, ut hisce à me probè perspectis, majutatum tuam, earum meique creatricem intensiore amore et ardore animi prosequar et adorem; ut cum mei transierint Dies (cœlesti regno tuo illatus), comparatio sim ad divina contemplanda, sapientiamque tuam amore seraphico amplexandam!"

ART. IX.—*A New System of Geology, in which the great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History.* By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. pp. 621. 8vo. [With wood-cuts and engravings.] Longman and Co. London. 1829.

THIS is a more accurate, scientific, and substantial production, but not by any means so interesting as Granville Penn's "Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaic Geologies," which appears (though he does not say so) to have suggested to Dr. Ure many of the explanations he has given of the creation and construction of the world. As a man of science and practical acquaintance with the phenomena of Geology, Dr. Ure as far excels Mr. Penn, as he falls short of him in literary erudition, and the power of fascinating the reader's attention by what we may call narrative reasoning, or the linking of a series of arguments into a beautiful chain, from which it is difficult to raise the eye till every link has been examined and admired. We do not say that Dr. Ure is deficient as a scholar and a good writer, for he well merits the character of both: but we do say, that upon these points he can stand no comparison with Mr. Penn; and the "Comparative Estimate" will therefore, we are certain, attract, entertain, and instruct many who would throw down the "New System" before they had read the first chapter. It strikes us, indeed, most forcibly, that this first chapter as well as the two or three succeeding ones are—(though not altogether irrelevant) by much too long, and they are certainly very repulsive from their technical abstruseness, to those who are not already conversant with the optical doctrines of light and heat about which they treat. Dr. Ure seems well aware of our objection, and makes an apology in his preface for his introducing these subjects—which he could not, he says, either omit or treat superficially; adding, that he has spared no pains to simplify the disquisition, and that a moderate mental effort will surmount every obstacle to its comprehension.

Upon this point we decidedly differ from the author; for if a reader of the present day is met at the very opening of a book with an abstruse disquisition—(whatever pains may have been taken to simplify it)—he is at once, and irretrievably, repelled from the volume, and will never again take it up. In thus opening his system with “darkness visible,” we think Dr. Ure has shown much less tact than we were well disposed to give him credit for; in an acquaintance of twenty years’ standing, with his admirable public prelections, and his excellent scientific works, we never knew him commit so palpable an oversight before. If these three or four abstruse chapters appeared to him so indispensable, why not throw them at once into the usual lumber room of an appendix? Or, why not follow more closely the example of his forerunner, Mr. Penn, whose account of the creation of light before the sun, is not the least interesting part of his book; and Dr. Ure has indeed partly adopted his explanations, but obscured them by the technology of optics. He would do well, we think, to expunge, append, or greatly abridge and modify these chapters, if he wish to ensure the popularity of his system, which we must say, we have not found to be so new as the title-page imports—for in almost every paragraph, we can recognise old friends with little, and sometimes no change wrought upon their physiognomies by the reforming chisel of the author. In such cases we were often reminded of the sculptor who pretended to retouch his works at the suggestion of his prince, but took good care to hew without cutting, and only let fall some marble dust which he held concealed in his hand. To do the author justice, however, we must confess that he has introduced several important views of the phenomena of creation, to which we shall advert as we proceed. One of his greatest merits, appears to be his lending the influence of his name, and bringing his high scientific acquirements to the explanation of the Mosaic record,—in which respect Mr. Penn fell short; for though the “Comparative Estimate” has obtained considerable popularity among general readers, it has never made much way among men of science, by whom it is very rarely mentioned, and for the most part, any allusion to it is made with a sneer. We anticipate for the work of Dr. Ure, a very different reception; for, while it cannot in its present form become so popular as Mr. Penn’s book, it is certain to be honourably received in all our scientific circles; and we shall be heartily glad to see these anticipations fulfilled.

At a period like the present, when many of the disciples of modern geology either boldly disclaim all belief in the Mosaic account of the creation, or consider it at best as a mere allegory; or when others, with a less daring, but not less dangerous scepticism, admit, with Moses, the broad self-evident truth, that God did, at some time, and in some manner and form, call this world into being by his own immediate act, but deny that the time and mode are explicitly detailed in the sacred record he has be-

queathed us ; when both allow, that since the first creation, it has obviously undergone a violent revolution, but contend that the history of the deluge is insufficient to account for it ; and when a third party, professing its belief in the Mosaical history, tampers with its details, or distorts them to any meaning that may best suit some favourite hypothesis, extending days into ages, multiplying revolutions, and, in short, giving the sacred text any interpretation rather than the literal and true one ; at such a period we hail the appearance of the work before us with unfeigned satisfaction. To relieve the mind of the anxious and sincere inquirer after truth, from perplexity ; to disengage it from error concerning the important subject of which it treats ; and to demonstrate the essential connexion between scriptural and physical evidence, when we endeavour to explain the causes of the present state of the crust of the earth, by the sensible phenomena it presents to our inspection, are the objects of this system. In inquiring how far this has been accomplished, we shall endeavour to give our readers an impartial account of its contents ; in doing which, we shall indulge very little in digression, and not at all in speculation—convinced that what we cannot find within the limit of a true philosophical geology, is not permitted to the sphere of our real knowledge. To know, that we cannot know certain things is in itself positive knowledge of the most safe and valuable nature ; and to abide by that cautionary knowledge, is infinitely more conducive to our advancement in truth, than to exchange it for any quality of conjecture or speculation. But we cannot give Dr. Ure the credit—without considerable reservation—of not indulging in conjecture himself, as well as adopting the conjectures of others. He utterly rejects, indeed, the theories of Hutton and Werner, and by the aid of Mr. Penn, he demolishes at once the wild idea of a chaos which could only have arisen in a chaotic imagination ; but he implicitly copies the unproved conjectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, about the inflammable metallic bases in the interior of the globe ; (see *Philos. Transact.* 1828, *Part I.*) of Professor Buckland, respecting the antediluvian dens of bears and hyenas ; and his account of the up-heaving of molten masses of granite and trap, appear to be little more than a copy from the Huttonian theory, of which he talks in his introduction with marked ridicule and contempt. Nay, if we do not much mistake him, he has given us a somewhat modified version of the chaos itself, or rather of the Wernerian waters, partly deprived of the minerals, supposed by the Freyberg Professor to have been diffused in them. We quote his own words of the account he has given of these matters.

“ The form of the terrestrial ball was the regular spheroid, while it lay enveloped in the shoreless deep. “ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear.”

“ Multiplied observations have shewn that the crust of the earth is composed superficially, or to a moderate depth, of certain stratiform, or chistose

rocks, which, being devoid of organic remains, are termed primitive. We shall, at present, confine our attention to two of them, called Gneiss and Mica-slate. These are arranged in planes usually parallel to each other; the Mica-slate being, for the most part, uppermost. We have reason to believe that hardly any district of the terrestrial surface is destitute of these great slaty rocks, though, in many places, they may be deeply covered over with secondary formations, and there inaccessible. Gneiss constitutes the body of the Himalaya mountains, and abounds among the Andes, Alps, Urals, and Pyrenees. It forms, also, Ross island, the most northern known land of the globe. Mica-slate is nearly co-extensive. But their wide-stretched foliated planes are seldom or never horizontal, or concentric with the curvature of the earth. They usually lie at highly-inclined angles, like tables resting on their edges, in a nearly vertical position. In very many localities, vast irregular masses of granite are seen rising up through the Shistose fields, as if these had been upheaved and dislocated by its protrusion, and were thrown, like mantles, round its shoulders and base.

‘We therefore conclude, that the primordial earth, as it lay beneath the circumfused abyss, was at first endowed with concentric coats of Gneiss, Mica-slate, and the other primitive strata; that, at the recorded command of the Almighty, a general eruption and protrusion of the granitic, syenitic, porphyritic, and other unstratified rocks, took place, which broke up and elevated the schists into nearly vertical planes, similar to what now exist, leaving commensurate excavations for the basin of the sea.’—p. 74.

‘That Silica, and its associated bases, which are oxidized at the surface of the earth, and thus deprived of their elementary activity, exist at a moderate depth beneath that surface, devoid of oxygen, in the state of simple combustibles, there is little reason to doubt. The phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes lead plainly to this conclusion. The heat observed in subterranean regions, progressively increasing as we descend, renders it further probable *that these combustible elements exist there in a fluid state*: an effect which would result from a very moderate heat, one greatly inferior to what is requisite for the fusion of their oxides.

‘The primitive envelope of the globe seems to have originally consisted of concentric strata of gneiss, mica-slate, and clay-slate, with partial layers of semicrystalline limestone; for such, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, constitute its rocky crust, and are spread over all its regions. These coats, however, no longer lie in layers concentric with the spheroid, but are thrown up into nearly vertical planes, and transpierced in many points by towering masses of granite and porphyry.

‘On the primordial spheroid, covered with its illimitable ocean, these stratified coats lay in horizontal planes; but, with the gathering together of the waters, on the emergence of the land, they were heaved up abruptly into the nearly vertical tables, in which they now universally stand. This remarkable position corresponds to the eruptive violence that caused it. From the shoulders and flanks of the stupendous granite-peaks, mantles of gneiss and mica-slate depend in magnificent drapery. These schistose coverings are arranged near the summit in folds almost upright, which, lower down, become sloped off with clay-slate and limestone, into a gentle declivity. The coats of gneiss are often contorted into the most singular flexures of rock scenery, demonstrating a certain pliancy of texture at the

instant of erection ; resulting either from the moisture out of which it rose, or the softening influence of subterranean fire.'—p. 92.

We need scarcely remind Dr. Ure, that this notion of the oxidizable vases of the metals existing in the depths of the earth, 'in a fluid state,' though sanctioned by the name of Sir Humphrey Davy, is contrary to the deductions of philosophy, respecting the increasing density of the globe. M. La Place (to give one of the highest authorities) deduces, from the best experiments on the length of the seconds' pendulum in different latitudes, that the increase of gravitation from the equator to the poles, follows the law which theory points out as the most simple ; and therefore, that the density of the layers, of which the mass of the earth consists, must augment regularly from the surface to the centre, which is altogether inconsistent with the conjecture upon which this theory, first proposed by Sir Humphrey Davy, is radically founded. While this striking objection remains unexplained, we need not enter upon Dr. Ure's illustrations, taken from the structure and appearances of what are called primitive rocks ; for all geological theorists have taken notice of the facts which he brings forward, and given explanations of them—some very different from those of our author—others very similar to his. He thus concludes his first book, which he has entitled, 'The Primordial World :—

'We have now adduced ample, many may think superfluous, evidence to prove that granite, with its primitive crystalline *congenera*, porphyry and syenite, is an erupted rock ; the Atlas which has raised on its shoulders the gigantic ridges of gneiss, and micaschist, that constitute the mountain elevations of the globe. Thus, by the expansive power of the internal agents already described, the crust of the earth acquired those irregularities of eminence and depression, that modified the geometrical spheroid around which the waters flowed, and gave it that distinction of dry land and sea, which fitted its surface to become the dwelling-place of organized beings. *There seems nothing hypothetical in these propositions.* The circumfluence of the shoreless abyss proves the spheroidal form of the primordial ball which it concealed ; the actual figure of the globe exhibits the manner of deviation from that form which took place when the land and seas were divided ; and the position and nature of the mineral masses, show how that deviation and division were accomplished.'—p. 128.

In his second book, of which the subjects are the antediluvian period, Dr. Ure goes on to speak of the period succeeding the first creation, and preceding the deluge :—

'The erection of the subaqueous strata into the primitive mountains and plains was evidently accompanied with universal disruption. Innumerable fragments becoming agglutinated by their own pulverulent cement, soon recomposed continuous strata, which bear internal evidence of the violence that gave them birth. Thus were formed the *transition* rocks of geologists, mineral masses which denote the passage between the upright primitive and the horizontal secondary strata, between those of in-organic and organic evidence. These rocks are called conglomerate, or fragmentary, from their aspect and composition. In the course of the consoli-

dation and re-union of their parts, a few of the organic forms with which the sea was beginning to teem, falling into their crevices, became imbedded in their substance. Hence we see how some vestiges of animal existence appear in the oldest conglomerate, or greywacke formation. The convulsions, which, after a long interval, caused the deluge, have also dislocated many of these conglomerates, so that strata of rounded pebbles assuredly aggregated in a horizontal position, are now found standing in upright walls. Thus the famous pudding-stones of Valorsine, in Savoy, are a kind of greywacke schist, containing rounded fragments of gneiss, and mica-slate, six or seven inches in diameter. That stones of the size of a man's head, previously rounded by attrition, should build themselves up in a perpendicular wall, and stand steadily thus, till fine particles of hydraulic cement should have time to envelope and fix them in their upright posture, is an absurd and impossible supposition. It is therefore demonstrable, that these pudding-stone strata were formed in horizontal or slightly-inclined beds, and erected after their accretion. Such effects would be produced on the convulsive emergence of the pebbly banks out of the primeval ocean, either at the Deluge or some preceding catastrophe.'—p. 131.

As a sequel to this, Dr. Ure has given a very comprehensive account of mineral strata, and the organic remains which many of these contain, preceded by a beautiful tabular view, which cannot fail to prove acceptable to students of geology; but as this portion of the work, though perhaps it is not the least interesting, might, with a few alterations, be inserted in almost any theory of the earth, or system of geology, we shall pass on to what is more peculiar—his account of the Deluge, in book third:—

'That a great expansive and subversive power exists within the crust of the earth, which has, at remote periods acted with prodigious force, raising up and laying dry those sub-marine strata, and transferring the waters of the ocean thence over ancient lands, is attested by innumerable phenomena. Concerning the chemical nature of this power there can be little doubt. Modern volcanic eruptions, though merely its expiring efforts, clearly indicate that the earthy and alkaline oxides of the terrestrial crust, exist interiorly in a metallic state, fused by the central heat, ready to produce explosion to any imaginable extent, on the influx of water.

'Of this mighty deluge, the concomitant and effect of the transflux of the ocean, which antiently covered a large portion of the present habitable earth, we have universal evidence. Nearly the whole table lands, and gentle acclivities of the mountains, are covered with the deposits of gravel and loam, to the production of which no cause now seen in action is adequate, and which can, therefore, be referred only to the waters of a sudden and transient deluge.'—p. 351.

'When the barriers of the ocean began to give way before the explosive forces, the waters would invade the shores, and spread over the sunken land, augmenting prodigiously the evaporating surface, and thus bringing the atmosphere to the dew point, a state of saturation to which, previously it could seldom, and in few places attain, on account of the area of the dry ground being great relative to that of the sea. From this cause, as well as from the immense quantity of vapours which are known to rise from waters into the higher and cooler regions of the air, at the period of erup-

tions, an immense formation of cloud and deposition of rain would ensue.'—p. 475.

'At each successive upheaving of the sub-marine strata, the inundation would advance further on the land, drowning in their places the animals which the dismal preludes had driven for shelter into their dens; and washing away by its reflux, the tenants of the plains, into the slimy channel of the deep. By such a retiring billow in the dreadful earthquake of 1755, 3000 inhabitants of Lisbon were suddenly swept off its quay, and swamped in the bed of the Tagus. Should a revulsion ever lay that channel dry, their bones may be found buried in the alluvium. In the progress of the elevation of sub-marine strata, and subversion of terrestrial, the stage of equilibrium would arrive, when the circumfluent waves would roll over the loftiest pinnacles of the globe. From this consummation of the cataclysm, as the new lands continued to rise, and the old to subside, mountain peaks would begin once more to appear. During the deluvial overflow, the atmosphere would remain tranquil; for the physical causes which disturb its equilibrium—inequalities of temperature and moisture, would act feebly, if at all. The universal sheet of water, quenched in fact for a time, the equatorial heats, which give origin to the trade winds and monsoons, and in extra-tropical regions, the usual struggle between the dry air incumbent over the plains, and the moist air over the sea, whence proceed the variable winds, was also at an end.

'Nor could the shoreless abyss itself be animated by regular currents, like those which pervade our actual seas. No American barrier stretching through two hemispheres, then received the impulsion of an ocean-stream from Africa, to deflect it through a Mexican gulf, round our European shores. The disruptive forces, would doubtless agitate the mass of waters, but would also, prevent their pursuing any continuous direction. Thus the animal and vegetable productions of every region would find their places of sepulture at home; for we know of no effective power that could transport them to any considerable distance.

'But when the waters had so far subsided into their new basins, as to expose the mountains and table-lands to the sunbeam, the atmosphere would be set in rapid motion, and would resume its drying agency, on the new-born earth, by transferring the moisture exhaled from its intra-tropical territories, to the cold ridges of Himmala and Caucasus. Now sprung forth that great east-wind, which has ever since continued to circulate round the globe, and which, as the ministering spirit of commerce, mariners love to call the trade-wind. Soon, indeed, a foreign force would lend its impulsion to the internal causes of aërial currents. The waters in the progress of descent into their deepening channels,—our still unfathomed ocean caves, would take an accelerating pace, as do our ebbing tides, when they approach their lowest level. With the increasing velocity of deflux, the air, also, would be hurried along, and thus conspiring elements would tear up and excavate the great deluvial valleys, which now furrow every district of the earth,—monuments equally unambiguous, and enduring of the cataclysm. Of the impetus of that tremendous mass of waters, the human mind can form no adequate conception. A faint idea may, perhaps, be acquired from contemplating the effects of some partial floods described in modern history.'—p. 479.

This *bouleversement* by the established laws of physics must, he

thinks, have materially increased the area of the ocean, and diminished that of the land; but he pretends not to determine the degree of this change of proportion. On the principles of Mr. Penn, the ratio of land to water, was inverted by the deluge, for he assumes, that our actual seas correspond in surface to the antediluvian lands, and our actual lands to the antediluvian seas. With Mr. Penn's proportion of land and water, however, Dr. Ure conceives, the globe would not have been habitable by man and his companion animals; for it would have possessed nearly three parts of earthy surface to one of aqueous. Whereas, there is now fully three of aqueous surface to one of earthy. Upon this subject, the author refers to the researches of Professor Buckland, on the Kirkdale and Francania caves, and of Baron Cuvier on the grotto of Oiselles,—which all “concur, to prove that these were dens inhabited by antediluvian quadrupeds, and therefore must have formed a portion of the dry land,” of the antediluvian world.

It will, however, most materially alter these statements and inferences, so implicitly relied on by Dr. Ure, if these proofs be overturned, as it is not improbable they may be, should some recent historical notices, collected by Mr. Ranking, be found as correct as they seem plausible. The hypothesis of Mr. Ranking is, that the bones in question are more probably the remains of the wild animals exhibited in the Roman Amphitheatres, in the vicinity of those caves. At Quercy, for example, in the Department du Lot, a similar collection of bones has been discovered, and described by Baron Cuvier and M. Delpon, which like the bones of the Kirkdale cave, have been supposed of antediluvian origin, and even by some, to have a date much anterior to the establishment of the human species in these countries. (*Bulletin des Sciences*, Nov. 1825). M. Delpon describes the remains of an entrenchment at Quercy, occupying the summits of two eminences, one on the right and another on the left bank of the river Selé. In grottoes, on the right bank, three hundred metres above the present bed of the river, have recently been found a prodigious quantity of bones, of *extinct* species of deer, besides those of the rhinoceros, the horse, and the ox, and the skeleton of a man. Mr. Ranking's explanation of this is, as it appears to us, as conclusive as it is opposite to the antediluvian theories.

Uxellodunum, or Usseldon, (explained by Camden, in his *Britannia*, i. 5, to mean high or lofty), was situated upon the river Selé, which runs into the Lot, upon whose banks stood Cahors, (whence, perhaps, Quercy), the capital of the Cadurin. It is, also, important to remark, that at Cahors there was a Roman Amphitheatre. (See *Rees' Cyclopædia*, Article “Cahors”). On referring to the personal narrative of Cæsar (*Com. de Bello Gallico*, viii. 9), we find, that on arriving before Uxellodunum, he determined to carry the place by cutting off their supply of water,

and raised the entrenchment described by M. Delpon. This history, taken in conjunction with the fact of there being an amphitheatre there, appears to account more plausibly than the antediluvian hypothesis, for the bones found at Quercy. With respect to those found at Oiselles, near Besançon, where they are gnawed and marked by the teeth of hyenas, like many others discovered in England. Mr. Ranking finds, that this was a considerable Roman station, where Cæsar had a strong garrison (*De Bello Gallico*, i. 15); and where a triumphal arch was subsequently erected to Aurelian. Should farther investigations produce similar notices in reference to the bones found in the English caves, the antediluvian hypothesis must be abandoned, and Dr. Ure will be compelled to seek elsewhere for proofs of his theory.

As a consequence of his views, respecting the interior heat of the earth, from the ignition of the inflammable metallic bases of lime, flint, barytes, &c., Dr. Ure infers great change of climate, since the antediluvian period, and accounts thence for the remains of tropical plants and animals in high northern latitudes. He says,

‘For a long period after the deluge, the earth, at least in its extra-tropical zones, remained relatively damp and cold. Abbé Maun infers from an elaborate research, “that the soil and temperature of all the countries from Spain to the Indies, and from Mount Atlas to Lapland, and the remotest north, have entirely changed during the course of ages, reckoning from the earliest historical documents to the present time, gradually passing from extreme humidity and cold, to a considerable degree of dryness and warmth, that is to say, from one opposite to another.”—*Abbe Maun's Memoirs*, i. 12.

‘The Hon. Daines Barrington, also, from a wide induction of historical facts, concluded, “that the seasons have become infinitely more mild in the Northern latitudes, than they were sixteen or seventeen centuries ago.” *Phil. Trans.* 1768.

‘Cæsar says, the vine could not be cultivated in Gaul, on account of the severity of winter; though that country now affords the highest flavoured wines. The rein deer was in his time an inhabitant in the Pyrenees; whereas the Highlands of Scotland are at this time too warm for it. The Tiber was sometimes frozen over, and the ground about Rome covered with snow, for several weeks together. The Romans never experience such intense winter weather in our times.’—p. 603.

As, in the instance of the supposed antediluvian caves, we can meet these statements of Dr. Ure, respecting climate, by others equally authentic, for a directly contrary doctrine. Professor Schouw, of Copenhagen, indeed, in a recent paper upon the history of the supposed changes of climate in the earth, has brought forward powerful reasons for concluding that such changes, if they took place at all, must have been very slight. The Professor begins with Palestine, because the Bible is the oldest, or one of the oldest of books; and, although great uncertainty exists about

the determination of the plants, which are mentioned in it, yet two of them do not admit of any doubt (and these are sufficient for the determination of the climate of Palestine, in former times), viz. the date tree and the vine. The date tree was frequent, and principally in the southernmost part of the country. Jericho was called Palm-town. The people had palm branches in their hands. Deborah's palm tree is mentioned between Rama and Bethel. Pliny mentions the palm tree as being frequent in India, and principally about Jericho. Tacitus and Josephus speak likewise of woods of palm trees, as well as Strabo, Diodorus, Siculus, and Theophrastus. Among the Hebrew coins, those with date trees are by no means rare, and the tree is easily recognized, as it is figured with its fruit. The vine, also, was one of the plants most cultivated in Palestine, and not merely for the grapes, but really for the preparation of wine. The feast of the tabernacle of the Jews, was a feast on account of the wine harvest. From a passage where the cultivation of the vine is mentioned, in the valley of Engeddy, it is evident that the vine not only grew in the northernmost mountainous part of the country, but also in its southern lower part. Besides these, there are other ancient testimonies in favour of the vine. This plant, indeed, sometimes occurs on the same coin with the date-palm. The date tree, in order to bring its fruit to perfection, requires a mean temperature of 78 Fahr. Such, then, must have been the temperature of Palestine, in former ages; and, by all that is known of its present climate, the mean temperature seems to be the same now. Nor has the time of harvest undergone any change. Snow and ice, which were known, though rarely, in ancient times, are occasionally met with now, and at present, as in former times. The inhabitants make use of artificial heat to warm themselves.

Such are a few of the leading doctrines maintained by Dr. Ure, from which our readers may gather some idea of his system; but had we not been desirous of sketching an outline of his theoretical views, we might have made a more amusing article by selecting from his illustrations, which are rich in curious facts and interesting discussion. We are tempted to exceed the limits which we had prescribed to ourselves by one of these incidental topics—the appearance of the first rainbow after the flood; for though the idea that there were no rainbows before the flood is not novel, as the same notion occurs in “Burnet's Theory of the Earth,” we never met with it so plausibly explained before. Dr. Ure endeavours to show,

‘That round a sphere of uniform temperature, an atmosphere, composed like our own, of air and vapour, could possess no *lateral* currents, no winds, and could deposit no rain drops on the earth. All its motions would be vertical, caused by a perpetual struggle between the temperature due to the density of the air, and the constituent temperature of the vapour; whence evaporation would go on below, and simultaneous condensation above.

' The warmth of the ancient ocean, and of its incumbent zones of air, would maintain a vast deal of moisture in the vaporous form; much of which, on very slight diminutions of heat, would precipitate on the ground in most copious dews. Thus, supposing the temperature of any regions of the Antediluvian globe during the day to have been 120° F. and during the night to be still 110° , as much water would be separated from it in dewy deposition, as from our atmosphere over the equatorial seas at 80° , were it chilled down to 32° below our freezing point.

' Immediately after the flood, however, the sea-soaked lands would send up universal exhalations round the chilly globe; whence showers and rainbows would become, for sometime at least, almost daily appearances.

' This conclusion of physical research, coincides well with our ancient history of the new-drained earth. "And God said, This is the token of the covenant, which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you for perpetual generations; *I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.* And the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." (*Genesis ix.*) The ark preserved eight intelligent witnesses come to mature age, of antediluvian skies and seasons. Had a shower of rain been as common before the flood, as it was after it, then the rainbow, being a necessary result of the refraction, and reflection of the sun-beams by the sheet of falling drops, must have been often seen by the family of Noah, in the land of their birth, and could not, therefore, be now hailed by them as an infallible seal of a peculiar covenant, graciously bestowed by their reconciled Ruler. He had just appeared in an awful light; as the inexorable judge of their guilty compatriots. Anxiously might they lift their eyes to heaven for some new token to inspire confidence in the stability of the new order of nature; to encourage them to diligence in their enjoined task of replenishing the earth.

' It is, therefore, evident, both from the emphatic words in which the meteoric ensign of heaven's favour is announced, as well as from the holy purpose which it was ordained to serve, that it must have been equally strange, as it was glorious in their sight; for Antediluvians occupying possibly on their devoted lands, a portion of its great continent, now covered by the Pacific, might never have witnessed a sun-shine shower. A canopy of clouds, indeed, might often be stretched in the cooler upper regions of their skies, but the aqueous vesicles in descending through the warmer ærial strata below, would return again to invisible vapour.

' In such clouds no bow could be set. Heavy dews deposited during the night and early dawn, from the well-known influence of a ground chilled by calorific radiation, would supply the place of rain for vegetable sustenance; as now happens in Lima, and many other regions of our present globe.

' I had deduced these corollaries from the hygrometric laws laid down in treating of the atmosphere, before my attention was directed to the following curious historical notice of a primeval meteorology. It affords a very beautiful, and to me unexpected accordance, between the results of science and the records of faith.

"For the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there

was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the whole earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."—Genesis, ii. 5, 6.

'This document, at which a sciolish might possibly sneer, is in reality a powerful testimony to the truth of Moses.

'The rainbow thus becomes a most significant emblem of God's providential regard to man. It is a phenomenon which results from, and declares the remodelled constitution of the terraqueous sphere.'—p. 602.

We have only to add, that the style of the work, as our readers may have perceived from the extracts, is too gaudy, and betrays in every page, an obvious effort and straining after sounding epithets and hard words; all which, of course, take away from that simplicity which is the brightest ornament of style on any subject; but much more, when the truths or the speculations of science are to be unfolded in a useful form to the public. Dr. Ure's style, however, not unfrequently rises into eloquence: but these occasional bursts of lofty diction we would gladly exchange for simple, unassuming detail. We also remarked a considerable portion of tautology and repetition; but upon the whole we were much interested in the work, which we have little doubt will add to Dr. Ure's well earned reputation as a man of science and talent.

ART. IX.—1. *The Collegians*. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1829.

2. *Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean. Second Series*. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

3. *The Carbonaro, a Piedmontese Tale*. By the Duke de Levis. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

WE have already, in several of our past numbers, said as much about novels and novel-writers, as would furnish matter for an ordinary-sized treatise on this popular species of modern fiction. Disposed, indeed, as we are, to consider that the importance of any branch of literature is to be measured by its influence on society, we regard the occasional survey of that to which we allude, as among our most necessary duties. The time has been long past in which it was the fashion to dispute the right of fictitious composition to any respect among well educated, moral, and thinking people, and even a very prudent man would be looked upon as more than ordinarily severe, who should be now heard arguing on the danger or worthlessness of a cleverly-written novel. We have unfortunately been sometimes necessitated to shew that the public confidence is often abused, both by authors and publishers, but it has been our general intention to give such a view of the best novels of the day, as should serve to remove any undue prejudices which might still affect their circulation. With that class, the composition of which requires a mere passing acquaintance with the external forms of society, and which serves only to teach that which is not worth knowing, or which had better not been known, we shall wage incessant war.

It is one of the disgraces of the literature of the nineteenth century, that the fashionable novel should have been permitted to hold so conspicuous a place, and that when such abundant materials exist for the exercise of genuine talent, a species of works should have obtained a great share of the public patronage, which no man of ability has ever condescended to write, and no person of moderate taste will ever read.

While, however, we have thus seen reason to lament the intermixture of a large portion of indifferent matter with the sterling ore of romance, we have had ample reason to allow the high merit belonging to several of the writers who have devoted themselves to the fairy pupillage of fiction. In their case, the tendency of popular taste, and a readiness to be contented with present gain and reputation, have not been able to destroy the free working of their genius ; but talents must be great indeed when not destroyed or worn into a shadow by such a bending to the taste of the multitude. Most commonly the men and women, who might possibly talk common sense in society, make themselves idiots by the fatal ambition of becoming novel writers, the whole mass of their understanding being expended or destroyed in the vain effort to paint what they do not feel ; to describe things which, to eyes like theirs, are always the same ; to be natural, when in nature they see nothing finer than shrimps or butterflies ; and to be cunningly artificial, when art only knows how to make intrigues or compliments. But as the taste of the age is for romance, let it be satisfied with the best of the kind ; no revolution in the popular taste for literature, ever lowering its worth, till the species which is patronized become the prize of inferior minds. There is a danger, however, and it is one from which we are at present suffering. When any kind of writing is made exceedingly popular, there is not merely an influx of bad authors, who by their perseverance are very tormenting, but the best, and most intellectual, frequently cease to exert the whole of their talent in executing their task. The finest minds are not exempt from the attacks of weariness, and when it becomes a highly profitable employment to write, it generally happens that the public are not long before they discover more than one trace of lassitude in their favourites. For the production, therefore, of the very best specimens of any particular branch of literature, it is not always to be wished that the popular, the truly popular mind, should be greatly in its favour. *Don Quixote* would hardly have been produced at a time when such a style was in fashion ; and *Waverley*, the most charming of all Sir Walter Scott's novels, came forth long before the public was so universally fascinated with romance. It is the same with all other kinds of literature. When poetry became a popular amusement, high imaginations and grand conceptions gave place to sparkling prettinesses, or at least to the attractions of minor compositions. The epic and the ode are buried in the rhyming tale and the sonnet, and poetry

goes on degenerating till it is lost altogether, by every reader of poetry becoming a poet for himself. Whether a similar fate may not attend romance in these modern days is a question; its only protection appears to be the undiminished bulk which it is necessary for a novel of any reputation to assume.

But it is a fortunate circumstance for every branch of literature to have one or two good writers, whom the public are inclined to regard as the great masters of the art. When this is the case, we are at least secure of an occasionally fresh banquet for the mind; and any reader, who will open his eyes, has ample means of judging what a novel ought to be, by comparing the productions of men of talent, with those which proceed from the pens of ungifted minds. Among the best novelists of the present day, we rank the writer of the "*Tales of the Munster Festivals*," and '*The Collegians*.' Wisely selecting for his study the scenes and characters which still admit of freshness and variety in their description, he has led his readers forth into highways which have been left deserted, and among people which are gay and deep-hearted but not happy. We cannot stop now to do it, or we could point out some important circumstances, which make Ireland and her inhabitants most admirable subjects for a writer of vigorous genius. There is a wildness, a melancholy and abandonment both in their aspect and character, which, whether he be contented with describing them in their external appearance, or seek to unfold their origin in the secret action of thought and passion, are equally calculated to awaken the genuine emotions which belong to romance. She is rich in traditions, and in that species of scenery, which we can hardly look upon without believing that all which the poets say is true, yet Ireland owes not half so much interest to these circumstances as she does to the operation of late events, in her history; nor is there any country in the habitable world where old associations and present objects—the romance of the past, and a strange, impressive mystery in the present, are so powerfully, or so intimately united. Of these favourable circumstances for the novelist, Mr. Griffin, the author of the work before us, and well-known author of the "*Tales of the O'Hara Family*," has taken considerable advantage, but not all which might have been, neither of them digging sufficiently deep to lay open the old foundations, on which, to a great degree, the romantic part of the Irish character is built.

But to pass to the work on our table. '*The Collegians*,' which is entitled '*A Second Series of the Munster Festivals*,' commences with a description of the little village of Garryowen, near Limeric, both in its past and present condition. This, now ruined hamlet, is represented as having been once as famous almost as Troy of old, or Rome, or Babylon, it being there that some of the boldest spirits in the whole land of Erin, exercised their courage and ingenuity, in the most excellent sports of the country.

The proprietor of Garryowen, or Owen's Garden, was a man of a hospitable character, and in his little rural retreat, the inhabitants of the country round used to assemble, to enjoy the evening or spend the principal holidays and festivals. Among the frequent visitors to Owen's cottage was Eily O'Connor, the daughter of an old rope-maker, and whose beauty was such, that from far and near she was extolled as the fairest girl in all Ireland. But she was above being delighted with vulgar admiration. Her mind had been cultivated in a manner which gave her thoughts not common to her station, having owed to her uncle, a village priest of considerable learning, the possession of a variety of accomplishments. Situated as Eily O'Connor thus was, it was far more probable that she would be the heroine of romantic incident, than that her life would run smoothly on like that of any other girl. It was not long before this was found to be, in truth, the case. At a festival, which drew together in company with the peasantry some young men of higher rank, Eily lost her heart and her happiness. Her love, however, was not left unreturned; and before we arrive at the end of the first volume we find her forsaking her home, under the affectionate and secret guardianship of a husband, Hardress Cregan. The next of the principal characters whom we have to mention is Kyrle Daly, the eldest son of Mr. Daly, a very respectable middle-man, whose residence on the banks of the Shannon was as famous for its neatness and comfort, as for the extreme beauty of its situation. Kyrle was educating for a barrister, and possessed numerous accomplishments both of mind and person. At the time of his introduction to the reader, he is on the point of setting out on the formidable business of declaring his affections to a young lady, Anne Chute, the beautiful mistress of one of the finest and most extensive estates in the neighbourhood. The declaration is made, the moment chosen for it being that in which the lover finds himself apart with the lady, from a large and gay company assembled at her house. We do not remember to have ever seen a more beautifully drawn love scene than the one thus presented to us, and we believe no novelist ever developed with more exquisite pathos, the sensations of a breaking heart, when it first feels the stroke which annihilates its only valuable hope. The concluding passage of the extract we are about to give, is particularly deserving of this praise. The suitor, it is to be observed, had just received a hasty answer to his declaration of love, but not satisfied with this, he resolved, in the pure desperation of misery, again to address the object of his passion.

"“I am afraid,” said Kyrle, with a mixture of dignity and disappointment in his manner, “I am afraid, Miss Chute, that you will think this importunate, after what you have already told me. But that rejection was so sudden—I will not say so unexpected—that I cannot avoid entering more at length into the subject. Besides, it may, it *must*, be a long time before we shall meet again.”

"I am sorry you should think that necessary, Mr. Daly," said Anne, "I always liked you as a friend, and there is not a person I know whose society, in that light, I could prize more highly; but if you think it necessary to your own peace of mind to remain away from us, it would be very unreasonable in me to murmur. Yet, I think, and hope," she added, affecting a smiling air, as she looked round upon him, "that it will not be long before we shall see you again with altered sentiments, and a mind as much at ease as ever."

"You do me wrong, Anne!" said Kyrle, with sudden passion. "I am not so ignorant of my own character as to suppose that possible. No, Miss Chute. This is not with me a boyish fancy—a predilection suddenly formed, and capable of being as suddenly laid aside. If you had said this last summer, a few weeks after I first saw you, the remark perhaps might have been made with justice. I knew little of you then, besides your beauty, your talents, and your accomplishments; and I will say, in justice to myself, that those qualities, in any woman, never could so deeply fix or interest me as to produce any lasting disquiet in my mind. But our acquaintance has been since too much prolonged. I have seen you too often—I have known you too well—I have loved you too deeply, and too sincerely, to feel this disappointment as any thing less than a dreadful stroke. Let me entreat of you," he continued, with increasing warmth, and disregarding the efforts which Miss Chute made to interrupt him, "let me implore you to recal that hasty negative. You said you were unprepared—that you did not expect such a proposal from me. I do not press you to an answer at this moment; the torture of suspense itself is preferable to absolute despair. Say you will think of it, say any thing rather than at once decide on my—destruction, I cannot but call it."

"I must not, I will not act with so much injustice," said Anne, who was considerably distressed by the depth of feeling that was evident in her lover's voice and manner. "I should be treating you most unfairly, Mr. Daly, if I did so. It is true that I did not expect such a declaration as you have made, not in the least; but my decision is taken, notwithstanding. It is impossible I can ever give you any other answer than you have already received. Do not, I will entreat of you in my turn, give way to any groundless expectations, any idea of a change in my sentiments on this subject. It is as impossible we should ever be united, as if we lived in two separate planets."

The unhappy suitor looked the very image of pale and ghastly despair itself. His eye wandered, his cheek grew wan, and every muscle in his face quivered with passion. His words, for several moments, were so broken as to approach a degree of incoherency, and his knees trembled with a sickly faintness. He continued, nevertheless, to urge his addresses. Might he not be favoured with Miss Chute's reasons? Was there any thing in his own conduct? Any thing that might be altered? The dejection that was in his accents as well as in his appearance, touched and almost terrified his obdurate mistress, and she took some pains to alleviate his extreme despondency, without, however, affording the slightest ground for a hope which she felt could never be accomplished. The consolations which she employed, were drawn rather from the probability of a change in his sentiments than her own.

"You are not in a condition," she said, "to judge of the state of your

own mind. Believe me, this depression will not continue as you seem to fear. The Almighty is too just to interweave any passion with our nature which it is not in the power of our reason to subdue."

"Aye, Anne," said Kyrle, "but there are some persons for whose happiness the struggle is quite sufficient. I am not so ignorant as you suppose of the effect of a disappointment like this. I know that it will not be at all times as violent and oppressive as I feel it at this moment; but I know, too, that it will be as lasting as life itself. I have often experienced a feeling of regret that amounted to actual pain, in looking back to years that have been distinguished by little beyond the customary enjoyments of boyhood. Imagine, then, if you can, whether I have no reason to apprehend the arrival of those hours when I shall sit alone in the evening, and think of the time that was spent in your society!"—vol. i. pp. 198—203.

Hardress Cregan in the meantime having been privately married to the beautiful Eily O'Connor, had carried her off, as has been intimated, but in perfect secrecy, in order to avoid the displeasure which his union would cause his parents. The destination of the newly-united couple, was the wildest retreat which the wild mountains round the lakes of Killarney could afford them. In their way thither, they were overtaken by a fearful storm, which nearly wrecked the little boat in which they were embarked, but having got safe to land, Hardress Cregan had the satisfaction to find his old friend and fellow-collegian, Kyrle Daly, resting under the same road-house which offered him shelter. Still obliged to preserve the secret respecting his marriage, the friends spent the evening together in good fellowship, but under very different impressions. The one suffering from the late fatal disappointment to his hopes, the other agitated by feelings which it was difficult to say whether they had their origin in pride, in doubtful, or in satisfied passion. Soon after this, Hardress and his young and beautiful bride, reached the place of their destination, that most awful of all strange, and lonely places, the gap of Dunlo. Here it was proposed they should spend some months, during which the husband was to use every stratagem which a son could employ to bring his doating mother to listen with a patient ear to the account of his marriage. With a feeling of awe poor Eily saw herself an inhabitant, and frequently a lonely one, of this retreat. Hardress became more and more accustomed to leave his home, and the visits which he made his parents at their romantic cottage, in the neighbourhood of the Lakes, were frequently prolonged for several days. The truth was, the lovely Anne Chute was at that time staying with his mother, and as an early liking for each other had once existed between Hardress and Anne, she determined in the pride and affection of her soul to see her son wedded to the beautiful and accomplished heiress. Fearful and desperate was the struggle which the unfortunate young man had to endure. The old sensations of a very early affection stole upon him wherever he strayed, and there was a chilling remembrance in his mind of what

he might have been, and of the happiness he might have enjoyed, had he not so rashly given way to his sudden passion for Eily O'Connor. When he returned from his lonely rambles, on the one side was his mother, imperiously commanding him to address Anne again, as he was once wont in his boyhood, and on the other the lovely girl herself, who had far too sure a hold on his heart for it to continue right. The scenes which passed between the mother and the son, are described by our author with a most powerful pencil, and we tremble as we follow the wretched people to the destruction of their peace. At length the persuasions of the parent, ignorant of the entire circumstances in which her son stood, prevailed. He knew and felt the frightful curse to which his soul would be subjected for the damning crime he was about to commit, but, with the consciousness of guilt and misery which were to be his future lot, he was borne onward by a power he felt unable to resist, and he gave his mother the fatal promise that he would marry Anne. The barrier thus passed, he resigned himself to his fate—sought his mistress with the passionate fervour of a free and devoted lover, and obtained her declaration of affection. The next step was to rid himself of the tormenting presence of his young and miserable wife. He returned to her retreat, and having broken her heart, by the cruel intimation of his altered feelings, gave charge to his boatman, a wild-looking deformed creature, whose back he had broken when a boy, to carry her to her father, or in fact anywhere. Not long after this, Hardress was present at a hunting match in the neighbourhood of Castle Chute. The dogs were turned out and in full cry, when they became suddenly in confusion, the scent was lost, and many of the huntsmen and others were seen rushing towards the spot round which the hounds had gathered. Hardress and his companion, startled at the circumstance, immediately turned their horses in that direction; but we must give the author's own account.

“They galloped in that direction. The morning was changing fast, and the rain was now descending in much greater abundance. Still, there was not a breath of wind to alter its direction, or to give the slightest animation to the general lethargic look of nature. As they arrived on the brow of the hill, they perceived the crowd of horsemen and peasants, collected into a dense mass, round one of the little channels, before described. Several of those in the centre were stooping low, as if to assist a fallen person. The next rank, with their heads turned aside over their shoulders, were employed in answering the questions of those behind them. The individuals who stood outside were raised on tiptoe, and endeavoured, by stretching their heads over the shoulders of their neighbours, to peep into the centre. The whipper-in, meanwhile, was flogging the hounds away from the crowd, while the hounds reluctantly obeyed. Mingled with the press, were the horsemen, bending over their saddle-bows, and gazing downwards on the centre.

“Bad manners to ye!” Hardress heard the whipper-in exclaim as he passed, “what a fox ye found for us, this morning. How bad ye are, now for a taste o’ the Christian’s flesh!”

As he approached nearer to the crowd, he was enabled to gather farther indications of the nature of the transaction, from the countenances and gestures of the people. Some had their hands elevated in strong fear, many brows were knitted in eager curiosity, some raised in wonder, and some expanded in affright. Urged by an unaccountable impulse, and supported by an energy, he knew not whence derived, Hardress alighted from his horse, threw the reins to a countryman, and penetrated the group with considerable violence. He dragged some by the collars, from their places, pushed others aside with his shoulder, struck those who proved refractory with his whip-handle, and in a few moments attained the centre of the ring.

Here he paused, and gazed in motionless horror, upon the picture which the crowd had previously concealed.

A small space was kept clear in the centre. Opposite to Hardress, stood Mr. Warner, the magistrate and coroner of the county, with a small note-book in his hand, in which he made some entries with a pencil. On his right stood the person who had summoned him to the spot. At the feet of Hardress was a small pool, in which the waters now appeared disturbed and thick with mud, while the rain descending straight, gave to its surface the semblance of ebullition. On a bank at the other side, which was covered with sea-pink and a species of short moss peculiar to the soil, an object lay on which the eyes of all were bent, with a fearful and gloomy expression. It was for the most part concealed beneath a large blue mantle, which was drenched in wet and mire, and lay so heavy on the thing beneath, as to reveal the lineaments of a human form. A pair of small feet, in Spanish-leather shoes, appearing from below the end of the garment, showed that the body was that of a female; and a mass of long, fair hair, which escaped from beneath the capacious hood, demonstrated that this death, whether the effect of accident or malice, had found the victim untimely in her youth.

The cloak, the feet, the hair, were all familiar objects to the eye of Hardress. On very slight occasions, he had often found it absolutely impossible to maintain his self-possession in the presence of others. Now, when the full solution of all his anxieties was exposed before him,—now, when it became evident that the guilt of blood was upon his head,—now, when he looked upon the shattered corpse of Eily, of his chosen and once beloved wife, murdered in her youth—almost in her girlhood, by his connivance, it astonished him to find that all emotion came upon the instant to a dead pause within his breast. Others might have told him that his face was rigid, sallow, and bloodless as that of the corpse on which he gazed. But he himself felt nothing of this. Not a sentence that was spoken was lost upon his ear. He did not even tremble, and a slight anxiety for his personal safety was the only sentiment on which he was perceptibly conscious. It seemed as if the great passion, like an engine embarrassed in its action, had been suddenly struck motionless, even while the impelling principle remained in active force."

After this horrible event, the whole appearance of Hardress became frightfully altered, and he sunk rapidly into that gloom and misery from which there is no relief, either in society or solitude. At one time he determined upon surrendering himself up to justice, at another he was a prey to a thousand visionary terrors, lest his guilt should become known. His mother, now made acquainted

with all the circumstances of his situation, was a deep sharer in the torture which he suffered, but her proud and haughty nature better bore up against her misery, and she acted both as his support and adviser in the most trying situations. But a short time elapsed before she had need of all her resolution and address. The wretched man whom her son had employed in the affair which ended so fearfully, was taken and brought before a magistrate. By her coolness, however, and the management of Hardress, he was enabled to escape, and the day which was to unite the lovely Anne Chute to her eccentric and miserable lover, was suffered to approach without any farther interruption to the expectation of the parties. One of the stipulations which Hardress had made with his boatman, before aiding him to escape, was, that he should immediately leave the country, but this he neglected to do, and in an unexpected meeting between them, the former gave him a blow, which changed the previous attachment of the dependant into hatred. While, therefore, preparations were making for the bridal feast, a catastrophe was approaching, which, after what had occurred, both the mother and son imagined was no longer to be dreaded. But they were fearfully deceived. On the eve of the marriage, when according to custom a large and joyous party was assembled to pass the night in feasting, Hardress was suddenly startled by a voice which whispered, that he must instantly fly, for that his life was in danger. Surrounded as he was he could not, and his mother had the horror to see him made a prisoner, and carried off to receive the punishment of his crime. Little now remains to be said. He was not found guilty of the murder, but for the part he had in the horrid transaction was condemned to transportation for life; before, however, he reached the place of his destination, he fell a victim to the torture of his conscience. The amiable Kyrle Daly, whose conduct during the whole affair had made a deep impression on the mind of Anne Chute, became in time once more encouraged to address her as a suitor, and his virtues were rewarded with complete success.

Very few novels deserve a higher rank than the '*Collegians*.' Full of incident and dramatic dialogue, it exhibits a degree of talent which places its author among the first writers of fiction, which the present love of romance has called forth. We have to give Mr. Griffin but one piece of advice, and it is, to avoid with the most scrupulous attention, the comparisons which he appears fond of drawing, from London scenes and characters. We assure him it greatly mars the excellence of his generally pure taste.

The '*Tales of a Voyager*,' are a collection of narratives possessing the attractions which may naturally be expected to lie under such an attractive title. Few or no situations, perhaps, are more favourable, either for hearing or telling stories, than the cabin of a vessel, ploughing, in lonely majesty, the wide desert of the ocean. Who can be sceptical with the wonders of the great deep around

him, and its awful, and unearthly solitudes drawing out his soul to think of eternity, and of man not always chained to one little abiding place? The bare record also, if sufficiently minute, of the circumstances of a voyage, is one of the most interesting productions we can read, and calls out more of the genuine feelings of sympathy and curiosity, than almost any fictitious narrative. The tales now before us, defy any attempt at an analysis, and we can only enable our readers to judge of the style in which they are written, by selecting one of the most spirited descriptions which the author has given of the perils to which a voyager in the Arctic Ocean is continually liable. On the occasion to which our extract refers, the author had gone out, with a shipmate, for a morning's walk upon the ice, and they were endeavouring to return, when a mist coming on, and the ice quaking beneath them, announced the extreme peril in which they stood.

‘Confounded, and not a little alarmed, we stopped to consider what we should do, and to listen more attentively. We were, however, only plunged into more uncertainty by this measure, for our stillness allowed us to hear in several directions the indistinct sounds of the crews of three ships, cheering their labour with the well known “O, ya hoy!—O, ya hoy!—heave a hoy!” and other such habitual accompaniments to bodily exertion, in which mariners delight. At one point, mixed with these clamours, the quick pealing of a bell was very audible, while a horn was blown at intervals from another quarter, joined with the hailing voices of those we supposed our shipmates. I must confess, that at this period, I felt my courage require ‘screwing’ up a little, but it was difficult to get it to a ‘sticking place,’ for it rose and sank with every renewal or cessation of the sounds which seemed intended for our aid. We felt assured that both the chiming of the watch-bell, and the blowing of the horn were designed to direct our progress; but, unfortunately, they resounded from nearly opposite points, and at times each appeared to be the nearest. This latter circumstance we attributed to the wind, and, having held brief consultation on the plan to be adopted, we resolved to attach ourselves to the pursuit of the party which next gave us intimation of its situation, and to follow it without paying attention to the rest. As if to add the mental chill of fear to the actual coldness of our frames, a long silence succeeded this resolve, and we began to apprehend that we were abandoned to our fate, from the probable distress of the Leviathan among the ice. The breeze, which was now increased almost to a gale, lashed so unmercifully, and the mist grew if possible more thick, as we remained utterly unable to decide upon the best step to take, should we not hear fresh signals; and we were alternately shouting and giving way to expressions of impatience which could not be repressed, when suddenly a horn was blown most sonorously, and I must say most musically, at a little distance to windward of our station. We took no time to deliberate, but started off in the direction in which we heard it, bellowing out “yo hoy! yo hoy!” with all our might. Our outcries were answered with no less vigour and good-will, the responses sounding in our ears as if uttered at a very short distance from us, and evidently approaching; but such was the impene-

trable opacity of the fog, that our friends remained invisible, and we continued playing at blindman's buff with each other, in spite of our earnest endeavours to come to an encounter.

‘ Ludicrous as this scene might have appeared to an indifferent spectator, supposing he could have peeped behind the curtain of vapour which had dropped before our sight, and beheld both parties engaged at once in missing an interview, while they sought eagerly to obtain it, I can assure the reader it caused any but comic feelings in my bosom. I felt at every step I took, as if hastening over Mirza's bridge, with the full knowledge of its numerous trap-doors, down one of which I might disappear without the chance of being rescued; for, even if my companion had seen me fall, he could scarcely have afforded me assistance, since I should have vanished out of the narrow sphere of vision, allowed us by the mist, by merely slipping half way through a fissure, and he would have had to find me before he could have tendered me his aid. There was a blinding, bewildering, vertiginous effect in the wreathing and eddying currents of fog that whirled about us, and poured round every hummock in our way, which completely deprived us of the power of taking a determinate course. We seemed to be involved in an inundation full of vortices, which turned us out of the direct line we wished to pursue, and compelled us to change our route, by appearing to alter the position we had taken at setting out. Unable to discern the shape and bearing of any eminence we met, we fancied we were perpetually running against the same masses of ice, though we had deemed ourselves far away from them. We had intentionally made many turns and returns in pursuit of the boat, which we believed the source from whence we had been hailed, because we knew that horns are carried by the boats for the purpose of making signals in thick weather, when they lose the ship; and now we seemed to do nothing else but hurry to and fro and round about, over the same ground, encountering the same objects, and hearing sounds at the same distance from us, without being capable of coming close to them, or even of finding the flaw edge, from some part of which we concluded they proceeded. As for the Leviathan, we had abandoned all hope of meeting with her; for, from the distant pealing of her watch-bell, which we recognized by its tone, we believed she had escaped out to sea. That pealing, too, had now been silent for some time, and we rested our hopes on joining that boat that had been out upon the bran, and sharing the fortunes of her crew; but this reliance grew gradually more faint at every instant, when we found ourselves baffled unceasingly in our attempts to reach it, by what appeared the mockery of enchantment. We had been at one time, as we supposed, on the very point of meeting with our shipmates; but the very rush we made to join them had carried us away from them, or they had hastened away from us, or rather, as it seemed, had passed us; for when we arrived at the spot we imagined them to have occupied, they shouted in the direction of the place we had just quitted, and when we retraced our steps to seek them there, they hailed us from their former station. However, in this dilemma we were comforted by one consideration, which was, the evident determination of our friends to keep up their pursuit after us, and we had every reason for persisting in maintaining our search for them; but, at the same time, we could not help apprehending that we might fall into some unseen charm,

or meet with some huge bear, whilst we coursed backwards and forwards in quest of our associates, and more than once we started as we came suddenly upon grotesquely figured hummocks, taking them almost involuntarily for living brownies.'—vol. ii. pp. 298—303.

As Providence, however, would have it, they met with a party of Shetlanders wandering about in the same direction, by whom they were informed of the situation of their vessel, which they had the good luck to reach in safety. A sort of general and connecting tale runs through the work; but the mere story-telling part does not seem to us the most interesting portion of the publication, which lies principally in the relation of such incidents as that above recorded.

The Englishman who would write a novel more full of romance than of the ordinary incidents of modern life, must not think of remaining on his native shores; and he who would read such a work, must either go back to the times of Mrs. Radcliffe, or seek the aid of a foreign author. The Carbonaro is a production of a singular nature, being composed in modern times, and from circumstances which occurred so short a time back as the year 1821, but having the air of a true romance, in many both of its incidents and characters. It is not without considerable interest, but it is of a kind to which the common English reader is at present not accustomed.

On the whole, the works which we have introduced to the notice of our readers in this article, are creditable to the season, and deserve well of the public. They each possess a degree of merit which save them from the charges which can be so justly brought against a large number of the most popular works of fiction; and they may be perused without making the reader feel doubtful whether he has not committed a gross folly by so employing his leisure. This can be said of few novels, and if it was the only praise we could give to those before us, it would not be a trifling one; but we have given them more, and—especially the Collegians—they deserve it.

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*A Chemical Catechism, in which the Elements of Chemistry, with the Recent Discoveries in the Science, are clearly and fully explained. Illustrated by Notes, Engravings, and Tables, and containing an Appendix of Select Experiments, &c.* By Thomas John Graham, M. D.—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 616. London: Joy. 1829.

IN our Notice of "Forsyth's First Lines of Chemistry," (MONTHLY REVIEW, Dec. 1828,) we expressed our opinion upon the decided inferiority of elementary books written in a catechetical, to those in a conversational form, and Dr. Graham's work tends rather to confirm than alter our sentiments. Indeed, we know of no recent instance which, more

strongly than the volume before us, exhibits the clumsiness, inelegance, and inconvenience of this mode of instruction, which may repulse, but can seldom attract the attention of those for whose perusal it is intended. The author, in his preface, tells us that the form of catechism appears to him to possess several advantages in reference to the study of chemistry by youthful and other uninitiated students, and therefore he has preferred it. What the advantages are, however, he has not condescended to inform us, and we confess our utter inability to discover them. The disadvantages it will not be difficult to demonstrate, by contrasting any one of the passages in Dr. Graham's volume, with a parallel one from Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations*. We may take, for example, the radiation of caloric. The following is Dr. Graham's catethetical mode of explaining this subject:—

'And is caloric radiated from bodies at all temperatures?'

'Yes, but the quantity radiated bears some proportion to the excess of the temperature of the hot body above that of the surrounding medium. Hence, if we have any number of bodies at different temperatures in the vicinity of each other, they may all be considered both as radiating and receiving caloric; but the hot ones will radiate more than they receive, while the cold ones will receive more than they radiate.'

'If we place a piece of ice in the focus of one concave mirror, and a thermometer in that of an opposite mirror, placed at some distance, we perceive the temperature instantly to fall; does not this prove the existence of frigorific rays, whose property is to communicate coldness?'

'No. It illustrates the observation just made, that all bodies project heat at every temperature, but with unequal intensities. In the experiment you refer to, the ice does not give out cold, but receives heat from the thermometer, and as this instrument gives more rays of caloric to the ice than it receives in return, it must necessarily become colder, which is indicated by its temperature instantly falling.'—p. 51.

Let us now see how this radiation of heat is explained by Mrs. Marcet:—

'Caroline.—Reciprocal radiation surprises me exceedingly; I thought from what you first said, that the hotter bodies alone emitted rays of caloric, which were absorbed by the colder; for it seems unnatural that a hot body should receive any caloric from a cold one, even though it should return a greater quantity.

'Mrs. B.—It may, at first, appear so, but it is no more extraordinary than that a candle should send forth rays of light to the sun, which, you know, must necessarily happen.

'Caroline.—Well, Mrs. B., I believe that I must give up the point. But I wish I could see these rays of calorics; I should then have greater faith in them.

'Mrs. B.—Will you give no credit to any sense but that of sight? You may feel the rays of caloric, which you receive from any body of a temperature higher than your own; the loss of the caloric you part with in return, it is true is not perceptible; for, as you gain more than you lose, instead of suffering a diminution, you are really making an acquisition of caloric. It is, therefore, only when you are parting with it to a body of a lower temperature, that you are sensible of the sensation of cold, because you then sustain an absolute loss of caloric.

'*Emily*.—And in this case we cannot be sensible of the small quantity of heat we receive in exchange from the colder body, because it serves only to diminish the loss.

'*Mrs. B.*—Very well, indeed, *Emily*. Professor Pictet, of Geneva, has made some very interesting experiments, which prove not only that caloric radiates from all bodies whatever, but that these rays may be reflected, according to the laws of optics, in the same manner as light.

'*Caroline*.—I should like to repeat his experiment, with the difference of substituting a cold body instead of the hot one, to see whether cold would not be reflected as well as heat.

'*Mrs. B.*—That experiment was proposed to Mr. Pictet by an incredulous philosopher like yourself, and he immediately tried it by substituting a piece of ice in the place of the heated bullet.

'*Caroline*.—Well, *Mrs. B.*, and what was the result?

'*Mrs. B.*—That we shall see; I have procured some ice for the purpose.

'*Emily*.—The thermometer falls considerably!

'*Caroline*.—And does not that prove that cold is not merely a *negative* quality, implying simply an inferior degree of heat? The cold must be *positive*, since it is capable of reflection.

'*Mrs. B.*—So it first appeared to Mr. Pictet; but, upon a little consideration, he found that it afforded only an additional proof of the reflection of heat.'—*Conversations on Chemistry*, i. 58.

It is scarcely possible there can be two opinions upon the very superior merit of the latter over the former mode; and with such a book as the *Conversations* before his eyes, we cannot imagine what induced Dr. Graham to write a catechism of chemistry. Withal, however, it seems to be better done than we could have anticipated upon so defective a plan. At the end, there is a good, though very small selection of chemical experiments, and a still smaller dictionary of chemical terms, both of which may prove useful to the student. But, after all, with *Mrs. Marcet's Conversations* as a first book, and *Turner's* or *Henry's Elements* as a second, together with *Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry*, we do not see that the student will be greatly benefitted by the catechism either of our author or of *Parkes*.

ART. XII.—*True Stories from the History of Ireland*. By John James M'Gregor. 18mo. pp. 353. Dublin: Curry. 1829.

THIS seems to be a very fair specimen, so far as the skill and manner are concerned, of a school History of Ireland; but it was somewhat bold in the author to entitle it "*True Stories*," inasmuch as he has in many instances perverted well-ascertained facts, and recorded fables for truth. For example, he tells us (p. 6) that "*Fergus the Great conquered Scotland*;" whereas he merely effected the settlement of a small colony in the Mull of Cantire, and the adjacent mountains of Argyleshire. He has most culpably omitted the account given by *Boëtius* of the banner of *Fergus*,—a thing which could not have failed to interest his young readers, as the origin of the lion in the royal arms of Britain:—

'*Aganis quhame* (the *Pichtis*) went *Fergus* with ancient arms display it in forme of baner. In quhil wes *ane reid lyoun rampand* in ane field of gold with thunder and steir awfully dingand his bak as is the gise of the

gentyll [noble] lyoun quhen he enforceth him in wraȝth.'—*Bellenden's Boetius*, Edin. 1541. [Black letter.] Folio vii.

But as the same Boëtius, remarks "Juhidder, this he of verite let them schow that has experience thereof." (Folio cxix.) It is as "true a story" as many of those recorded as such by our author.

Amongst the early Irish princes "celebrated for their wisdom and bravery," he mentions Niall (surnamed of the Nine Hostages), who carried his arms both into England and France;" (p. 14): upon the opposite page he tells us that St. Patrick was taken prisoner by some Irish pirates; being, it would appear, wholly ignorant that these same pirates were none other than the troops of "Niall of the Nine Hostages."—(Vide *Jocelin in vita St. Patricii*.) Our author further gives us to understand that St. Patrick's mission to Ireland was a thing of his own contrivance, whereas it is certain that he acted under the orders of his superiors, as appears from what we find recorded in the Annals of Ulster.

'Ann. Dom. 431. Paladius ad Scotas [the Irish] a celestino urbis Romae Episcopo, ordinatus episcopus. Etio et Valerio Coss, primus mittitur in Hiberniam.

'432. Patricius pervenit ad Hiberniam 9 anno Theodosii Junioris, primo anno Xisti 42 Episcopi Romanæ Ecclesiæ. Sic enumeravit Beda et Marcellinus in Chronicis suis.'—See also *Usseri Antiq. Eccles. Britan.* p. 431, and *Tillemont, Mem. Eccles.* Tom. xvi. pp. 466—782, &c.

The author, in fact, does not seem to have seen a single volume of the sixty-six biographers of St. Patrick, which Gibbon tells us were extant in the ninth century. He is, indeed, much more liberal in retailing his own fancies than in investigating historical authorities. He tells us, for example, that it was in consequence (as he supposes) of the ardour of the Irish in building churches and colleges, that it received the name of the *Island of Saints*; but we can inform him that this name originated in a mistake of Festus Avienus translating the vernacular name *Erin*, *Eire*, or *Jere*, by "Sacra," which O'Halloran thought would sound as well "Sancta," though in reality the word *Eire*, or *Erin*, means "Western."

We have neither room nor leisure at present to give further examples of our author's mistakes; though, upon the whole, it is perhaps as free from error as most other books of the same description; for we have had frequent occasion to remark, that there are none of the School Histories which do not abound in the grossest mistakes.

ART. XIII.—*A Memoir of the late Rev. William Goode, M. A., Rector of the United Parishes of St. Andrew Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars, London, &c. &c. &c.* By the Rev. William Goode, M. A., of Trinity College Cambridge, and Rector of the United Parishes of Christchurch, Newgate Street, and St. Leonard, Foster Lane, London. 8vo. pp. 316. London: Seeley. 1828.

IT is not to be expected that a son shall be a very impartial biographer of his father; but we can scarcely forgive even filial affection for pronouncing peremptorily, and without reservation, upon the certain salvation of the deceased. The beginning of the following passage (to our minds highly objectionable) opens this memoir:

'To cherish the memory of those to whom God has given a never-dying

record of his favour in the book of his remembrance, and whose happy spirits are now dwelling in his immediate presence, in the company of the just made perfect, is an object to which duty and inclination must equally lead every serious and well-disposed mind. Sharing with their fellow men the imperfections of our common nature, and false as would be the portrait, that bore not the blemishes of sin, they yet stand forth to us as eminent illustrations of the excellence of real religion and the power of divine grace. To be animated by their example, directed by their experience, warned by their failings, and encouraged by their conquests, is the privilege of those who survive them. The records of sacred biography, when applied to their best ends, may be made eminently serviceable in forming and maturing the Christian character.—p. 2.

The memoir following this exordium, which we cannot help thinking begins improperly, is tolerably well written, and exhibits a tone of piety sometimes very pleasing, though rather too much seasoned with the sort of phraseology usually termed cant. The letters, we think, had better have been suppressed:—they are weak, common-place, and uninteresting to any body but the writer's immediate friends.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Transactions of Literary and Scientific Societies.

Royal Society.—At a very numerous meeting which took place on the fifth of the past month, a curious paper, communicated by Dr. Roget, from Mr. Bransby Cooper, was read, entitled “Anatomical Description of the Foot of a Chinese Female.” This foot was obtained from the body of a woman found in the river at Canton, and fully confirmed the general ideas respecting the astonishing manner in which the Chinese contract the natural size of that member. The paper proved by anatomical analogy, that walking must be greatly impeded by such a process.

On the same day, a paper was read by Captain E. Sabine, on the difference in the length of the Second's Pendulum at Greenwich and London. On March 12; at another meeting, the same gentleman delivered some observations “On the Reduction to a Vacuum of the Vibrations of a Pendulum in Air.” March 19th, the same concluded. The Fellows lately elected are, Captain Philips, Mr. Bransby Cooper; Dr. Wallish, Mr. H. Harnel, Captain Hutchinson, and Mr. Elliston of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Society of Antiquaries.—This Society met March 5, 12, and 19, at which times several interesting papers were read; among those most striking were one by the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, on the Remains of St. Mary's Abbey, York. And on the Rights, Customs, and History of the Monks of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Gloucester, by the Rev. J. Webb. The new Fellows are, the Rev. J. Lindsay, and Mr. Lynch.

Linnean Society, March 3.—A valuable collection of dried plants from the deserts of Sinai and Akkaba, and a cone of the *Arancaria imbricata*, from the mountains of Chili, were laid before the Society. The continuation of a Paper by Mr. Don, on the New Genera and Species of the Class Compositeæ of the Floras of Peru, Chili, and Mexico, was read. The New Fellows are, Mr. Hay, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Schenley, his Majesty's Consul at Puerto Cabello.—*Mar. 17.* J. Rennje, A.M., of Lee, Blackheath, Kent, was elected an Associate.

Society of Arts, March 10.—A valuable Paper was read by the Secretary, on Gypsum, Sulphate of Lime, and on its principal uses. The solubility of Gypsum in water, the knowledge which the antients had of this substance, its uses in modern art, and the Method of making Plaster Casts were successively detailed.

Royal Academy, March 2.—Mr. Westmacott delivered his third lecture, the subject being the Elgin Marbles. Mr. Westmacott entered into a comparison of the styles of some of the most ancient sculptors, and in a description of the groups which formed the subject of his lecture, observed, that of all human productions, they approach the nearest to perfection without an appearance of art. *March 9.*—The same gentleman delivered an admirable lecture on the Praxitelian Age, comparing it with the Phidian; sternness and grandeur distinguishing the latter; grave and beauty the former. *March 11.*—Mr. Philips delivered a lecture on Painting. *March 16.*—Mr. Westmacott delivered his last lecture for the season—his subject was, Composition. The discourse was illustrated by fine bronze specimens belonging to the Chevalier Brondstedz, and other valuable productions.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

The literary world, by the excitement of the political one, is deprived of its ordinary share of novelty, both the announcement of new publications, and the usual quota of information, on subjects of fresh interest, being greatly abridged. Among the few notices of works about to appear are the following:—a Novel, by an Officer of the 4th Dragoons, describing the exploits of his regiment; another Novel, of the De Vere class, entitled, D'Erbine, or the Cynic; and a new edition of Mr. Coleridge's Poetical Works. There are also announcements of

The Juvenile Literary Miscellany, a Weekly Periodical, which will appear early in May, adapted for the amusement and instruction of young people in private tuition or public Seminaries. It will be published under the sanction, and with the support of the most approved and eminent female and other writers of the day.

Elements of Natural History, or an Introduction to Systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the Classification of Linnæus; with Illustrations of every Order. By John Howard Hinton, A.M. 4to.

A little Annual, of a new and distinct class, which will appear on the first of June, and the contents of which will be *selected*, principally, from the best English writers, ancient and modern, and arranged under suitable heads. To be edited by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

The Legend of Einsidlin, a tale of Switzerland, and other Poems, dedicated to Thomas Moore, Esq. By the Rev. W. Liddiard.

A new Novel, entitled, Jesuitism and Methodism, which will, it is expected, be ready for publication early in the ensuing month.

The Philosophy of History, in one vol. 8vo.

A volume of Poems, by Sforza—nearly ready for publication.

A Poem, entitled The Age, in eight books, which is in the press, and will shortly appear.

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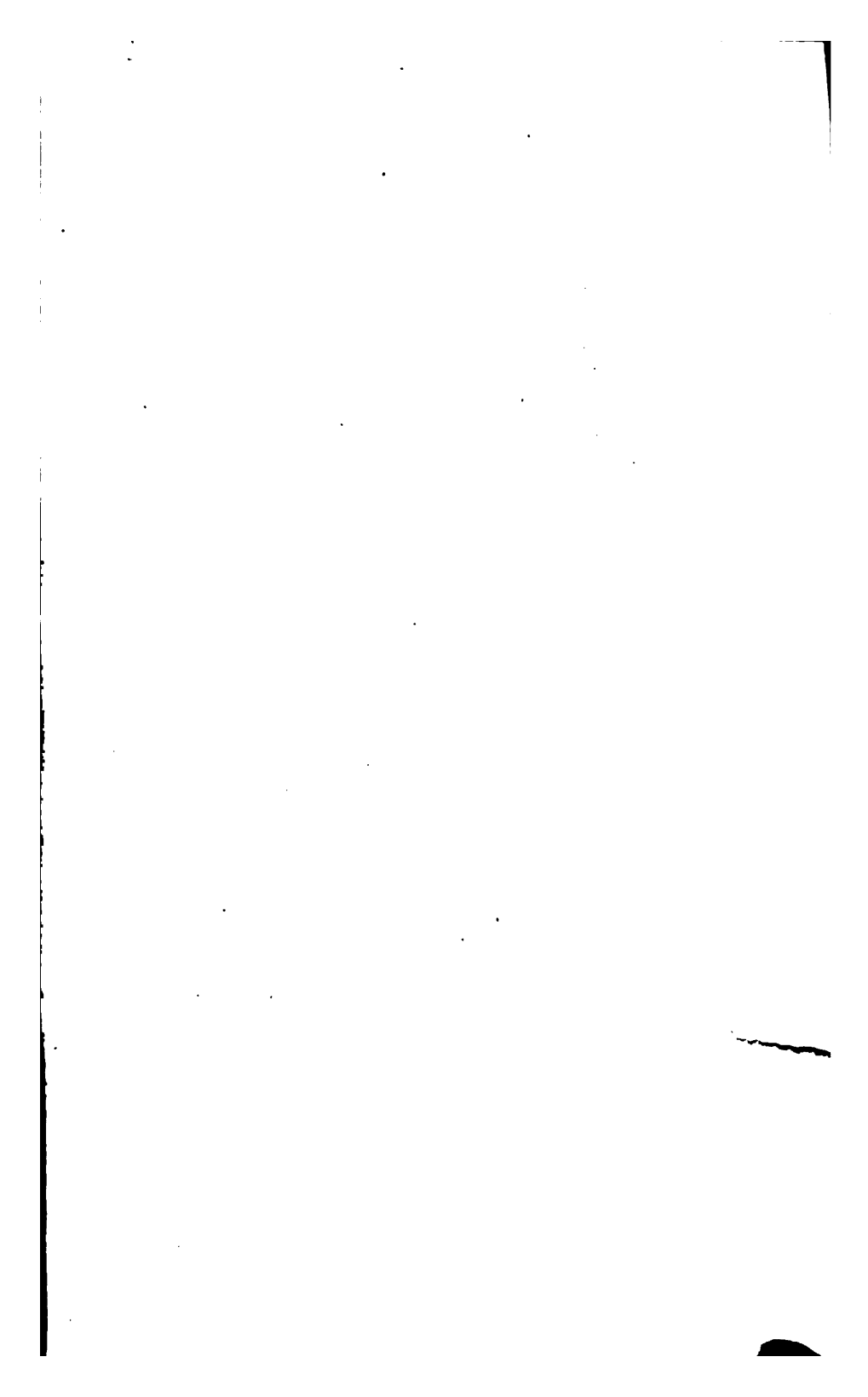
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